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An John Son of the Old Dusty's Story with M.O. WILLIAMS





# OLD DUSTY'S STORY



W. O. WILLIAMS

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### AN OLD DUSTY'S STORY.

#### CHAPTER I.

#### THE WANDERER.

It was a dark, stormy night in the latter part of November. The day just closed had been unusually bleak and bitter. The clouds that had drifted about through the day had now formed into one solid mass, and sent their fine, round snow on mountain and valley. The wind took hold of the snow as it fell and sent it flying hither and thither.

"By George! I made a mistake in coming down to-night, and wish I was back at the mine. This is a nasty, miserable night, and I shall have a rough time

climbing that hill."

This exclamation came from W. C. Shepard, the

engineer at one of the mines in the hills above.

It was pay day, and he had come down to the dirty little mining town to cash his check. This being done and his little bills paid, he was starting back to the mine. Not that he need go alone if he would "wait a while," for there were many of the boys down, and miner-like, were filling up on poor whiskey.

A steady man was Mr. Shepard, and he had too much respect for himself, and too much native pride and manhood, to drink and act worse than a beast.

His foreman, who was fond of a drop, had said: "I will give ten dollars to see Shepard drunk."

## An Old Dusty's Story.

But so far, Mr. Shepard had kept his manhood and the foreman his money. Not that Mr. Shepard was a teetotaler, but he cared little for strong liquors.

But I must leave for another chapter a description of the man and his ways. It would be hard indeed to tell what the man was like as he stood there in the storm fastening the lower buttons of his great coat. He paused one moment to adjust, more closely, his comforter about his head, and then stepped out in the storm.

He had hardly gone a dozen yards when he heard a voice call: "Stop, sir, please stop!"

He turned and saw standing in the dim light of the store window, a tall, broad-shouldered man, thinly

clad and shivering with cold.

"I beg your pardon, sir," exclaimed the stranger, but would you please take pity on a poor devil, and give him enough to pay for a supper and a bed? Don't think I want it for drink, sir. I am a drunkard and waste all my money, but I never beg money for drink, as bad as I am. I would not ask money for a bed if I knew where to find a shed. I am a stranger here and have walked a long distance to-day, and I am hungry and tired."

The pleading voice and the pitiful look went right to the heart of Mr. Shepard, for he saw by the dim light that this was no common beggar. He took five dollars from his purse and asked the stranger if he had come to camp after work. The stranger said he

had, and would take anything he could get.

"Well, take this, my good fellow, and I hope you may strike something soon. You see that light over there, that is our hotel. I advise you to go to it at once and keep away from the saloons. Never mind thanks; you are quite welcome. I bid you good night." And Mr. Shepard started off to the mine.

#### CHAPTER II.

#### THE BLACKSMITH. ..

It was the first of December; the snow glistened on the mountains, and the deep blue sky above made a picture as sweet and lovely as a poet's dream. So thought Mr. Shepard as he took a fond look around at the grand mountains and lovely sky, before he went to the works to his engine.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "Zion is indeed beautiful!" I must inform my reader that this was Utah, the

land of the saints.

"Yes," continued Mr. Shepard, "this is a beautiful land, and would be a good place to live in, if it was not for the cursed priesthood that rules its people."

He spoke the last words with much bitterness. Taking another fond look at the lovely scene, he went down to his seat by the engine, and smiled to see the

miners flock around the boiler to get warm.

The foreman comes and stands with watch in hand, and presently pulls a string. Ah, there goes the whistle, and the miners, those rough sons of toil, jump on the cage and go down, once more to search for the precious metals.

"Good morning, Sammy."

"Good morning, Mr. Shepard. Say, did you know we've got a new blacksmith."

"No; what's the matter with George?"

"Oh, he got his back up and quit."

"Yes? Is your new man as good as George?"

"As good as George? I should smile; why, he beats George all to pieces! He just knows how to put a bit on a drill. He's a rattler, you bet!"

"What is his name, Sammy, and where does he

come from?"

"I don't know where he comes from, but they call

him Billy Thompson."

When Mr. Shepard went to dinner a few minutes later than the rest, it was with no little surprise that he recognized in the new blacksmith, who sat opposite him, the stranger of the stormy night. The stranger did not seem to know Mr. Shepard, and how should he, for on the night of the storm Mr. Shepard's head, face and beard were buried in coat, comforter and cap.

"I will thank you for the potatoes, John."

The blacksmith started; he had heard that voice before. He hurriedly finished his dinner and left the table. When Mr. Shepard went down to the works, he found the blacksmith standing by the engine.

He said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but are you not the gentleman who gave me the five dollars on

the stormy night?"

"I had that pleasure, sir."

"Then allow me to thank you for that great kindness, and believe me, I shall ever be grateful to you for the same."

"Do not mention it again, for I am truly glad to

have helped a fellow-being in distress."

"I thank you, and would you please honor me by giving me your name?"

"My name is Wm. C. Shepard, and what is your

name?´"

"My name is William Thompson."

"I hope, Mr. Thompson, that we may become better acquainted."

I must now give my reader some idea of the per-

sonal appearance of William Thompson. He was full six feet high, well built and muscular, but not stout. His head was rather small for the size of the man. He had light hair, large round blue eyes and a fine full beard. His eyes had a rather restless, startled look, and his face showed traces of dissipation and much mental trouble. Still, he was considered a very handsome man. It would be hard to tell his age. "Thirty-five or forty," thought Mr. Shepard, for he had noticed a few gray hairs in Mr. Thompson's beard.

Thompson was a great favorite with the boys, for he was always ready with a joke or a story, and when work was over would give them a tune or a song. He played the guitar well and had a splendid voice, and could have made more money from his musical attainments than he could earn at the anvil. He was indeed what the boys called a "jolly good fellow."

#### CHAPTER III.

#### THE ENGINEER.

I INTRODUCE Mr. Shepard once more to my readers. He is also a tall man, but very slim, not nearly as tall or large as Mr. Thompson. He had brown eyes and hair, and was fairly good-looking, but no one thought of calling him handsome. He had a long thin beard, of which he was very proud. As his build indicated, he was of nervous, sanguine temperament, and was lighter-footed and more active at forty years of age than many young men. He had been something of an athlete in his younger days and was as straight as an arrow. But now, after years of hard work and heavy lifting, his shoulders had begun to get round, and his step, though quick and light, was not so firm as of old. My reader will perhaps think he was not a ladies' man at any rate. Quite right. Still, he was always a favorite with the women, even when he was a boy; they always treated him kindly and with more consideration than the other boys. When a boy he was very quiet and shy, and now was quiet, courteous and kind. No noisy boaster was he, neither was he a cipher. He had opinions of his own on all passing events and was a great reader and deep thinker. He hated tyranny and oppression, and would speak most bitterly against injustice of any kind. He had suffered from abuse and injustice, but few knew it. While quick to speak of the wrongs of others, he had little to say of his own. It was through abuse and injustice that he came to be an engineer. He was a flour miller by trade, and had run a mill in one of the Mormon settlements for several years. When the Mormon boycott was started he had to go to make room for a man who would pay his tithing and support the church.

He would have cared little for that if they had been decent about it. The mill owner liked him well and did not wish to let him go, and for more than a year some of the bigots abused and invented all they could think of against him.

Some of the scurvy Gentiles took up the cry and

howled themselves hoarse.

Mr. Shepard had done more for the town than any miller they ever had. He had taken their run-down old mill, whose flour would not sell in their own store, and worked the flour up to a high standard and made a demand for it a hundred miles away. He had given employment to many of their poor men. He had let them have feed, flour, and money when in want and distress. He had lost hundreds of dollars by giving them work when he did not need them. He had paid them thousands of dollars for grain, and thereby he helped the town and county. But all this was ignored and forgotten, and they tried to make him out a very devil, when he was one of the most unselfish and harmless men amongst them. He was benevolent and generous to a fault. When, through the effects of the boycot, his business fell off and he had to economize and stop trusting and had to ask for money due, then the poor Mormon devils joined in with the fanatics to abuse and misrepresent him. And when they met to talk about their betters, such expressions as these could be heard: "The miller is doing too well. The miller is getting rich. The miller is getting too much property. The miller istoo proud and high-toned," etc., etc.

High-toned and proud indeed was Mr. Shepard in the truest sense of the word. But it was not false pride, like much that we see. He was too high-toned to get drunk and lie in the ditch, like some Mormon bishops and elders have done. He was too high-toned, when working in the cañon, to kill some poor man's fat calf, eat the flesh and burn the hide, like some Mormon youths have done. He was too high-toned to stand on the corner and make nasty remarks about passing women, like many young saints and some old ones often do. He was too high-toned to lounge around the stores and gape at every one who came to purchase. Why the storekeepers allow such a shameful nuisance I can not tell; but if they knew the feelings of some of the women in regard to it, they would, to use a mining phrase, "fire every son-of-agun" into the street. Mr. Shepard's pride was of the kind that made him particular to pay his debts. He was too proud to do a dishonorable act, but not too proud when out riding for business or pleasure to take up some poor fellow "footing it" to or from the mines and give him a lift on his weary road. No one left his door without something. Even the Indians got their scoop of flour, and they would say: "You good man, you no Mormon."

In their execrable meanness, some of these saints (God save the word) had instructed the Indians not to go to his mill, "for he is a Gentile and will cheat."

I must inform my readers that the Indians are also Mormons, but I do not know if they "button their drawers around their necks," not having seen their washing. But, "Lo, the poor Indian," got things mixed and gave their meanness away. There were two millers in the place, but the Mormon miller had not been very kind or liberal to the Indians, and they, not knowing which was the Gentile, naturally thought

Shepard the Mormon, as he had treated them the best. They brought their little grist to Mr. Shepard and said to him: "Man at other mill no good, him Gentile. Bishop tell Inguns not go there, he heep cheat."

Mr. Shepard enjoyed the joke, but it showed him the utter baseness of the Mormon heart. He had accumulated some property, but it was by hard toil and fair dealing. He had often run the mill alone from Monday morning until Saturday night, run it night and day, not taking his clothes off, but took his sleep in short naps as best he could. Is it any wonder his shoulders are rounding? The wonder is that the man was not broken down all together. His property was in bad shape, and debt and mortgage made the prospect of idleness very unpleasant. Mr. Shepard had been very careless in business, he had borrowed money at heavy interest, bought grain and ground it and let it go all around without security.

Before the boycot started he had been proud to say: "I have not refused any one a sack of flour or feed

since I came to this place."

While that was very nice in theory, he found it bad in practice, and the long list of bad names on his books told him it would not do. So at the time he left the mill his affairs were in bad condition.

Just before he left, a friend came from near Salt Lake and brought his son-in-law with him. "A man of means," he said, "and operating mines in the north. If Mr. Shepard wanted anything of this kind,

he would give him a very good job."

They left with the understanding that Mr. Shepard should take charge of one of the mines at good wages. Having moved from the mill to his own home and made his family comfortable, Mr. Shepard was ready for the north at a day's notice. Some days later, Mr. Shepard got the following letter:

" C—— 18—

#### "FRIEND WILLIAM:

"I have just heard from my son-in-law, George Blackman. He will give us all the work we want at good wages, and if we want to prospect he will put us on to some good claims. Bring your team and wagon and what tools you have. Will take everything else from here. Ever your friend,

"John Burnwood."

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE JOURNEY.

Mr. Shepard paid his interest and fixed things so that all would be well for three months, and was ready to start on the second day after receiving the letter. After a most affectionate and sorrowful parting from his wife and little ones, he started north, and, though grieving much at the separation from his family, he kept a brave heart, hoping it was for the best, and that it would not be many months before he could pay his debts and be able to come back and live on his own farm. The hope of Mr. Shepard through the past year's toil had been that some day he would be able to make a living from his land and stock and not work for any man. He would say: "No matter how good a master may be, it is better to be your own master."

A very independent man was Mr. Shepard, and nothing galled him so much as to depend on the whim or

caprice of another.

When he reached C—, he found Mr. Burnwood in high spirits. Said he: "William, we shall make a big raise in the north, for George has plenty of claims and will put us on to something rich.'

Mr. Shepard replied: "I do not expect anything big, and if I get good wages for good, hard work, I

shall be satisfied.

"You will get that, my boy, and more too; just see if you don't. But we must do some prospecting, you know."

"Well, I do not mind a day occasionally, and we can go out on Sundays and look around; but I want to work and cannot afford to prospect all the time."

"Why, William, is it not better to take your own ore out and sell it than to take ore out for another and

get only wages?"

"Certainly it is, if we had it, but getting it to take

out is the thing."

"Oh, we shall get it, for George has plenty of it. He has one vein fifteen feet wide of solid ore, and another fifty feet wide of good ore. Won't that pay well?"

"Yes, John, it ought to, and I would be satisfied with six inches of good ore, and make it pay, too."

"Well, we shall get it, and my son Harry will go in with us and take one-third and pay one-third of the expenses."

Mr. Shephard smiled and asked: "Will not the mines pay their own expenses with all that ore?"

"Yes, of course. But I mean until the time we

make a shipment."

Mr. Shepard and Harry Burnwood had been boys together and life-long friends, and many a jolly time had they seen. Harry, before marriage, was very fond of a spree, and more than once had Mr. Shepard seen him home safely. One time they took a trip to Salt Lake, at that time some twenty miles from They took the train home, and when their home. about five miles out the warm car caused Harry to vomit, he having drank pretty freely. When he drew his head in from the window, a terrible look of despair came over his face. Mr. Shepard said in alarm: "What is the matter, Harry?"
And Harry lisped, "I have lost my teeth!"

Mr. Shephard looked and sure enough his upper front teeth were gone. They had been pitched overboard with the beer. At the first station Mr. Shephard proposed they should walk back, which they did, and very carefully examined the ground as they went along. After about a five-mile walk, Harry bent down as quick as a flash, and standing on one foot, he held something about nine feet in the air, and exclaimed: "By Hades, I have found them!"

After a hearty laugh, the friends started home and were soon overtaken by a wagon, which took them within a few miles of home. They walked the rest of the way and arrived safely home after midnight.

"Say, Harry," said Mr. Shepard, "how about this prospecting? Your father says you want to go in

with us."

"Yes, I will take a third of what you find."

"All right, then, that is settled. When shall we

start, John?"

"Day after to-morrow. I see your wagon is too small and light for our load, so I will go up to Salt Lake and get a new one."

"Can we not make this one do? We need not take

much but bedding."

"No, it is too small, for I want to take some stuff to George. I will get a new one. I shall need it when I come down from the North. I intend to buy a span of horses and some harness and give the outfit to Ben, for he is a good boy. We will take Ben with us and he can cook and do the chores. We will drive to Salt Lake to-morrow and I will get the wagon."

The next day our friends were at the warehouses of Mr. Long. Looking over the wagons Mr. Burnwood said, "This one is just the thing we need! I shall take it. Mr. Long, what is the price of this wagon?"

"That wagon is worth ninety dollars cash down."

"What is the price on time?"

"How much time?"

"Well, say six months."

2

"I cannot do it, sir. We only get four months on them ourselves."

"Four months will do, I will take it on those terms."

"How much can you pay down?"

"I cannot pay anything down, but can settle in four months."

"Well, wait a minute and I will see what can be done."

Mr. Long stepped into the office. He returned almost immediately and said: "I am sorry, sir, but

I cannot do anything for you to-day."

The friends walked off and Mr. Burnwood looked very blue. As they stepped on the sidewalk, he said: "I felt sure of getting a wagon from Mr. Long, and I don't think it is any use to see the other dealers."

"Well, had we not better make my wagon do?"

"No, it is not large enough. We must have a new one. I guess Harry could get one, but we shall lose

a day or two by waiting."

"If you must have one, John, I will see what I can do. Here comes Mr. Long, going to dinner no doubt. When you want a favor, ask your man after he has had a good dinner—then he is likely to feel well satisfied with himself and everybody else. Excuse me, Mr. Long," and Mr. Shepard handed his card to that gentleman.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Shepard. Did you wish

to endorse with Mr. Burnwood?"

"Yes, or I will give you my note."

"All right, come in the office. Johnny, let Mr. Burnwood have the wagon, and Mr. Shepard will sign with him. When will you take it, gents?"

"In about an hour we shall be ready to start."

"Very good, see the bows and cover are put on,

Johnny."

And Mr. Long sauntered off to dinner. The friends left well pleased—Mr. Burnwood at getting

the wagon, and Mr. Shepard at being able to do a favor for his old friend. It took most of the next day to load and get things in shape, and they found the new wagon well filled. Harry Burnwood called Mr. Shepard to one side before they started and said: "William, when you get up there I want you to inform me how you find things. We don't know much about George. He came here prospecting a year ago, and called at the store. Father found he was the Blackman that had written some scientific articles for his favorite paper, and they became great friends at once. He married Grace, as you know, last winter, and that is all we know of him."

"I shall write you an account of things, just as I

find them."

"I know you will, old friend, and that is the reason I ask you, for I could hardly depend on father writ-

ing everything."

Good-byes again, and the friends started on their long journey. After about an hour's drive they came to some heavy road, and Mr. Burnwood said: "William, let us walk, it will help the team, and Ben can drive."

They soon passed over the heavy road, but walked on as it was a lovely day.

"By George! John," said Mr. Shepard, "we must

hurry or the team will be out of sight.'

It was a fact, for Ben, thinking himself a great teamster, had put the whip to the horses and was spinning along forgetful of those behind. They called and whistled to stop him, but he heard them not. They had a chase of four or five miles in the hot sun before they caught the team. They camped that night at the town of B—— and their horses were jaded by their long, hard drive. That night Mr. Burnwood had the blues, and was very homestck. He had not been away from home a day for years, and he

felt it very much. He had also lost his place in the store, through the Mormon boycot, and must move or starve. He had been a great friend of the Mormons in the past, and though not a Mormon, had at one time been in partnership with the Bishop, and was loved and respected by many. Mr. Burnwood was large-hearted and open-handed, and had always been ready to help the needy and distressed. In addition to this he had paid his tithing for many years as freely as the best of them. But all this time he was quietly teaching free thought, and when it came to be known by the bishops and other leaders, he was looked upon as a devil, and not fit to live amongst the saints. His kindly nature was forgotten, the tithing he had paid did not count. "He is an enemy," they said, we will not have him! He is a cursed Gentile, turn him out!"

And when he was turned out he had neither money nor home and was in debt. What he had not given away, the Mormon rogues had got away with. This was his condition after twenty years of toil. It may be Mr. Long knew this, when he refused him the wagon.

Days have passed and we now find our friends camped on that fine old stream, Snake River. And right glad were they to have gotten so far along. It had been a hard trip, and every night one of the horses gave out, but recovered by morning, to travel another day and give out again. This was her first trip, and for a young animal, she did remarkably well.

I doubt if any other two men, heads of families as these men were, ever started on a three hundred and fifty mile journey so badly prepared. Mr. Burnwood proposed to furnish supplies, and his good wife put up a gallon of butter, about as much honey, a few pies and a few days' supply of bread. They had plenty of flour, some sugar and yeast, and a small sack of

meal. They had very little money, and when they reached Mr. Blackman, they had only seventy-five cents left. But there was no complaining. These men who had left good homes, and had lived on the best of food for years, and slept on the softest of beds, lay on the ground and ate their dry graham bread without a murmur. Mr. Shepard had taken hooks and lines, and it was but a short time before he and the boy were bringing out some of Snake River's fine They laughed to see the suckers bite, but they had yet to learn that the greatest suckers were standing on the bank. That night they made supper of boiled fish, not being able to cook them any other way. They had no bread that night, for that day they had given their last loaf to an Indian they met on the way. Next morning they started to cross the desert and had only one gallon keg of water, but they expected to reach Clear Lake that night. They had been told of a "cut-off" that would save them some miles, and following instructions as near as they could, they took the road to the left, and jogged along feeling happy that three days more would take them to their new home.

Mr. Shepard intended if he found things as represented to make it his permanent home. He would sell out his place in Utah and leave that priest-ridden ter-

ritory forever.

He said to his friend: "I do not wish to cross the Snake River again until I can go back and pay my debts. I love my wife and little ones dearly, and it pained me very much to be absent from them, but I do not feel like crossing that river until I can go back a free man."

Mr. Burnwood said: "You will soon be able to do that, for George will see us all right."

"John," said Mr. Shepard, "this road does not

seem to be traveled much, can it be possible that we are on the wrong road?"

"I guess not, for we took the first road to the left

as instructed, but still the road does seem dim."

"Yes, John, it is dim, and it now takes off through the sage brush, and I am afraid we are off our road."

A mile or so more over knolls and then down a

hollow, and Mr. Shepard said:

"This will not do, John; the fact is, we are lost, and we had better stop the team here and look for the road. This wagon track is taking us west, and we should go north. We had better find the road or go back before our horses give out."

"All right, William, but this shall be a lesson to me,

never to take cut-offs again."

"We were confounded foolish to leave the main road, when in a strange country with only a gallon of water. If we had kept the road we would have got water to-night. I will go North and you can go down the hollow and see if there is any road." Mr. Shepard had walked about a mile over sage brush and rocks, but saw no sign of a road. Going to a knoll he looked around and saw a wagon about a mile and a half south-west of where he stood. He saw their mistake at once, for this wagon was one they had pased at noon the day before, and the driver had told them that he was going near to Blackman's Mines, but would not start until next morning. And there he was traveling north, and by the time our friends reached the road he would be some miles ahead, and indeed that was the last they saw of him.

Mr. Shepard went back on a run and bounded over the brush like a deer. Mr. Burnwood had also seen the wagon and was whistling for Mr. Shepard.

"We must have passed the road yesterday," said Mr. Burnwood, when Mr. Shepard came up to him.

"Yes, and we like fools have spent half a day to get

to it. But I am very glad to have seen that team, for I began to think we should have to go back, and I hate like the devil to have to turn back from any-

thing. Now we will go down to the road."

And such a road it was when they found it. They had come over the brush when the road so far was good. And now it was rock, miles of rock. Large stones and small stones, and it was jolt, jolt, jolt. They had come slowly before, but now they barely crept along. "Let us stop and have dinner," said Mr. Shepard. "We seem to be over the worst of the road, and the team needs rest. Start a fire, Ben, and I will see to the horses."

"By George," said Mr. Burnwood, "we have

hardly bread enough for dinner!"

"I think it will do," said Mr. Shepard, "but we shall be in a fix if we do not make Clear Lake tonight."

"Take another cup of tea, William, we will get

there, you'll see."

"I think so, John, for I believe the road will be better now."

Away they went again, the men on foot and the boy driving.

"I am glad," said Mr. Burnwood, "that we have

got rid of the rocks."

"So am I, John, but by the Lord Harry! is that not sand before us?"

"It looks like it, William, but I hope not." A little further, and they were in the sand.

"That won't amount to much!" exclaimed Mr. Burnwood, when they got over it.

"No, John, we can get along if it becomes no

worse."

But worse it got; for soon they were over the rolling ground; and a level plain lay before them, with sand as far as the eye could reach. They stopped

every few rods to rest their horses and then beat them on again.

At last the young mare fell to the ground; she had

given out and could go no further.

Said Mr. Shepard, "It is no use, John, we must take the harness off now. Get up, little Faithful, it is a shame to have driven you so far."

"What shall we do, William?"

"Let the horses rest a little and then Ben can ride Belle and lead Faithful to water."

Ben had been gone a long time, when Mr. Burnwood said: "Ben ought to be back by this, I shall go after him." And Mr. Shepard was left alone.

The sun went down, and Mr. Shepard sat in the wagon thinking of his wife and little ones. Darkness came on and he thought it strange that Mr. Burnwood

did not return.

"Surely water could not be so far away as to take all this time to reach it," he thought. He did not care about being alone. To sleep there that night had no terrors for him. To go without supper did not trouble him. But he did think they would have brought him some water to slake his burning thirst.

Ah, was not that a voice, listen!

"Get up!"

Yes, there it was again, and a few minutes later Ben rode up with the horses.

"What kept you so long?" asked Mr. Shepard.

"I found Will James at the lake; he used to live at our place, and he wanted me to stop for supper, and I had a good one, you bet."

"Where is your father?"

"He stopped at the lake with the men."

"Well, let me have the keg."

"I forgot all about it and left it at the lake."

"You are a fine fellow to send for water, to be sure. For a seventeen-year-old boy, you are the most care-

less and forgetful that I know of. Help me put the harness on and we will go. How far is it to water?"

"I don't know, but father thinks it about four miles."

They started, but the team was too weak to go far. Sometimes they would not go more then ten feet. About half way they were met by Mr. Burnwood, who had brought the keg of water along, and Will James, who rode a mule.

He said: "I would have brought a team but we had turned them out when Ben came up. I will hitch

on the tongue, and help you along."

And he came just in time, for the poor jaded horses could not have gone much further. They got to camp at half past ten o'clock and found three large teams bound for the north with flour.

A Mr. Reese had his wife with him and she had kept supper warm for them. And as Mr. Shepard ate the fresh bread and boiled beans he was thankful indeed to have met such kind friends.

They traveled together next day and at noon Mr. Reese gave our friends water for their horses. Mr. Reese had recently been married and he brought his wife along to cook, and he made this trip a sort of wedding tour. This was not "love in a cottage," but love in a wagon, and I doubt not it was just as sweet as love is in any place. It was pleasant to see them walk along hand in hand through the sand; and amusing to see him when he had to let go of her hand to give a lazy mule a kick or a welt. And the blow was more severe on that account.

Said Mr. Shepard: "There are not many such wedding tours as this one. But love is just as warm in their hearts, though their faces are brown and tanned by the sun, and their garments coarse and covered with dust. I am sure there is many a bride in her robes of silk, with her gilded coach, and bed of down, with

servants at her command, who would rejoice to feel the happiness of this humble bride. Ah, Mrs. Reese, your rest is fuil as sweet, and your sleep as peaceful as many a bride in castle or hall, though you make your bed upon sacks of flour, in the garret of a prairie schooner. Instead of being waited upon, you are servant, but it is a labor of love; and like a true woman you delight to attend to the wants of your idol."

Our friends reached Willow. Creek at half past seven, and found Mr. Blackman had just left for his mine, but had given instructions to a rancher to show them the way. The next morning our friends bade the freighters good-by, and they arrived at Blackman's

Mine shortly after noon.

#### CHAPTER V.

#### DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE greeting on the arrival of our friends was not as cordial as Mr. Shepard expected. Blackman fixed them a lunch, and after they had chatted a little, he showed them around, but did not take them in the mine.

The next day, Blackman took them to a prospect, and said: "I will give you this claim, and I think you will get ore in fifty or sixty feet. You won't need a deed. I did not do the assessment work last year, so all you have to do is to relocate and give it a name."

Mr. Shepard found afterwards that this was a way Blackman had of holding some dozen claims. He had owned them for years, and had not done fifty dollars worth of work on the lot. It was to relocate and relocate, and it was doubtful if they were ever put on record.

Mr. Burnwood said: "This is a fine vein, Wil-

liam, and there ought to be a big mine here."

"I do not know, John. It is pretty good vein matter, but it is too loose and broken up to be called a vein."

"It won't be broken when we get down. Let us go to work on it, William. You will see it will come all right."

"Yes," said Blackman, "you ought to prospect

those hills."

And over the hills our friends went, returning in the evening footsore and tired.

Mr. Shepard said: "There is nothing here; we left

better ground than this at home."

Mr. Shepard had a long talk with Blackman that evening, and informed him that he did not come to prospect but to work for wages, and was now ready to go to work.

Blackman was very sorry but was not prepared at

present to give him work.

He said: "I have bonded six claims to an English company for six thousand dollars, and their manager is coming from England with the money. I have been expecting him for the last ten days. When he comes I shall be able to give you work."

"That being the case, I will go to work with Burn-

wood on the prospect until your man comes."

But that night Mr. Shepard was sorry he had left his home. A few days later Blackman said to Burnwood: "I have two good claims, about eight miles above here, and as I have more ground than I can work, I will give them to you. There is a prospector down from the Nickel Mine, and he may go up there and find them. I will go up to-morrow and locate them if Mr. Shepard will work in my place."

"Thank you, George," said Mr. Burnwood. "I knew you would put us on to something good, and told William so. What do you say, William, about work-

ing for George to-morrow?"

"I will do so, John, and hope the claims are worth

working. What will you call them?"

"You can name one, William, and I will name the other."

"All right, John, I will name mine the Lady May, what is yours?"

"Mine shall be the Silver King."

On the following Sunday a Mr. Hartman came from Little River, and was a welcome guest at Blackman's.

Mr. Shepard found this man to be interested in the sale of the bonded mines. It appeared he was to be superintendent of the new company, and through him Blackman expected to make the sale.

All correspondence was done by Mr. Hartman, and he brought some letters he had received from Mr.

Manton, the manager at London.

Blackman said: "I thought Manton would have

been here before this; what detained him?"

Hartman replied: "Manton has written to me, stating he has been detained by business, but had now got all the affairs of the company in working order. He was now waiting for samples, and would sail on the tenth. He writes that the company is anxious to receive samples as they wish to test them. You made a great blunder, George, in sending those samples. You overdid the thing and they are held in New York, being too heavy for the English mail."

"I am sorry for that, Hartman, but it is too late to

do anything now."

The following day, Blackman, accompanied by Hartman, paid the friends a visit at their claim.

Mr. Hartman said: "Boys, you have a fine thing

here, and will make a mine of it sure."

"Do you hear that, William?" said Mr. Burnwood. "Have I not told you we had a big thing here?"

"You have, John, but if your big thing was smaller and in sight, it would suit this doubting Thomas better."

Said Mr. Hartman at supper that evening: "I shall leave in the morning; Mr. Manton may have come and I do not wish to keep him waiting. When do you move over, George?"

"In about ten days, unless you send for me before then. But I will go as far as the pass with you and

try to get a deer, for we need meat badly."

. . . .

"William," said Mr. Burnwood, "George and Ben ought to be back to-night; two days should be time enough to get a deer."

"It may be that they went over to Little River, thinking to find Manton there, and I hope he has come,

John, for I am tired and sick of this."

"You have been sick of it, William, ever since we

started."

"Yes, I have, and we are damn fools for wasting our time on such a claim. Neither one of us is able to work a good prospect, let alone such a poor thing as this. Let us leave it and look for work that will pay better."

"You don't expect to get rich in less than two

weeks, do you?"

"No, I do not, nor in two years, or twenty-two, in a hole like this. I did not come expecting to get rich; I came to do good hard work for fair wages, and that is all I ask."

"Well, William, you will get it. George is doing

the best he can."

"He may be doing the best he can now, but he was not doing so when he wrote that he would give us all the work we wanted, and pay us good wages. Your son Harry introduced him to me as a capitalist. He told me he was perfectly able to do anything he promised. When your son brought the man to my home, I considered that sufficient evidence of the man's reliability. I trusted you and your son. I thought you knew the man, and that was enough for me. I heard in Salt Lake that Blackman represented himself as a millionaire. That was the theory, this is the practice, It puts me strongly in mind of Mormonism."

"William, what do you mean?"

"I mean this: Mormonism as taught away from home, polygamy left out, is a very nice thing for poor, ignorant people to swallow. Even bright, intelligent men and women swallow it and think it good. But when they get to 'Zion,' if they are not blinded by their religion, they see what fools they have been to believe such a mass of falsehood. And instead of a heaven they find it a hades. The promises made to us in Utah were very nice, but I find them as worthless as those of a Mormon elder. I am not blinded by Blackmanism, and I can see there has been some 'tall' lying done by some one."

"William, you are too severe upon George; he is short of ready money just now, but he has plenty."

"Where has he got it, I would like to know?"

"Why, in his mines, of course."

"You mean in his mind, John, for it is not in his mines."

"How do you know, you have not seen all of

"No, John, I have not, but I judge from what I have seen and from his condition. I do not believe a man who has got good mines and plenty of good ore would live in such a house and fare as he does here. You know the wind blows down the short wide chimnev and scatters the ashes over everything. You can stand upright only in the center of the room. rain goes through on bed and board, and all together it is the poorest excuse for a house I ever saw. In fact I have seen dugouts much better. Their food is as poor as the house. I have made several meals from potatoes and salt, and of course there is bread if I want it. Let us leave here and go after work. am miserable in this hole. We have no money to travel on, it is true, but we have plenty of flour, and if we get in a tight place, I will sell my watch. We have come to 'poverty town' instead of plenty, and your millionaire is a fraud."

"But, William, you are not fair. Any one living so far from a store as George does is liable to run out of

supplies. You must have heard George say he had

sent for a lot of stuff."

"Quite true, John, but it is my opinion that he has run out of supplies for the want of money to pay for them, and I think he is waiting for returns from that fourteen tons of ore he shipped so he can get more. Capitalists do not generally live this way, unless they are misers, and you know he is no miser, for he likes the good things of this world as well as any one, and much better than you or I. But it is not his poverty I complain of, but the false pretensions and the false promises he has made."

"You can't call him poor, William, for he has been offered sixteen thousand dollars for the Blackman mine, but would not sell for less than fifty thou-

sand."

"I have heard so, but I have heard so many things that are not true that I am in doubt what to believe. Would you give that much for it?"

"Yes, I would."

"Then more fool you. I would not give him five thousand dollars for it if I was loaded down with money."

"But don't you think it a big mine, William?"

"No, I do not. I call no claim a good mine that will not pay working expenses. And this is your big mine, with a fifty-foot vein of good ore. The fact is there is no vein at all. For 50 feet on the surface Blackman has got a low grade ore in the dozen or more of gopher holes he has dug, but what has he got at the bottom of his forty-foot shaft?"

"You don't know as he had to quit sinking on ac-

count of loose ground."

"So he told you, did he? That story is also too thin, and I happen to know it is a lie. His partner, Benson, told me he quit the bottom because there was no ore, and they started to drift at twenty feet from the top, as they had the best showing there. And what has he got in his forty feet of drift?"

"Not much, William, but it looks well."

"Looks well, does it? Some decomposed quartz with occasionally a kidney of galena is a big thing in your eyes, I suppose. The fact is, John, he has got a good prospect but no mine yet. But that is not the question. It is the lies and misrepresentation that I am disgusted at, not his mine. I value more the truthful, honest man, though his clothes are shabby and worn, than I do your lying, hypocritical rogue, though he may be worth his thousands. You are a noble, generous man, John, and if you must defend and make excuses for your friends, do it when they are in the right and not in the wrong. Well, it is time to work, but I think we had better take our tools to camp tonight and do no more work here. The few days we are here we can work on the Lady May. The iron George brought from there with specks of galena in it is good looking stuff, and ought to lead to ore if there is a permanent vein."

"We won't leave this yet, William. I know it is here, and if we only stick to it we shall get from it all the money we need and enough for our children after us. I would work here all winter on bread and water rather than give it up. If you will help me make a dugout before you go, I will send to Harry for a few

things and stay here all winter."

"How unreasonable you are, John. You know it is here. Nonsense, man! You know nothing about it; you only believe it is here. You surprise me indeed. You, who believe in no other guide but reason. I will work until the end of the week but no longer."

The conversation just related occurred on their mine dump, as they ate their dinner of bread and tea. They had many such spats, but remained good friends. When they returned to camp that evening, they found Blackman and Ben cutting up a fine deer. The meat was much needed and was a great treat to our half-starved friends.

Saturday came, and the friends put their tools in a wheelbarrow and fastening a rope in front for lead

harness, they hauled and pushed it to camp.

After supper Blackman said: "Boys, I shall move over to Little River on Thursday, and I think it would be well for you to work two or three days on the Lady May."

"Just what we have been thinking of, George, and

we will start to-morrow."

"Very good, John, you can take a piece of meat

with you."

Taking our friends on the hill, Blackman pointed out the canon where the mines were located. About noon the next day the friends left and drove up to a point on Willow Creek that was nearest to the canon.

"Ah, John," said Mr. Shepard, "this is a lovely evening, and I feel homesick when I think how I used to pass my Sundays with my family. This drive has been so different from those I had at home when I would dash over the country with my loved ones. While you start a fire and make supper, I will walk up to the cañon and look at the claim, for I feel quite anxious to see it."

"What a time you have been, William. Supper has been waiting a long time. Did you find the mine?"

"No, I did not. I found the canon further than I expected, and as it was nearly dark I turned back again."

"How far is the cañon?"

"It is fully three miles. I feel well to-night, John, and hope the good feeling denotes good luck."

The friends were up early the next morning, and Mr. Shepard got up and fed the team while Mr. Burn-

wood made breakfast. After eating they hitched up and drove to the cañon.

"Take out the horses, John, and I will look for the Lady May."

And Mr. Shepard went up the hill on a half run, so anxious was he to find the claim. But the claim was not so easily found, and they roamed the hills until near noon, when Mr. Burnwood said: "I am tired and shall go down to the wagon."

"All right, John, fix up a little dinner and I will go over this hill again. The Lady May ought to be good for it is hard to find. If we strike it I shall make

my little woman a lady yet."

And up the mountain went Mr. Shepard. He found several claims but no Lady May. Climbing up to a clump of mahogany he saw a pair of deer antlers lying on the ground. Taking them up he exclaimed: "I will carry these for luck." Sceptic and doubter as he was in many things, he felt a strong presentiment that he would find something if he took them along. Going down the hill he glanced up the cañon, and saw a post some distance away, and on the other side of the cañon. He crossed over and found it to be an old corner stake but could not make out the name or date.

"No Lady May yet. Well, I will go down to dinner, and take the cañon for it, as it is better walking, but how can I expect to find anything in that deep grass? I am strongly tempted to take that easy road, but I will keep along the foot of the hill, as it is nearly

as good."

So saying, he went on, the antlers in his hands and his eyes on the ground. Presently he passed by a small stone a few feet to his right. It was partly covered with soil, but there was something about that yellowish white stone that caught his eye, and turning back he took it up and exclaimed: "By George, this is heavy; there ought to be mineral in this."

Going on a few steps to a large rock, he dashed his stone upon it, and was delighted to see as fine a piece of carbonate ore, spotted with galena, as ever hungry miner feasted his eye upon. Before he found this, he was tired and weary, but he forgot it all and went down the cañon with a swinging stride that a pedestrian might envy.

Going up to the wagon he said: "What do you

think of that?"

"That looks pretty well, where did you find it?"

"Looks pretty well, you think. Why, man, it is the real stuff itself. It is what we are after, and if we can only find where it came from, I think we shall be all right."

"Can you find the place again?".

"Oh, yes, I marked it well, and can go right to the spot."

After their frugal meal they took pick, shovel and

hammer and were soon on the ground.

"What is this?" said Mr. Burnwood, taking up a piece of rock near by the size of a man's head.

"Break it and let us see."

And down went the hammer on the rock.

"More ore, John, by George! But there is some iron in this. There must be a vein of it somewhere."

They found several pieces on the ground, but no indication of a vein. The ore found was near the point of a hill, that made a fork in the cañon. The hill had the shape of a hog's back and gradually ascended a mile or more until it connected with the main mountain. Opposite to where the ore was found and across the main cañon was a steep mountain whose top seemed to touch the sky. Carefully prospecting the hill to the top of the hog-back, and down the other side, they came back to where they found the last ore.

"John," said Mr. Shepard, "it must be a blind lode, and what we have found is float from it. Those seams

of iron on the hill are not of the same quality as this on the ore. So we must trench for the vein.'

"All right, you take the pick and I will shovel."
"No indications here," exclaimed Mr. Shepard, after trenching about a rod.

"Don't you think it might have come down from the

other side in a slide?"

"By George! I think you are right, John. There must be a deal of snow here in the winter, and it would be impossible for it to stick on that mountain. I have seen slides in the Cottonwood where it was not near so steep. I think it must have come down in a slide, for this ore could hardly lay here unfound, when Blackman and others have prospected this cañon for four years. We will prospect that mountain and find it if it is there. It is too late to begin this evening, so you go down and get the horses and I will go alongside of the mountain and look for Lady May."

When Shepard got down to the wagon, he found Burnwood on the seat ready to start.

"I have found the Lady May, John." "Have you? How does it look?"

"It looks pretty well. There are about two feet of hard iron and vein matter, and as far as I can judge from the little pot hole dug, it appears to be a true vein, with a dip of about eighty degrees. It is the only vein in the cañon that shows walls. If we had not found that ore I should have sunk on the Lady May enough to secure it for one year. I have also discovered that George is tricky, and I dislike a tricky man."

"What do you mean, William?"

"You know George boasted a deal of the Locke Lode. Well, he came over to locate that as the Lady May. Now, I find the Lady May to be the old Hunter Lode, and he has called the Locke the 'Silver King,' and put himself down for a third interest. It does not amount to anything, and the change suits me, but it looks bad, for it is like giving a thing and taking it

back again."

They got an early start the next morning, for Burnwood was up by 3 o'clock to make breakfast, mistaking moonlight for break of day. Up the large mountain they went, digging a little here and a little there. When part way up, Burnwood said: "I am tired and do not see anything here."

"Plenty of iron, John, but it is not the kind we want. Go down and I will prospect the mountain."

And Shepard went along and followed the course the slide must have taken. But he found no indication of a ledge. When he reached the timber he started down in a zig-zag course, and was fairly tired out when he gained the cañon. He found Burnwood sitting on a rock looking rather blue.

"It is not there, John, and we will have to trench

again. But let us take a bite, for I need it."

"I would rather put a shot or two in the Lady May

and save the blind lode until another time."

"No, John, the Lady May can wait; our new lode is the best, let us find her. We will start in the old trench and make it wider and deeper. We will go down to bed rock and bare it to the top of the hill."

Shepard had hardly put the pick in when he turned up a piece of ore the size of a hen's egg. It was not three inches from the side of the trench. They were rewarded with several other pieces before they quit that evening, and they drove to the creek feeling well.

Mr. Burnwood said on the following afternoon: "We had better go down to George, for the boys leave

for Little River to-morrow."

"All right, and we will show them more ore than was ever found in this canon before. There ought to be some letters for us, and I expect one from Harry."

"Yes, William; I hope you did not discourage him."

"I wrote him the plain truth without any comment. He requested me to write an account of things just as I found them. I have done no more."

They got to Blackman's about an hour after dark, and as they expected, found letters from home and one from Harry.

"Well, William, what does Harry say?"

"He says he does not want any interest in the mines, and to take his name off if we have put it down; and he says he wants something more sure. I do not like this, for it is unmanly and cowardly. He had as much to do with my coming here as any one, and to go back upon us in this manner is shameful. I shall take him at his word, and hope he may yet be sorry." But nevertheless, Shepard had the blues that night and was very much discouraged. He expected to have money enough coming from Harry to be able to pay up all when it became due. So this blow was both severe and unexpected. Blackman and partner thought the friends should go back and look for the mine by all means.

They all left together, Blackman and the boys to go to Little River and Shepard and Burnwood to Lucky

Boy Cañon.

Burnwood had said: "Let me name the new claim," and Shepard had consented, though he had in mind a very dear name he would like to have given it. So the name Lucky Boy was given to the mine and cañon. The friends toiled on, and had no meat after the second day, no yeast powder after the fourth day, and it was bread and tea morning, noon and night, with mush occasionally for a change. And such bread, too. It was hard enough and tough enough to ruin the stomach of the strongest man. Those cakes, baked in the frying pan, could have been rolled down the steepest hill and not hurt a particle. It was the ninth day they had been trenching and had got no ore.

Burnwood had several times suggested that they had better follow the boys to Little River. But Shepard had said: "Stay with it, man, we will find it."

But this afternoon Burnwood was more discouraged than usual and said: "Let us go, we cannot find it now; and we can come again, next summer to look for it."

"No. John, we will stay a little longer. It looks bad now and I am much discouraged, but I feel like staying here while I have bread and tea. If that gives out then we shall have to leave."

"What foolishness, William, let us go now."

"Stay another day, and if we do not find anything we will drive down to Beartail's to-morrow night and call at the post-office for letters as we go down. You had better go for water now, it is time."

They were now camped at the mine, and Burnwood went to the creek every evening with a ten-gallon keg which they got from Blackman. This gave them plenty for the day and a drink for their team in the morning. Shepard went in the trench again and made the rocks fly, for he wanted to make up the time lost talking with Burnwood.

But after some time spent in driving ahead, he dropped the pick and exclaimed: "This will not do. I am working too hard with my hands. I must think more, for I need to keep my head clear and not work until I am muddled."

Going out into the bright sunshine and taking a long breath, he looked up the hill and said: "The vein must be close by for the float could not have slid down that hog-back ridge and reached here. We have only fifty feet of light trenching, and we ought to find it in that, for it could not come from above that lime reef. I must lay the work off for to-morrow, for we have no time to waste. I will prospect below

that reef, and if I find no trace there, it must be close

by."

Laying the ground off for trenching on the morrow he went to the reef above and carefully prospected the hill below. He saw from the shape of the hill, if anything came down the hog-back it could not reach the tail where he had found the ore, without spilling it down the side as well. Reaching the cañon without finding anything to indicate that there had been a slide down the hog-back, he went up to the trench, satisfied that he was not far from the ore. Looking at his watch he found it was half past six o'clock. 'So throwing down the hammer he exclaimed: "I am tired! I will not do any more to-night, but go down and start a fire, for John should be here soon."

Glancing down the cañon, he saw the team coming slowly along, and Burnwood walking by their side without coat or hat. Burnwood had not worn a hat when at home at his business, and very seldom wore one now. He had gone around bareheaded in the sun until it had painted his bald pate red, and later, when the Buffalo gnats got bad, he was a sight to see; for they worked on his head, ears and nose, until he looked as if he had been in a fight and got the worst

of it.

Shepard laughingly said to him: "If the folks could see you now, they would declare we had had a fuss and that I had put a head on you."

"Quite likely, William, but I am going to put some

axle grease on my face to keep them off."

And he did so, and for several days he plastered it on thick. And it must have astonished more than one native, as they passed down the Willow Creek road, to see the bald-headed man with the scratched face and the bony team at the creek.

The horses were indeed bony. They had not gained any at Blackman's, for the feed was very dry; and

they only got water once in two days. They would have got water once a day if they had come to the house, but they did not, and Ben thought it too much trouble to go a mile or two after them. And it is doubtful if they got water enough when they did come up, for Ben was like some men, he cared little for

anything but pleasure and his belly.

The friends talked but little at supper that night. It was blue Monday with them, and they both felt much cast down. Burnwood had not been sanguine since he went there. Strange to say, he seemed to have little hope here where they had got ore, while he was sure they had a "big thing" where there was nothing to indicate it, and would rather "work alone all winter on bread and water" than give it up. Maybe he thought more of Blackman's opinion of a "hole in the ground" than he did of Shepard's ability to find a mine.

Shepard felt badly at the thought of leaving before he found the mine; he had no doubt about there being one. The only fear he had now was that he might not be able to "catch on." He thought of the dear ones at home, and his debts, and he turned in to rest with a heavy heart.

The next morning they went to work early and Shepard said: "Clean out that place where we got the last iron, and while you do so I will trench over this limecrossing. Come up for me when you get the rock out."

After running about twenty feet, he got out of the shallow trench and said: "It is no use, for it is not here."

At the same moment he heard Burnwood coming up the hill, and looking around saw he had something in his hand. When he got up he said: "I have cleaned out and found this iron, and it seems to run to the left of the trench." "By George! John, this is the mineral-bearing iron.

We shall get it if we follow this."

Down they went, and Shepard soon had his pick in the ground, and had hardly started to cut in the side of the trench before he got more iron; and right after it a piece of carbonate ore, and then struck on what appeared to be solid ore.

"John," he exclaimed, "we have got it, it is here. When we cut this trench two days ago we were within six inches of it, and passed by it. It is near noon; go down and make tea, while I take some of the surface soil off it. After dinner we will see what we have."

The dinner was soon over, for both were anxious to be at work. Burnwood left at 4 o'clock for water, and when Shepard quit that night he had uncovered their bonanza. It was eight feet long and five feet across, and they could see carbonate and galena all over it. Their tea and hard cake seemed good that night, and they took an extra cup, for those men loved their tea as well as any old woman.

Mr. Burnwood said: "Throw up your hat, Wil-

liam, and let us give it three times three."

"No, not to-night. We will go down on it a little first; and if it holds out I will throw it up, and you will hear such a shout as was never heard up in these hills before. I feel well to-night. I feel paid for all my toil and trouble. Of course I cannot tell what we have got. It may be a big thing and we may have a fortune in it, and it may be——"

He did not finish the sentence. "Nothing" was on his lips but he could not bear to speak the word. He felt well and was glad, but he felt an undefined something, that kept him quiet and sober. He had a deep joy and satisfaction, but he felt it was not complete.

## CHAPTER VI.

## MORE DISAPPOINTMENT.

They talked until late into the night, and then went to bed to dream of tons upon tons of galena and carbonate ore.

It was late next morning when they got up, but they were soon at work, and it was with many an exclamation of pleasure that Shepard dug out the chunks of ore and rolled them to Burnwood. By noon they had got it all. It was not the vein after all, only a slide from some place. Burnwood went for water. and Shepard worked alone. The iron seam that led them to the ore now ran into the hill, and Shepard following it found the ground very loose. He went under a cap of limestone, and found the ground all limestone, and it lay in blocks as if it had been put in by a mason; they were in blocks from a foot square down to the size of a brick, and browned on the side by decomposed ore. Between the blocks there was an eighteen inch seam of decomposed lime, and in this he found chunks of ore, composed of iron, carbonate and galena.

When he quit that night there was the nose of a chunk sticking out at the end of the drift. He worked it out next morning, and it took both of them to roll it out of the drift. It was three feet and a half long, eighteen inches wide and egg-shaped.

Shepard said: "I do not understand how this comes to be so confounded loose; the rock over us next the

surface is as solid as the hills, while the large slabs above our heads sound as hollow as a drum."

"I don't know, William, but I think we had better quit, for we can do nothing more. We can come next

season and try it again."

"No, I shall not leave it yet; I am going under this roof if it is risky. The worst of it is, it rolls in so badly from the sides, that with a foot wide on the bottom we have a hole wide enough for a railway on top."

Several days passed, when Burnwood said:

"Let us go, I shall not stay any longer. I do not want to dig you out, and I see that I shall have to do so if we do not go. That roof will come down some of these days, and I don't want you under it."

"Stay another day, John, and if we do not come onto anything, we will give it up for the present. We will come prepared for the work next year, and build

a little house so we can be comfortable."

By noon next day, Shepard had gone under as far as he dared. He knew much better than Burnwood, the risk he was running by working in such a place. But he did hate to give it up while he was getting ore, for every day he got ore, but every day it got less.

He threw down the pick and said: "John, we will measure what we have done, put up our notices and bid good-by to the Lucky Boy; but I would not go yet if I had an ax or a saw or anything that would cut or fit a timber."

They drove down to the ranch of Mr. Beartail, thinking to camp below his place that night. But that worthy rancher would not let them sleep out. "You must come in the house and share its warmth and the food with us," he said.

And though the meal was coarse, it was a great treat to the half-starved friends. Mr. Beartail had not always been so kind to them. When they first went there, he thought they were Mormons, and he would just as soon ask the devil into his house as a Mormon. An hour's chat with Shepard had convinced him that they were not Mormons. It also enlightened him considerably in regard to the Mormon fraud. So now he gave them a hearty welcome and a pleasant evening they passed together.

It was as great a treat for Beartail to listen to accounts of the Mormons, as it was for the friends to sit by the bright fireside. They gave him a broader and clearer view of Mormonism than he had before. He had thought them all bad, but they informed him that there were many good people amongst the Mormons, but the system itself was a curse and a disgrace

to the country.

Mr. Beartail had informed Shepard on a former visit that he did not think Blackman could pay them for work; for he was in debt nearly everywhere, and could not pay any one. Shepard did not like to say much about it to Burnwood, for he knew it would hurt his feelings, but as they went slowly along next day, he said:

"John, what reason had you to believe that Blackman could give us work and pay us good wages?"

"He told me so, of course."

"Was that the only reason you had to come all this distance?"

"Yes, what more would you want?"

"I would want to know if the man was reliable, and able to make good his promises. I find your son-in-law is neither. I have been informed, since we came here, that he is one of the biggest liars in the country. I think from what you have told me, and what I have seen, that there is much truth in this statement."

"But, William, George has done the best he can,

and it will be all right yet."

"I do not know about it, and rather doubt it. For

this reason I wished to talk to you about our plans for the future. If that company has not taken the mines when we reach there, I think we had better leave and go to Wood River after work. It is no use to stay with Blackman."

"I do not think it will be necessary to go after work, for George is going to work the Ingomar and ship ore right along. He did not bond that mine, so he will take ore out and work it all winter. I have no doubt but the Ingomar is a big mine."

"I have heard so, John, but only from you and

Blackman. We shall soon know for ourselves."

It took two days to reach the Ingomar cabin. Ben was glad to see them, and informed them that George was off on a hunt, and the boys had not come from work yet.

Burnwood said: "George has a pretty good place

Shepard replied: "Yes, this will do. It is a rough cabin, but should be warm." Shepard found afterwards that it was the poorest one out of the dozen cabins in camp. The next morning Blackman's partner asked Shepard to go up to the mine with him. Much pleased was Shepard to go, for he was quite anxious to see this great Ingomar mine. Benson showed him all parts of the mine and Shepard found a large open cut, about seventy feet of tunnel and fifty feet of shaft. There were about four feet of ore on one side of the open cut and that seemed to be running out. At one time the open cut had been full of ore and about twelve feet wide. And this was the great Ingomar mine with the true and permanent vein, that had been talked so much about in Utah. This was the mine Blackman valued at half a million dollars. He had a fine showing at one time, and it looked like a vein, but in sinking on it the ore gave out, and they came on solid limestone without a seam.

They had got nothing in the tunnel or the shaft. Hartman had been working the Ingomar mine for some days on lease, but gave it up for he could not make anything. Mr. Shepard was not disappointed, for this was not the first lying he had discovered about the mines. Still, the Ingomar was worse than he expected.

Benson said: "We had fine showing here at one time and could have sold out for a large sum, but Blackman wanted too much, and we cannot sell now for anything. I shall leave here in the morning if Blackman gets back. I must go to work for wages, for I have some interest to pay on hired money, and

cannot stay here any longer."

Shepard stayed with Benson all day and had a long talk with him. He found him honest and straightforward, and not at all sanguine in regard to the mines. They quit early and went around to the bonded mines. Shepard found that but one of them contained ore, and that was not down ten feet, and nothing reliable about it. Where the samples came from that they sent to the English company he could not learn. He went to camp that night satisfied that Blackman was not only a great liar, but also a great fraud. Blackman had not returned but he came shortly, his horse loaded with meat. He was anxious to learn what the friends had found, and when informed he declared they had a big thing.

He said: "How much work did you do to find it?" Shepard answered: "We dug three hundred and twenty feet of trench from six inches to nine feet deep, and from one to three feet wide. What we thought was the cropping was only a slide. The deepest piece of ore was seven feet under the ground. After taking all the ore off, we made a large open cut and then ran under a cap of lime twelve feet and got a little ore every day. What puzzles me most is the lines next

the surface being so solid and that beneath so very loose."

"Boys," exclaimed Blackman, "you have a sure thing, and may not have many feet to go to get it. When you come on it you will find it goes down nearly straight. I think you ought to go back again. Your chances are too good to leave it until another year."

The friends paid a visit to Hartman the next day,

and he was quite wild over their new find.

He said: "Go back, by all means. You must not leave that for a year. Don't be damned fools and leave

it, when you may catch on any day."

Turning to Burnwood, he said: "Old man, you will soon have more money than you know what to do with. You will be going back to Utah as rich as a lord."

Burnwood returned to Blackman, and Shepard went on the hill with Hartman. He learned much that day. He found that Benson was going off to work to earn money to pay interest on the mortgage on their mines. He found they owed the man Madsen that was working for them several hundred dollars.

Hartman said: "Blackman is in debt over four thousand dollars and can pay nothing. I wanted the damned fool to throw in the Ingomar or the Blackman mine, so the company could see something for their money. He would not do so, and said it would be

giving the mines away."

Shepard said: "Benson told me that Mr. Manton

was not coming this season?"

"No, he is not. I got a letter from him stating that the company would not purchase any mines this year, as it was late and they had received no samples."

"But, Hartman, would Manton have bought the

claims if he had come out?"

"I'm damned if I know. We expected him to do so, for we had fixed them up to look their best."

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"Is it not an outrageous thing to have a man come so far to look at such claims? The expense of the trip, and loss of time, would be considerable."

"Manton would not care for that, he would be well

paid for it, and the company could stand it."

"That may be true, Hartman, but still I think it an outrageous thing, and it must hurt Blackman in the end. Manton would inform his friends how he had been deceived, and none of those would believe Blackman's statement."

"Why, Shepard, that's nothing new. He can get no one to come to see his mines, for no one believes him now. He has had men come from the East and West to see his mines. They have come to buy mines, and been brought here by his highly-colored statements, and when they saw them they left in disgust. There is no doubt about his being the biggest liar in these diggings."

When Shepard went down to the wagon, Burnwood told him that George said that they ought to go back

at once and work their claim.

Shepard answered: "No. I do not care to go back this fall. I cannot afford to throw away any more time. I would rather look for work and let the claim wait."

"But, William, you were sorry to leave it, and I should think you would want to go back again."

"I would if I were able, but I am not, and I feel that I have done enough; it is also uncertain if we find it this fall."

"They say we are sure to get it, and I am in favor of sending home for supplies, and going back to work."

"We are not sure of finding it and I would rather

not go, but if you go I will not leave you."

"Then we go. Make out a list of what you want and I will send to Harry for the things."

"No, John, I shall have nothing to do with it. I would rather starve than ask Harry for anything."

"He wrote me he would send anything I wanted,

so don't be foolish, but make out the list."

"I shall not. Do as you please, I will do nothing." Burnwood saw Blackinan, and they decided it would be best to go back to work. When Burnwood informed Shepard what he should do, he said:

"Let us go at once; the sooner we know what there

is in the claim, the better."

"We will go day after to-morrow. George wants to borrow one of your horses to-morrow and send Ben after the mail. He will post my letter ordering our supplies at the same time. George will lend us an ax and we can grind it and our old one to-morrow. We can also get a saw."

Ben went for the mail next day. It was about fifteen miles over the hills and twenty miles on the wagon road. Ben took the hills, and when he got back Shepard noticed that Belle seemed stiff. Looking at her he found the saddle had been too tight, and the chinch had taken the hide off from one side to the other.

He exclaimed: "Who saddled her, Ben?"

"George did."

"And a confounded shame, too, and no doubt you rode like a fool. It is damn little either one of you care for a horse."

And Shepard walked away feeling unusually vexed.

Next morning Shepard said:

"John, put the best ax in the wagon, there is not

room in this outside pocket for both of them."

"No, it will cut the wagon if put inside, I will put it in the pocket." And he pushed it down alongside of the other. They left early, and it being down grade they got to the post-office by noon, and stopped to take dinner. Burnwood went to the wagon for an ax

to cut wood, and finding them gone exclaimed: "Where are the axes?"

"I do not know, you had them last."

"The pocket has broken loose, William, and they are gone."

"The devil they are! That is bad management, John, very bad. We cannot do without them, so I will ride back, and I hope they are not far behind."

Jumping on Belle he left at once. There are many rides written and spoken about, some of them noted The only noted thing about this one was that it was more of a walk than a ride. After going a few miles, Belle gave out, and Shepard got off and led her. He found that would not do, for he would give out soon, as he had to fairly pull her along to get her. to move. He fastened the bridle around her neck, and went behind her and drove her along. She was not inclined to go then, but the butt end of the whipstock went down on her tail end with a whack. And thus he herded her along until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when he came upon the axes. They were lying in the road about two hundred yards from Blackman's cabin. There was no going back now, for the mare could hardly walk, so he went on to the cabin.

Ben opened his eyes when he saw Shepard and ex-

claimed: "What is wrong?"

Shepard told him how he had to herd the mare along until he found the axes, and Ben said: "It is

a wonder she did not run away."

Shepard laughed and said: "I could outrun a dozen in her condition." Then he added bitterly: "Do not mention run, you took that out of her yesterday."

Shepard disliked to stay with Blackman. He would gladly have walked back again, if the mare could have done so, but she could not, and he felt like a beggar when he took supper that night and was quite miser-

able. He was out an hour before daylight after the mare. He took the trail over the hills and got to Burnwood at noon. He had dinner waiting, and they fed the mare while they ate it. Then on again. It was twenty miles to water, and they must reach it. The first ten miles was down grade and the team did very well, but Shepard noticed Belle was getting shaky, so he stopped and fed.

There were about six miles of sand and then their troubles began, for Belle would not pull a pound, but little Faithful showed she was rightly named, for she

not only pulled the wagon, but Belle also.

Shepard said: "This will not do, that mare must walk, and not hold back or we shall have to stay here. Give me that stick, and I will walk by her side and keep her up."

And every few steps it was whack, whack, until a large welt rose to cover the bones, and the gray was

turned to red.

Shepard said: "This is awful! We are in a bad box when we have to do this."

The sun went down, and darkness came on, and still it was whack, whack. The moon rose and sent her silvery light over the dreary scene. And now the ground got more solid, with only small patches of sand, and soon they left the sand behind. The horses walked better now without the stick. Presently they threw up their heads and walked still faster. Shepard thought they must see water to make them feel so good, and looking ahead he saw a bright and shining streak three or four miles away.

It was Willow Creek, and the sight was gladdenning to the heart of man and beast; no more stick now, for the team did their best, and Belle fairly staggered along. Shepard still walked by their sides and would call out in an encouraging tone: "Get up, Belle! Go along, little Faithful! Well done. little

ones! Go again, my darlings. There is rest for the weary at the creek. We'll soon be there now."

It was twelve o'clock when they reached the creek, and right glad they were to turn the tired horses loose, and to spread their blankets on the ground by the stream.

"Ah," said Shepard, "the rippling of the water sounds so natural, and as it strikes those rocks it sounds so much like the mill stream. And, John, if I hear an unusual noise, I even yet prick up my ears to listen to the mill. I am glad this day is past, for I am ashamed of myself for beating that mare."

And for years afterward, when he thought of that day, his conscience smote him. The next night they camped at the old place on the creek. They had got

a sixty-gallon barrel in addition to the keg.

Shepard said: "We will fill our barrels to-night

so we shall not be delayed in the morning."

They were at the mine early, and looking the ground over carefully, they selected a knoll close by their claim, and made camp. After they had fixed their things under a shelf of rock, Shepard went up the canon to look for timber. About two miles above he found a fine grove of pines, and was soon making good use of his ax. They hauled the timber down next day, and Shepard started to fix them at once.

Then came days and weeks of hard toil, days of hope, and days of dark despair. Days and weeks of suffering and privation. In addition to their flour, meal and tea, they had only taken a sack of potatoes and a can of yeast powder. Blackman had plenty of meat, but had not thought to give them any, and Shepard would have starved rather than have asked for it. Many meals they made of potatoes and salt and thought them good. The potatoes were soon gone, and then it was bread and tea, morning, noon and night. Bread without yeast powder and tea without sugar.

Shepard found himself getting quite weak and shaky, so he said to Burnwood: "Do not make the tea so strong. I have become nervous by drinking so much of it."

"I have hardly put any tea in, William, since you

told me some days ago."

"Then it must be the pot, and that will account for the rich brown color, and the acid flavor it has got. Such food and tea and the way I work would ruin any constitution, and mine is not very strong at the best."

Shepard was right, for he was never the same man after that trip. And years after, though clear-headed and cool, the least thing would make his hand tremble, and he occasionally awoke from sleep feeling weak, and with every nerve beating like a pulse. He saw afterwards that he was foolish to stay in such a place, and the best thing to have done when he found Blackman had lied, would have been to have gone back to Utah.

They drove their tunnel in sixty feet and struck the solid lime, but the loose streak still ran up the hill above their head. A lot of the loose rock fell from

the top, and among it a nice piece of ore.

Shepard said: "John, that piece of ore is a voice to me, saying, 'Go onward and upward if you would find me.' We are nearly 'beat,' for we cannot follow it up the hill at present. We can turn to the left and see what it will lead to. It is still loose and we have got the most ore from that side."

At this time Hartman and Ben came over, and Hartman said: "Boys, I thought you would have got it by this, so I came over to make some locations, for there will be a big rush here when you catch on."

That night at supper, Hartman said: "Your grub is damn tough, and the worst I ever saw. How is it your supplies are not here?"

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Burnwood answered: "I do not know. I received a letter saying they were shipped. There must be a delay on the way. Ben, you had better take the team

in the morning and see if they have come."

Ben went to Beartails and brought back the good news that the supplies were on the way, and would be there in two days. He also brought twenty-five cents' worth of bacon, and borrowed some yeast powder, and told Beartail that his father would settle for it. Hartman made slapjacks for supper and mixed enough for breakfast next morning.

When Hartman came to make breakfast he found

a dead mouse in the batter.

"Throw the stuff away," said Shepard.

Hartman exclaimed: "Throw be damned. There's no more yeast powder, and we should have to make your seed cake, and none of that for me. I am off after breakfast. Not eat it, you say? Why, you fellows have been without meat so long, that I would think you could go mouse and all. The cakes are no worse, anyway. Here, try one, old man. I will have one for you in a minute, Shepard."

It went much against the grain with Mr. Shepard, but there was no help for it, for he could not go to work hungry. After breakfast, Hartman wished them good luck, and shaking hands heartily, left them. The supplies came, and Shepard found only about half what had been ordered. Some things had been sent that had not been ordered and could have been bought from Beartail for less than the freight upon them. There was no ham, no bacon, no lard; only a gallon can of butter.

Shepard was quite disgusted, but said little. In two weeks, excepting dry fruit, they were down to dry shuck again. The loose ground changed to hard lime, and Shepard saw they were "beat." So he said to Burnwood: "It is no use, we had better quit. Ben

wants to go home and you also say you will go home. I will drive down to the Nickel mine in the morning and try to get work. If I do not get anything I will go home with you. Still, I hate to do so, and would rather go the other way. I love my wife and little ones as well as any one. I suffer much at being separated from them. Excepting the ten days when hunting that ore, I have been in hell since I came to Blackman's mines. I have had no pleasure or comfort here, and have been half starved, but to go back seems like the bitterness of death."

"A good general, William, always provides a way for retreat."

"Quite true, but to retreat in disgrace would be worse to me than death in the front."

"There is no disgrace to go home, William."

"No, of course not, but I feel like it. I feel I shall be disgraced to go home and not be able to pay a cent on my debts."

"You have plenty of property, William, and are better off than I am. When I get home I have nothing

to sell and do not own the place I live in."

"Yes, I have considerable property, but it is in bad shape; though a year's good work would so clear it that I could live from it and would not have to work for any man. If I have to sell I cannot get much for it. I have been working, planning and hoping for a year to be able to live at home, and now all is dashed to pieces. It is true I have been an ass, or I should not have been in this fix. You have no idea what I have sacrificed by coming here. I do not blame you, for you have been fooled as well as myself. You meant well, but you are to blame for not telling me the man had no money. If I had known he had lived all winter off your earnings, and that Harry had lent him money to take him North to his mines, you can be sure I should not have come here. When you and Harry

said he was all right, it was enough for me without any investigation."

"Who told you that Harry had let him have

money?"

"Harry has written to me, and wishes me to tell Blackman to send the hundred dollars he got from Harry in the winter, for he is in need of it. You see I got it from Harry, so it is not a made-up story, as you like to believe most stories are that you hear of Blackman. But why you should doubt other people, and believe Blackman, when you know he has lied, is past my understanding. I am sorry I did not know him before I left my home. I could have done well at home by putting my team to work hauling from the mines. My wife writes that I can do well at home yet if I only return soon, and she wants me to go at once. If I had taken her advice I should have left you the first week we came here. But I shall not go back yet, not if I can get work."

Next morning he bade Burnwood good-by, and taking Ben along to bring back the team if he got work,

he drove to the Nickel mine.

The Nickel mine was full-handed, more than full, for they had just turned off a number of men, and expected to turn off more. Shepard drove back to Willow Creek and slept near its banks that night and suffered much from cold. They got back to camp about 11 o'clock next day, and they were glad to get a little bread and tea, for they had started without breakfast. It took but a short time to load up their things. Taking a last and sorrowful look at the claims, Mr. Shepard said: "Good-by, and may it be for ever."

They traded part of their supplies for grain for their team, and sold part to a rancher. They reached Beartail's that night, and he would have them stop one day to rest. Beartail took Shepard in the garden for a chat and to make some inquiries in regard to Blackman's wife.

Beartail said: "Blackman will be going down to Utah to live with the old folks again this winter, and I will bet you he will not give them a dollar."

Shepard replied: "I do not know; the old folks will need help this winter instead of helping him."

"Don't you think his wife will get a divorce from

him?"

"No, Beartail, I do not. I should never have thought so, for she seems to worship the man, and she cannot talk about anything but 'George' and his mines. Still, the whole family are the same. I do not think a stranger ever had the confidence of a family more fully than Blackman. Harry seemed to have some doubt, but he was the only one."

"I see he has fooled them badly, and it will not sur-

prise me if she gets a divorce from him."

That day Shepard got a letter from home, and it made his heart bleed, for his little wife wrote him that she was in great trouble, and was worried much about the ranch. Mr. Bloodsucker had called for his interest, and when informed it was not ready, he swore he would "close the mortgage and sell the place."

He said: "I will learn your husband better than going off and riding around the country wasting his

time, while he's owing me."

The brute made Mrs. Shepard sick with his abuse, and if Shepard had been around he would have got a broken head, if he had ten mortgages to close. After reading the letter, Shepard muttered between his set teeth: "I did well to say I should feel disgraced to go home without money. I shall be disgraced indeed, if I allow a thing like that to call a second time for money. It is over now, and I will sell ranch, home, horses and everything, rather than have my wife suffer."

Now a great desire to go home came upon him, and the ponies could not go too fast for him. They drove along slowly and made short drives, and every setting sun brought them nearer to that loved place, home. They had camped for the night in Portnuif Cañon, about half a mile above an Indian farm.

Shepard said: "There is good feed amongst those willows, but it is a nasty place for a horse. We cannot hobble them here, for if they got down it would be the last of them."

"You had better hobble them, for they may go off if loose."

"I dare not do so, John, and it would be better to have them go off than find one or both dead in a mud hole. We shall have to tie them up without feed or risk their going off. I will turn them loose and risk ft."

Burnwood was up two hours before daylight to make breakfast. After he ate breakfast he called Shepard and Ben, saying: "Get up, boys, I have some nice boiled beans. Get up and eat them before they are cold. You will find them real good. I do not hear the horses around, so I will go and find them."

Shepard raised on his elbow, and looked at his watch by the glare of the fire, and finding it early, he lay down again. He thought another nap was worth more than boiled beans.

It was just daylight when Burnwood returned and called: "William, get up; the horses are gone and I can't find them anywhere."

"Horses gone!"

No need to call twice now, for Shepard was up in a moment, and said while throwing on his clothes: "Where have you been? Did you look on the Indian farm?"

"Yes, I have just come up from there, and they are not around."

Ben got up and made for the boiled beans. Shepard did not think of breakfast, but started up the road following some horse tracks. They turned to the left in the hills, and after about four hours' fruitless search he returned to the wagon. He found Burnwood and Ben sitting on the wagon tongue, and the former looking as surly as a bear.

"I suppose you have not seen the horses?" said

Shepard.

"No, we have not. If you had taken my advice and

hobbled them, they would have been all right."

"Taken the devil!" exclaimed Shepard. "We could not hobble them in a place like this. It is no use to growl now the horses are gone. It would have been best to have tied them to the wagon and let them go hungry one night, but damned fools never learn anything until too late. I will take a little breakfast now, for I am about played out."

"What are we to do, William?"

"Find them, of course."

"But suppose the Indians have run them off?"

"Then, we must give them all our money, which is only two dollars and seventy-five cents, and if that won't do, my pistol and Ben's rifle must go."

Ben said: "Maybe they have got them in the stable,

and that's why pa could not see them."

"I will go down and see if they are there."
"But, William, if they won't let them go?"

"I shall take them, and if the red devils get in the way they will get hurt. If you want to see fun, come down and see how I knock them."

Neither Burnwood nor Ben wanted to go, so looking to his pistol, Shepard started to the Indian farm. Before he reached the farm, his heart was made glad by the sight of the horses quietly feeding in the field, and they were full as a tick. They must have noticed the stack and good feed in the field and gone back to get some of it. Taking the horses back to the wagon, Shepard said to Burnwood: "You are a fine fellow to get up in the middle of the night and go hunting for horses in the dark, and when you do not see them come and say they are lost or stolen; and set us upon a wild goose chase. The horses have better sense than that. Put the harness on and let us go."

"What did the Indians say?" asked Burnwood.

"I did not see an Indian, and when I got the horses I did not look for any. If there had been any of them around we might have had a bill of damages to pay. The horses are almost too full to travel, but we will have it out of them by night."

They got along well for several days, and when they reached the town of B—— Burnwood said: "I have a friend here I want to see, so we will drive to his place and he will give us dinner and feed our team."

Jacob Goodman, Burnwood's friend, treated them well. After dinner Burnwood told Jacob that he had some splendid mines up North, and they would pay him big yet. He had to leave them, as he was not fixed to work them in the winter. Burnwood ended by asking Jacob to lend him a hundred dollars for a year.

Jacob got the money and said: "What about a note

to secure the payment of it?"

"Well, Jacob," said Burnwood, "you can have a note if you wish it, but it is hardly necessary, is it?"

"Well, we will not mind it," and so saying, Jacob handed the money to Burnwood, who said he would

pay the money back in a year or before.

Shepard brought out the horses and they started off again. They had little to say for some time, for Shepard could not help thinking it looked bad for Burnwood to avoid giving a note for the money.

After a time Burnwood said: "I would let you have

a little money, William, but winter is here and I do not know when I shall get work."

"I do not wish any, neither do I expect any," said Shepard. "I know you have plenty to do with the money."

Shepard was thinking of their note, and he supposed Burnwood had borrowed the money so he could pay for the wagon. When they reached Burnwood's home, there were many inquiries in regard to Blackman and his mines. Shepard told them to see Burnwood, who could tell them all about the mines, for it was a subject he did not care to talk about. But he told Harry Burnwood all he had heard and seen of Blackman and his mines. Harry was not much surprised, for he had begun to think something was wrong. Blackman's wife had been confined, and Blackman had not been down to see his child, neither had he sent a dime to his wife. So Harry had to support her and buy clothes for the child. There was no more boasting about "George" and "his mines."

Harry and Burnwood wanted Shepard to take the wagon, and said he ought to take it, for they "had no use for it."

Shepard refused to take it, and said: "I have three wagons, and have not use for them, so cannot take this one. I did not want to get this wagon; it was bought for you, as you thought you must have one, and I certainly expect you to pay for it."

Shepard did not quarrel with them, but was disappointed and disgusted at the selfishness of the men. Right glad was Shepard to reach home, and though he came back empty-handed, the welcome he received could not have been warmer if he had brought a fortune. His little wife hugged him so tight, he was afraid she would kink his neck. He had brought candy and marbles for the little ones, and all were happy to have "pa" home again. He found his wife

had just sold their last cow, so taking the money he called upon Mr. Bloodsucker and paid him the interest, and that leech was very nice and said: "If you will pay your interest promptly I will renew your note for another year or two, and I would like it done soon."

Shepard replied: "I will see what I can do about raising the money to pay the note. I shall be pleased

to renew if I cannot get the money."

Shepard saw his creditors and informed them he had been unfortunate on his trip north, and had not earned a cent, but he would sell something and settle with them in thirty days. The next thing to do was to sell the ranch, but he found it a difficult thing to do. Several wanted it, but would pay little for it. He expected to sell it for two-thirds of its cost. That would pay all his debts and lift a mortgage off the home and leave him enough to live on for some months to come. Yes, he could get along very nicely if he could sell without too much loss. But he could not sell for a fair price, so he finally sold for about one-third of its cost.

He felt discouraged at the sacrifice, and said to his wife: "I could have put my creditors off until spring and have gotten several hundred dollars more for the ranch, but they need the money, and no one shall suffer on my account. I would rather part with everything."

Mr. Bloodsucker called to have the note renewed, and was surprised and quite mad when his money

was put before him.

Mr. Shepard said: "I do not intend to be any man's slave; take your money and let me hear from

you no more."

Bloodsucker's talk and bluster had hurt him, for he did not wish to call in his money; for he knew he could not get two per cent. per month again. Mr.

Shepard had paid him nearly half the principal in interest.

After paying all bills due, Shepard made the family comfortable for the winter. He bought dolls and candy, and made Christmas a merry one for the children, and he and his wife had a very happy time in spite of all troubles and losses. When the New Year came in Shepard went to the mines to seek work, and got employment at the mine where we found him at the commencement of this story. He worked steady. and in the spring began to feel himself again, but his troubles were not over yet. First, he got a letter from Mr. Long, requesting him to call and take up that note given for the wagon. After that he had sickness in his family. He then got hurt in the mine and was laid off for many weeks. Before he got up he was served with a summons to appear in the District Court. Mr. Basemant had closed the mortgage on the home. Mr. Basemant was an apostate Mormon and had joined the Methodist Church; and delighted at their meeting to rant and rail against his former brethren. He would say: "There is not a man in the Mormon Church but what is corrupt; no, not one."

He was sick of Utah and wanted to sell out. Shepard heard of it, and a year before the summons was served upon him he called upon Mr. Baseman to learn his price. He found Baseman wanted a good price, in fact all the place had cost him, but would give "long time" on part if he got part cash down. Shepard concluded not to purchase, but Mrs. Shepard wanted the place and advised him to buy it.

Shepard said: "No, dear, we will let it go. I would like it quite well, for it would make a splendid home; but I cannot raise the money at present."

Weeks passed, and Mr. Baseman had called several times to see if Shepard would take the place. He

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said: "If you will pay me a third of the price down I will give you four years to pay the rest." Shepard concluded to take it. When all was ready for transfer Baseman said: "Could you not pay me one hundred and fifty dollars at the end of the first year?"

Shepard thought he could, so Baseman said: "We will make out two notes, one for a year, and one to be

paid in four years."

Shepard replied: "I do not like that. I will give you one note, and if I have the money, I will pay you

one hundred and fifty dollars in one year."

Baseman said it would suit him better to get two notes. He should need a little money at the end of the year, and would like it fixed that way, but if Shepard should not have the money, he would let the note run along with the other. A few days afterward, they went to Mr. Snow to have the deed and notes made. Mrs. Baseman and a dear friend of hers was with them. When they reached the office door Shepard said: "Before we go in, we had better understand each other. I am not doing anything at present, and know not how long it may be before I get a situation, so I do not like to bind myself to pay one hundred and fifty dollars at the end of the year. I would rather not take the place. I expect to go North and do well. I have money out that will pay you if I can get it in; I think I can pay you, but am not sure."

Mr. Baseman replied: "If you should not have the money, it will be all right. I will not distress you, but will let the note run with the other. All I ask is the interest."

"You give me your word of honor that you will let the note run if the interest is paid?"

"I do so."

Shepard called the attention of Mrs. Baseman and her friend to the promise, and as it was understood by them all, they went in and made the transfer, Mr. Baseman taking a mortgage on the place to secure the notes. The Basemans left the Territory, and at the end of the year Shepard paid his interest to the agent acting for them. While Shepard was laid up he heard that Baseman had returned, and that he did not like Shepard expected a visit from him, but instead he received the summons. It was a miserable day for Mrs. Shepard, for she saw no way of obtaining the money to clear the mortgage; and she thought herself and little ones would be turned out, and the place sold from them. But not so with Shepard. He had no intention of being sold out. He was put upon his mettle and would fight it out to the bitter end. Though a man of peace and disliking trouble and contention, he wished from his heart that the code was in force, that he might call the "cowardly brute" out for satisfaction. There was no sleep that night for Shepard nor wife. Shepard went to Salt Lake next day and hobbled around on sticks. He had to sit down and rest on doorsteps, and several times he thought he would have to be carried home. He found the interest he had paid had been placed to his credit on the first note, and the mortgage had been closed for non-payment of interest. He saw the Basemans, and they denied their promise to let the small note run with the other. He saw he was in the hands of the Philistines, and he must either raise the money or lose the place. In addition to the principal, there was one hundred dollars costs to be paid. It was a great relief to Shepard to get home again, and sweet to rest his exhausted body. He was off again next day, and he learned that Baseman had informed some of his friends that he had come back to live in the old home. Baseman had been around the place and found it much improved, and his covetous heart longed to get it back again, even if he had to debase his low-born soul to

do so. Shepard listened quietly, and then said in a low but earnest tone: "He will not get it. He shall never live there again. He is a black-hearted rogue, and I wonder that God does not strike him down when he kneels and calls upon His name, in the long, canting, hypocritical prayers. Think of a thing like that cailing on the Lord to soften the hearts of the Mormons and bring them to light. What does he know of light, unless it is the light of a dollar. Many of these Mormons that he prays for are as much above him and his in godliness and nobleness as the mountains are above the valleys. Such men as he are a curse to any church, and for the life of me I do not see how any minister of the gospel can take such men by the hand and call them brother. No, he cannot have that place If it comes to the worst I will sell it to some other person, if I only get the amount due him. I have spent over three hundred dollars in improvements since I bought it. I got material from some of those owing me and got others to do the work. Though I have paid out no cash I have spent much, and no doubt he would like to take it all. I am to blame for being in this fix, for no one but a confounded fool would have given two notes. I have always been a fool anyway, but I think this will teach me something. certainly ought to, for it is bitter enough."

Shepard did not have to sacrifice his home, for he found a friend who let him have the money to pay off Baseman. Shepard wrote to Burnwood about the wagon, and informed him in no uncertain tone that he ought to pay for it. Shepard received other letters from Mr. Long, who said: "The wagon has been returned and is much worn, and I will have to sell at a low price. If you will pay the difference I will

send you your note and call it settled."

Shepard wrote to Burnwood and Harry, and as they did not seem willing to pay for the wagon, he sent the

money, and was glad to get it off his hands. He saw if Mr. Long had been so disposed he could have refused to take the wagon back and could have made

him pay for it in full.

Shepard said to his wife: "Maggie, no one could have made me believe that Burnwood would act in this manner. I had so much confidence in the man, that when he was in trouble years ago, and his creditors were likely to take his household furniture. I wrote him to tell them I would go his security and would give them a mortgage on my home to secure them for any bill he owed. You may remember that my willingness to take his debt upon me caused the others to wait and trust him. Well, I have heard they are waiting yet. It was fortunate for me they did so, for, judging from his action in regard to the wagon, I should have had the others to settle. Still. Burnwood is not a bad man. In fact he has been one of the best men I have known. His past life has been one of benevolence, of kindness and love for his fellow-Poverty is the cause of his present action, it seems to have shriveled his soul, clouded his judgment and blighted his sense of honor. Poverty is a cursed thing, and a misfortune that many of us bring upon ourselves by ignorance and folly. We have had many losses, little woman, we have been going down hill at break-neck speed, but I hope to stop now. Burnwood is much to blame for it, for if he had told me the truth about Blackman I should not have gone North. I call his treatment of me in this wagon business most shameful. But I will not write one word of complaint to him. He is having trouble enough. I hear that his daughter Grace has obtained a divorce from Blackman. Beartail said it would not surprise him if she got a divorce, but at that time I could not believe she would think of such a thing. If Beartail can guess that well half the time, it will pay him to come to Utah and join the church, for he could make money, though he may not be a prophet nor the son of a prophet. Burnwood must feel bad indeed, when he thinks how he encouraged Blackman, and induced his daughter to break an engagement with a worthy young man for the sake of that rogue. He gave Blackman his sweet, fair girl, and furnished him a home through the winter, and he believed every lying story that Blackman told about his mines. No. Maggie, love, I shall not blame him. He will have gall and wormwood enough when he looks upon his daughter and her child and thinks of the prospects before them. The loss of money is nothing compared to that kind of trouble. Maggie, dear, we will not worry any more about our losses, for if I learn wisdom and economy from them, I may be the gainer in the end." Shepard went back to work and slowly but surely was paying his debts. And thus we find him at the commencement of this story.

## CHAPTER VII

### DO NOT DRINK.

A WARM friendship sprung up between Mr. Shepard and William Thompson the blacksmith. They were frequently together when off work, and Shepard often took Thompson home with him in his buggy. and as they spun along down the cañon, Thompson would tell a story or give an account of some incident in his travels. But he would not say anything about himself. All Shepard could learn about him, was that he had come from England and had been in America some years. He said he had no relatives and no home. Thompson soon became a great favorite with Shepard's children. He never went over without taking his pockets full of nuts, candy, or raisins for the little ones. Shepard told him he was foolish to waste his money that way, besides it was spoiling the children. Thompson only laughed and said, "It is not money wasted, for it does me much good to see the little ones so pleased and happy. If I did not spend a little money upon them, I should spend it on something foolish and get less pleasure from it."

It was true, for about once a month Thompson would go on a big spree and lose some work and spend money freely. Every one in the saloon must drink with him, so he soon ran up a large account, and Black Mike had the name of putting down drinks not taken, so Thompson's money was soon gone.

After his spree he would go to work again and was thoroughly ashamed of himself, and Shepard had much trouble to induce him to accompany him home. A week after one of these sprees Shepard took Thompson home with him to spend Sunday. As they rode along in the cool of the Saturday evening Thompson seemed more than usually depressed. He was always depressed after a spree and disliked everything but work. When they reached the mouth of the cañon, and a turn of the road brought them in fuil view of the setting sun, Thompson started and exclaimed: "I cannot go with you to-night, I must go back to the mine."

So saying he jumped from the buggy.

"Why, what is the matter?" said Shepard in sur-

prise. "Have you forgotten something?"

"No, but I do not feel worthy to go to your home and those little ones. It is too good a place for me, the mine is good enough, and I have no right to take advantage of your kindness."

"Don't talk nonsense, Thompson, but get in the buggy and come along. The little ones do not know you drink, and I look over that weakness for I expect you to overcome it yet. I want to have a long talk with you to-morrow about this drinking."

"I cannot go to-night."

"You can and will." So saying, Shepard jumped

out of the buggy and took hold of him.

"You must come, you shall not go back. I know how it will be if you go back, the boys at B—— will see you, and of course you would have to take a drink with them, and in your condition you would be easily started on another big spree. My attachment to you is not a common friendship and I will not see you go to ruin. I do not make many friends, for most of the boys think I am high-toned and distant, because I cannot share and sympathize with them in their coarse

amusements. I let them think so, for it is not worth while to bother with them; but I feel different toward you, and if you have any regard for me, you will

step in the buggy and go along."

Thompson was deeply affected and without a word got in the buggy. Shepard took his seat and drove along for some time in silence. Presently he said: "What makes you so sad and melancholy this evening? It is not your late spree, is it?"

" No."

"Then what is it?"
"I cannot tell you."

"I do not want to inquire into your private affairs, Thompson, but it appears to me that you have some secret trouble, and if I can help you in any manner I shall be pleased to do so. I have noticed for some time that you would be quite down-hearted before going on a spree. Did you have trouble before you left home?"

"Yes."

"Was it about a girl?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. I see you start with surprise; well, I will give you my reason for thinking so. I have heard the boys talk a deal about your spree, but not one of them ever said you went after the girls. If you had done so I should have heard of it, for it is about the only thing some of those brutes can talk about. I judged from this that you had a sweetheart somewhere, and, like a man, intended to be true to her. Did you love the girl?"

".Ýęs."

"Did she love you?"

"Yes.

"Was there a quarrel?"

" Yes.'

"Did you write to her after you left?"

" No."

"Then why not do so now, and if she will come to Utah send for her at once."

"I cannot write to her."

"Why not?"
"She is dead."

Thompson spoke the words in a choked voice, and Shepard saw he had touched a tender memory and he said: "Forgive me, my friend, for giving you pain. I shall not again mention the past, and only did so now thinking I might do you good."

They soon saw Shepard's home and the little ones running to meet them. Thompson reached out and took up little Jack, for of them all he was Thompson's pet, and his cry of "Gimme some candee," was

always answered to his satisfaction.

A cute boy was Jack, and on one occasion when his mamma had taken him to B—— to meet his father, and his father had bought a sack of candy for the children and given him some, Jack looked at the sack and then at the candy in his hand, and after a moment's thought, said: "Papa when I come to meet you again won't you buy me a little sack all to myself?"

Shepard laughed, and the next time Jack went over

he got his little sack.

On the following day, Shepard took Thompson to a comfortable seat in the orchard and said: "Do you like the taste of liquor or beer?"

Thompson smiled and said; "I cannot say that I

do."\_

"Then why do you drink it?"

"To drown care and for a time forget the past."

"But does it drown care, and does not the memory of the past come upon you with greater force after your spree? Does it not occur to you that you are doing a foolish thing? Do you not know you are ruining body and soul? Nothing but harm can come from it, and as you sink lower and lower the cursed

stuff may lead you into crime." At the word crime, Thompson started and a strange haunted look came into his eyes. Shepard had noticed that look before, and feeling pity for his friend he said: "Do not be alarmed, you have not come to that yet. Leave off drinking and you are safe. Leave the cursed stuff alone. Do not taste it. Do not go near it, and do not let it come near you if you can help it. Give up the boys; though quite friendly, they are your worst enemies. Their cheery "come and take something," is more harmful to you than a slap in the mouth would be. A slap you would resent at once, then why not resent a knock-down? You will not deny that their treating has knocked you down many times. You would think it disgraceful to be knocked down in a brawl, but it is a thousand times more disgraceful to be knocked down by drink while on a drunken spree. You have not lost all your self-respect; you are ashamed of your weakness and folly; so now is the time to throw off the curse, now is the time to make the effort, before the vampire has drawn your strength from body and brain, and left you weak and helpless as a child.'

Shepard paused, but Thompson did not reply, so he continued: "If you do not like the stuff why make a beast of yourself by drinking? You may not like it, Thompson, yet I have heard men say the same thing, who never neglected a chance to fill up on it. Neither did they wait for a chance to 'turn up,' but were ever on hand to help some fool to spend his money, they having already spent their own. To drink to drown care is foolish, for it does not drown but only gives care a foul bath, and often changes it to dark despair. The only cure for care and trouble that I know of, is hard, earnest work; work of body and brain if need be, until you are exhausted

and glad to take sweet rest. After a day's hard work, you see no devils in the corner, no snakes in your boots, and the 'jim-jams' are unknown to you; and instead you get that solid rest only known to the sons and daughters of toil. I am not able to show you the horrors of drunkenness, it is beyond my power. You have seen more of it than I have, and have also felt the curse, and how you can drink after seeing its trail and feeling its fangs, is more than I can understand. My friend, I do not know what your trouble may be, but I can assure you drinking will not help it, and will not cure it."

"Why not leave off drinking and look around for a wife? You seem to have no object in life, and if you remain so, you will go to the dogs. Get yourself a good wife and settle down, forget the past and

look ahead to something better."

"I shall never marry and cannot settle down."

"Don't talk nonsense, Thompson. It is not manly or wise to allow a quarrel and the loss of your girl, to ruin your life. Think of what I have said and at

least quit drinking if nothing more."

No more was said at this time for little Jack came up and called: "Come to dinner." It was a treat for Mr. Shepard to take dinner at home, once a week, and have, as the boys called it, "A square meal." The board at the Mountain Mine was poor and the food spoiled in cooking. Besides it was not clean, and sometimes it was actually filthy. In the hot summer months, the flies were everywhere and in everything. The bunk-room was above the dining-room, and occasionally the bedbugs would come down for a bite, and more than once they were seen on the plates, crawling on the table or sticking in the mush. You people who have clean homes and know nothing of a dirty boarding-house, will not believe this, but nevertheless it is a fact. I fancy I see some good house-

wife open her eyes with surprise and exclaim in disgust, "Good gracious! Why do they stand it?" I have asked that question and the only answer I could get was, "If you do not like it, you can leave it."

That is what Penurious Quinn, the boarding-boss, said. I can hear the same good dame say: "Then why don't they leave?" Yes, that's it. Why don't they? "Surely there must be a reason." There is. and it is this. If they leave the boarding-house, they must also leave work. "What! are men not allowed to board where they please, in our free America?" No indeed! If they work at the Mountain Mine, they must eat such food as Penurious Quinn chooses to give them, flies, bedbugs and all. "This Penurious Quinn must be a horrid man, a perfect tyrant in fact." Well, not so bad as that, and I suppose at home he is considered a very nice man. He is a great churchman, and is also trustee of one of our churches. The men of B—— thought him a pretty good fellow before he got the boarding-house. A Mr. Buford ran the boarding-house before Quinn got it, and he did allow one or two married men to board at home. Quinn said, "The company will run it themselves, and I will manage it for them. I shall then let all married men board at home, for it is not right to compel them to board at the mine." Well, he got Buford out, and instead of the company running the boarding, Ouinn ran it for himself. When the married men went to see him about boarding at home, he told them he could not allow them to do so, for he thought they could not do a day's work and walk from town. The town was a little over a mile from the boarding-house. and the hill was not very steep. Yet he so far forgot the company and the day's work as to let three or four of them board at home. But for that sweet privilege, one of them had to pay ten dollars per month, another seven dollars, and yet another five dollars. Think of

it! Ten dollars per month for the privilege of boarding at home with your wife and family. I do not know what my readers will think of it. But I honestly believe the man who will basely rob the working-men he finds in his power, ought to be imprisoned and kept from the light of day. He is not only committing a theft, and taking from the wife and little ones of the toiler the much-needed means, but is also striking a blow at the American home. When such things exist, is it any wonder that we hear and see amongst the working classes the black clouds and muttering thunders of discontent? This is but one outrage that they have to bear amongst hundreds of others. Penurious Quinn was one of those small-souled, grasping men who would not hesitate at a lie to promote his own welfare. When speaking to the boys, he would promise better food, and then go and scold the cooks for using too much stuff. As a consequence he could not keep a cook long, and about every month there was a change. After a few days the cook lost interest in the place and did not have the decency to keep the kitchen clean, but allowed the shelves to become literally black with dead flies. To make matters worse, they threw the slops a few feet from the door, so the ground there was black with flies, which, at the approach of any one, arose up in swarms, and many of them flew through the open doors and windows of the diningroom and the kitchen. And Penurious Quinn compelled married men to eat in such a place, and pay one dollar per day for the same; when these men had clean homes and loving wives not thirty minutes' walk from the place. This was not all. The "bunkroom" was worse than many a pig pen. Penurious was too high-toned to sweep out the room as Buford had done, and the waiter was too busy or would not do it. So the floor was a sight to see. Scattered

around were straw, lucerne, old playing cards, short pieces of candle, pieces of giant powder, old socks and old boots, old shirts and drawers, old overalls, old papers, a few black bottles, and dirt, dirt, dirt. When some one got disgusted with the condition of the room he would sweep it out, and then it would go along until another lot accumulated. It was no wonder that Shepard was glad when Sunday came to give him a day at home away from the filth and dirt. When spring came the stench around the Mountain boardinghouse was quite strong. It would have been horrible but for a number of pigs that came up from B-Penurious got some pigs and concluded they should eat the waste from his tables. The pigs from Bdid not feel that way, and being large and strong, they drove the small pigs of Penurious off and got the best of everything. Now, this was something Penurious could not stand, so he attacked them with club and stone, and it was laughable to see him chase them around the hill. They always returned at meal times, and they knew the meal hours as well as Penurious. They cared more for their food than for club and stone, and they sorely tried poor Penurious. His brother church members would have raised their eyes and hands in holy horror, if they had heard the oaths he hurled along with the stones at those pigs. Day after day he chased them off, but still they returned. He felt about beaten, when, ah! lucky thought. would fix them. The next day he brought up a steel trap. A "wolf trap" the boys called it. Making the trap fast to a post near the feeding place, he carefully baited it with a biscuit, and then retired to wait for the pigs. He had not long to wait, for soon they came along in single file, led by a grizzly old sow. She seemed to know the feed had not been brought So she led the way to the kitchen. This did not suit Penurious, so he undertook to drive them to

the trap. The blacksmith's helper had seen the trap and he told Thompson, and when he saw what Quinn was doing he called to Shepard and the fireman to "Come and see the fun." When Shepard went to the door he saw Quinn standing behind a lot of pigs, with his legs and arms very wide apart, and swinging

his hands to urge them to the trap.

"She's going!" cried the fireman. "There, she's in!" Then came a squeal that rang over the hillside. The old sow was seen to struggle and throw herself back. This drew her nose from the trap, and away she went squealing toward the kitchen, the other pigs following her. It was rare fun for the boys, and they laughed heartily. Quinn had heard them, for he was more determined than ever to have a pig. But lead as nicely as he could, and drive as carefully as possible, he could not get them to touch it again. He worked with them an hour; the boys looked out as they got the time. The last time Shepard looked out, he saw Quinn with hatchet in hand, shoving the pigs toward the trap.

"The old villain means to butcher one if he can get it in," said the fireman. "See, he is trying to chop

them."

The stubbornness of the pigs and the boys' laughter had made him furious, and he rushed on the pigs and struck savagely, but the pigs were too quick for him, and he struck the ground instead of them. "Ah, ah,

ah!" laughed the fireman.

Penurious tore after the pigs, and finding he could not catch them, he flung the hatchet after them with all his might. He was wide of the mark and as the hatchet struck the rocks and sent the fire flying, he wished those pigs in a warmer place than the bottom of the sea.

His trap lay there for days, but he never got another bite.

Such was the Mountain boarding-house. Are there many like it? For the sake of suffering humanity, let us hope not. When men are treated like this, is it much wonder they are glad to get away on Saturday night and go to town? And should we be much surprised that the gilded saloon, and the tinseled house of shame, has a peculiar charm for them. Along with badly-prepared food, and most miserable sleeping rooms, they have many times to bear the snubs and insults of a black-faced, sour-looking, ignorant, cruel and tyrannical boss. If men are treated like beasts. the chances are they will act like beasts. Is it much wonder, I say, that men are glad to get away from such a place? And though they go to a dirtier hole, they hardly know it, for the appearance of the place, with its gilt and tinsel, seems very nice to them. And then there is "Black Mike's" cheery "Good evening boys" and his hearty "What will you take, boys?" And sweeter and more enticing still, is the bewitching smile, the loving, coaxing, half-teasing voice, so soft and tender, the seductive little sigh, beseeching eyes, with their "you can if you will "look, and the careless, reckless laugh of the "girls." Contrasted with the past week's toil and discomfort, this seems like heaven to them. And I am afraid it is as near heaven as many of them will ever get. What if they do find themselves in the back yard when they awake in the morning. They are used to hardships, so it does not matter, and they are ready to do it again next pay day.

"Shameful!" I hear some of my readers exclaim. So it is, and I cannot find words severe enough to express my detestation of the practice. But is the miner wholly to blame? It appears to me that some blame, or at least censure, should be put upon a boarding boss, manager, or the company, who would allow such a state of things as I have related. It is true few

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companies know what is being done at their mines, and know little and care less about the condition of their men. If they would take a kindly interest in their employes, and see that they were properly fed and comfortably housed, and would place a little good literature before them, they would find it would pay in the end. If this were done there would be no occasion for such expressions as the following: "That was a damned poor breakfast we had this morning. I can't work with such grub as that, and I am going to take it easy this forenoon. Taper off, pard, you'll give out before noon." Much more is said in the same strain, and the intention was to do as little as possible and still hold the job. So the boarding boss who cheats the men indirectly cheats the company. Some may say that cannot be if the foreman knows his business. Ouite frequently the miner knows his business better than the foreman, and if left to do the work in his own way he would do more and better work. Many indifferent miners become foremen or shift bosses, by being blessed with a big mouth and knowing how to suck. Such a man was Cedersen, the foreman of the Mountain Mine.

## CHAPTER VIII.

#### HOGG CEDERSEN.

SHEPARD and Thompson rode home together on the following Saturday. Thompson said: "Do you not think Cedersen is partly to blame for the men not boarding at home?"

"Well," replied Shepard, "I hardly think he is. Still it is hard to tell. There are things against him which show he is more interested in Penurious than the workmen. I long ago called him Penurious's 'Man. Friday,' on account of the rush and splutter he gets in when Quinn wants a horse or to have anything done."

"You ought to know the man pretty well, Shepard, and it may be he is not to blame, but some of the men think so, and I heard one of them say the other day that the bosses are all in with Quinn, and Hogg as

bad as the rest."

"I have heard so too, Thompson, but I do not think Hogg has anything to do with the boarding-house. I know he gets some personal favors from Quinn, and I think that is all. Still that is enough to keep him quiet and he would not be likely to protest against any outrage Quinn should put upon the men. Hogg is a man who will do anything for his master and he cares for neither man nor principle, and he would willingly sacrifice both to keep his own job. I, perhaps, ought to say nothing about him, for he has treated me well with few exceptions, and those I can readily forgive on account of his kindness in other things. If I say anything about Hogg it will not be because of his treatment of me, but because of his treatment of others."

"I do not like him," said Thompson, "and I find few outside of his pets and Mormon brethren that do. How is it that a Mormon has become foreman for

an eastern company?"

"I think it was because Hogg was an old hand, and knew as much about the mine as any one. When the last foreman left he got Hogg the place. But why do you not like him? As a rule you praise the Mormons,

and why except him?"

"Because he is such an unreasonable fool, and is so sour and black looking, and is such a stupid pig. He is hog by nature as well as name, and has the habits of one. You must have noticed him at the table with his elbows spread out, his shoulders rounded, and making as much noise while taking his soup as a pig at the trough."

"Yes, Thompson, I have noticed him, but what do you expect from a man who has come from low, ignorant people, and who, up to the time he was put in charge here, was known as a drunkard and gambler, and was looked upon as such by some of his Mormon

brethren."

"Well, I ought not to expect much from a man whose 's-h' is like the harsh squeal of a mangy boar."

"You are rather severe upon him, Thompson."

"Not more than he deserves, Shepard, and to tell you the truth, I am about tired of his growls. Yesterday he ordered some work done in a certain way, and to-day he changed his mind and then growled because the work would not fit his last plan. He is a stupid ass indeed, who growls at a man for strictly obeying his orders."

Shepard smiled but said nothing, and Thompson continued: "One day he will growl at the drills being

too hard, and the next day because they are too soft. I have handled steel long enough to know what it will stand, and I dislike to be instructed by a fool. I am not used to anything of the kind and it hurts me much to work under a man I would not have put in charge of a——"

Thompson paused a moment and then continued: "I would not give him charge of anything. What is your opinion of the man? You have one, I know, though you do not let it be known. I think you dislike the man as much as I do."

Shepard smiled again and said: "I do not dislike the man as much as you, but I dislike some of his ways and doings more than you possibly can."

"I do not understand that," said Thompson, "please

explain."

"I will do so. When a Gentile is discharged, a good miner and steady workman, because he has expressed an honest opinion about the working of the mine, and a worthless Mormon yap is put in his place, I burn with indignation. Many a good Gentile miner has been discharged on account of the lies told to Hogg by the Mormon suckers he keeps around him. Knowing this to be a fact, and knowing that he will put a Mormon friend to work though he be a poor miner, and let the first-class Gentile miner walk out of camp for want of a job, I say I dislike his ways, for they are most execrable. I dislike to see a Mormon take the place of a Gentile, for the Mormon gives some of his money to support a church that would close every mine in Utah if it had the power. I do not think Hogg would like to see the mines closed down, and I believe he would deny the church if it was necessary to do so to keep his job. He likes good food and good whiskey, and thinks more of himself than church or anything else."

"I see," said Thompson, "that you have no higher

opinion of him than I have, but I hate the man as well as his ways and see no good about him."

"He is good to his friends, Thompson; say what

you please, but that is a fact you must admit."

"God save me from such friends," exclaimed

Thompson.

"It is true they are not of the highest character, but they are about as good as Hong. As you say, I have an opinion of the man, and I am not afraid to give it either. I have closely studied him, and he is without doubt the most self-opinionated man I ever knew. He hates like the devil to be told anything, and will have his way right or wrong. He is constantly meddling with things that do not concern him, and if he gets down on a man, he will watch like a cat for something to find fault with, and if the master mechanic should accidentally interfere with his work, then he is off at once to tell the manager about it. There have been three master mechanics here, who I am sure have been discharged on account of his tales, and he would get the present one out if he could. The master mechanic is supposed to have charge of the machinery and the men that run it. Hogg has the idea that he is boss of everything but the master mechanic, and acts accordingly. Of course a man who knows his business will not stand his meddling, so trouble begins. When once started, Hogg will rule or ruin, and he generally does both. Some of the men in the past trouble took sides with the master mechanic, and as soon as Hogg discovered it, he found a way to get rid of them. Though he is sly and crafty, he is not smart enough to hide his tricks."

"What is the reason, Shepard, that you have been able to stay with him so long, you being so much

against Mormonism?"

"By minding my own business, and leaving Mormonism alone." "Have you always done so?"

"I have, unless they attacked me or my country, or meddled with my work. Some of the Mormon fools have made that mistake, and it would make you laugh to see their surprise when they found they had caught a Tartar. His Mormon friends have told him what I said, and it has made him sour for a few days, but I paid no attention to him, and it passed away. I offended him very much on one occasion, and he tried to be disagreeable. My fireman is a spy and reports to Hogg every thing I do, and also what the others do on my shift. He has also got one on the other shift, and has got them in the mine, and whatever they see or hear they carry to him. When Hogg has been drunk, I have heard him boast that he knew everything that was done, whether he was there or not. About the time I speak of my fireman and the carman, who is also a good Mormon, had a quarrel, so the fireman concluded to get him discharged. We were on night shift and the carman did not send up much stuff. The fireman noticed this and began to talk to me in this style: 'Ben is not doing much. He seems to do as he likes. He has been here too long, and it is about time he was going to the office. I guess he is sleeping part of the time. This won't do, he'll get' fired. Hogg will drop on to it pretty soon.

"After a few nights of such talk I expected Ben to be discharged, but he was not. Ben said to me one morning: 'You didn't have much to do last night?' 'No;' I replied, 'what were you doing?' 'Oh, I was

taking it easy.'

"I told him to be careful, for the fireman was growl-

ing considerably about him.

"He said: 'I don't see what Hogg keeps a man like him for, for he is always growling, and meddling with somebody's business. What do you think he keeps him for?'

"I told him I thought that Hogg kept him because he was a boss sucker, and carried everything to his master. I want to say right here, Thompson, that a man is a damned fool who will take sides with a Mormon. He had better let them eat one another, for if he doesn't the chances are they will turn around and eat him. This cur told Hogg what I had said, and a few days after the carman and fireman became the best of friends. Hogg always keeps a few men of this kind around him. As long as they obey him they can nearly do as they please. This same fireman had no business near a boiler, for night after night he would let his steam get too high or too low. He would fix a comfortable place to lie, then throw in a big fire and sleep until it burnt down and was awakened by the man below ringing for steam. The bell did not always awaken him and sometimes I would have to kick him several times before I would get him up. For months I did the firing rather than bother with him. I attended to the water for fear he would blow up a boiler. When left to himself he would let the water out of the glass and below the tubes, or pump them up until it ran out of the safety valve."

"It is not possible," exclaimed Thompson.

"It is a fact just the same."

"Did not the foreman or master mechanic know of it?"

"Not for a long time, but one day when on day shift, I was very busy and did not have time to attend to the water. The fireman was also busy, but there were times when he could sit and rest. I told him to attend to the water when I was at the engines. He would not do so and we had a few words. I still attended to the water, and two days together while I was letting the men down he sat by the boilers and let them fill with water before he would get up and change it. I could stand it no longer. I told him

kindly and quietly to attend to his work or I should have to report him, which was something I did not like to do. He replied in an impudent manner, and told me to mind my own work, he knew his and was doing it. I was surprised and vexed, but controlling myself I asked him if neglecting the water was attending to his work.

"He said: 'I have nothing to do with the water.'

"'Who told you so?' I exclaimed.

"'Hogg told me, so you mind your own business.'

"Well, Thompson, I need not tell you that I was angry, or that the words I used were more forcible than polite. He thought it best to go out of the way for a while for the good of his health. I spoke to the master mechanic and he said I had better attend to the water, for it seemed like taking things out of my hands to make the fireman do it, but the fireman must do all the firing. I talked a little and found that he was afraid of Hogg. I went back to my engine saying to myself, 'All right, gentlemen, good enough.' I did no firing after that and when we went on the next night shift there was much kicking by the men below about steam. They went to the bosses, and the bosses came to me. I told them I had no control over the fireman since they told him I must see to the water. He paid no attention to me and would sleep half the time in spite of all I said. They spoke to him but it did no good, for next night he slept as sound as ever. They have come into the works late at night and caught him sleeping. They awoke him and went out, and he would lay down again and go to sleep. He has wasted much coal by letting the steam run up and blow off for more than an hour at a time, but the loss by letting the steam down and stopping the pumps and keeping the men idle must have been very great."

"And they allow a man like that to stay?"

"They do, but the master mechanic does not like it and would discharge him if he had the power."

"Why does he not inform the manager?"

"He seems to be afraid of Hogg, and that may be the reason. The strangest thing about it, is the manager allowing Hogg to interfere with the master mechanic. Hogg knew nothing of machinery when he came here, and does not know much now. The poorest machinist we have had knew more than Hogg could ever get in his thick skuil. It is shameful to see trouble between the bosses and very demoralizing to the workmen."

"Is Hogg such an extra good miner that the man-

ager allows him to have his own way?"

"I suppose the manager thinks so, for he seems to think a deal of him. But good, competent miners that have worked for him, say Hogg is only average. And I have heard several good miners say that the Mountain mine is the worst managed under ground that they ever saw, and that the company have lost hundreds if not thousands of dollars on account of Hogg's blunders."

"It does not seem possible, Shepard, that such a

state of things could exist."

"It does not, still they are facts. But this is not all. I have known Hogg to keep Mormons at work for weeks when he himself said they were no good and not worth anything. He did not like them and only kept them because some Mormon high in the church had asked him to give them work. Hogg had never been anything amongst his own people before he became foreman here, and when those above him began to notice him he was ready to do anything for them. If he was not afraid of his own job he would hardly keep a Gentile here. And as it is he only keeps such Gentiles as he can control, for some of the Gentiles are as bad to tattle as some of his Mor-

mons. The only reason he has for keeping my fireman is on account of the tales he carries to him, for all Mormons are not dear to him by any means. finds one anyway manly or independent he has no use for him. And he has no use for his best Mormon suckers if their talk is likely to hurt himself. My last fireman, the great Mormon Growler, talked so much that it got to the ears of the manager and Hogg got orders to let him go. This man had done everything Hogg desired and it would be impossible to find a greater crawler. He had done dirty work for Hogg for a long time, and if Hogg could have kept him he would have been working here to-day. But mark, as soon as Hogg found Growler's talk was injuring him he said to the men: 'Growler is no good. Damn him. I don't want him any longer, and don't want him to come near me again.'

"Well, Thompson, you may judge for yourself what I think of a man who employs such execrable methods to learn what his men are doing. I have seen the man beastly drunk, and have heard him use the most foul and vile language, and have seen him act the brute in many ways. I have seen much of him and naturally I have formed an opinion of the man. I leave you to guess what it is. The only good thing I know of the man is his kindness to his friends, and that has mostly been at the expense of the company. You have wondered how I could stay here so long. I will tell you the secret. When I had been at the mine a few days I was called to help Hogg and the second timberman put up a set of timbers. The timberman was a Mormon and a fair workman, and Hogg was desirous to push him along up to first place. the timberman was stubborn and egotistical like Hogg himself, and wanted his own way. They had a difference over setting the timbers, and I saw if I wanted to work long for Hogg I must not know too much and not be too positive about what I did know. So I have kept a silent tongue and have got along very well. The timberman was not so wise and was discharged in a few weeks. But what is the use of talking about Hogg? He is not worth the time we have wasted talking about him. Pay no attention to his black looks, but let him go to the devil, where he belongs."

"That is easier said than done, Shepard, but you are right in the matter; still I would rather give him a

bat on the jaw."

Shepard felt uneasy about Thompson. He felt it would be hard to have him leave his work and the camp, for these evenings at home with his music and songs were very happy ones. Besides, Shepard felt a brotherly interest in Thompson and very much desired to see him settled. He saw that unless Thompson formed some attachment, there would be no end to his wandering life. The only evil habit he had was drinking, and Shepard thought he would break that if he married. Shepard talked with his wife about it, and they concluded to have a little party on the following Saturday night, and Mrs. Shepard was to invite some of her young lady friends. During the week Shepard told Thompson about the party, and said: "I would like to see you settled, but you will never settle unless you marry. If you see any one at our party that you think you would like, make her acquaintance and if she learns to love you, marry and settle down"

"I shall never marry, Shepard."

"Don't be foolish, but take my advice. You will

find it the best thing you can do."

"Perhaps so, but you don't understand. If I wished to marry I would do so here, for I would rather have a Mormon."

Shepard did not like the word "rather," and he said sharply:

"How is that, Thompson?"

He was surprised at Shepard and asked:

"How is what?"

"How is it you would rather have a Mormon girl?"
"Oh, I understand you. Well, from what I have seen of them they seem equal to any, and better than

some."

"That may or may not be true. But your tone implied that they were better. Now, I would not say a word about the Mormon girls or women. I do not doubt that there are many good and noble women amongst the Mormons, but I was not thinking of them, though there will be several at the party. I hoped you might admire Miss Brown, our Gentile 'schoolmarm,' but maybe you believe what the Mormon paper said about the Gentile school teacher."

"No, I do not, though some of the Mormons here

believe it."

"The Mormons will believe anything bad about a Gentile, and some of these Mormons delight to talk about the sinfulness of others, hoping to draw attention from themselves. The Mormons have said the young lady teachers that come from the East are low and immoral. If a paper had made that insinuation about the school teachers of any other place than Utah, the chances are the editor would have been treated to a coat of tar and feathers. Instead of being low and immoral, the Gentile teachers here will compare with the best that Mormonism has produced. Why should the Mormon girls be better than others? Tell me why they should be as good.

"The Mormons do not want their daughters to marry such as you, they would rather see them marry some old polygamous teacher. Though these girls are good, don't you think there is something wrong about their education and make-up when they can stomach an old man with half a dozen wives? The Mormons call our school teachers bad, but I have yet to hear of one of them having a stomach of that kind.

Thompson, I would be ashamed to say a word against any woman, be she ever so bad, but when people speak of others, it is well to inquire who and what they are. Our school teachers do not go to ward dances and drink whiskey with the boys, like some of the Mormon girls do."

"Do the Mormon girls do so?"

"I have heard that some of them do. And my informants are Mormons. I tell you nothing about these people but what I have seen or got from the Mormons themselves. There were working here, a few months before you came, some Mormon men from the north, and I heard them say that their Bishop's three daughters had allowed themselves to be seduced before marriage, and the advent of a baby had proved it in each case. I was inclined to doubt the statement, but they swore it was a fact, and they said one or more of them had got up in meeting and acknowledged their sin and asked forgiveness of the saints present."

"The devil you say!"

"No, Thompson, I don't say the devil. I say these are only Mormons, the 'peculiar people,' the 'salt of the earth,' and all that kind of thing, you know."

"Were those girls from a polygamous family?"

"No, their father had but one wife, so the men said. If such can come from a Bishop who is supposed to have the spirit of God with him all the time, what will be the offspring of the poor, ignorant Mormon with two wives, one small hut, and one bed? Do not think I infer that all Mormon men and women are weak or bad—far from it; but I do say when you find them good, you find them better than their religion. You think me severe, but I tell you nothing but the truth. Mormonism is the curse of our fair country. It would undermine the foundation of our government and throw down the whole fabric of our institutions and

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put in their places its own system of fraud, deceit, and debauchery. It is the Cain of the religious world, its hand is against every creed and every creed is against it, and they need to be, for it contains sin enough to damn a world. If you like the Mormon girls, take one if you can get her, but before you marry, quit drinking and never touch it again."

When Saturday came, Thompson would not go to the party. Shepard tried every way to induce him to go over, but could not move him. Shepard felt quite discouraged, for he saw Thompson had the blues and was likely to go on a spree any day. Shepard also felt sorry and troubled, for he felt their last conversation was somehow the cause of Thompson's gloomy condition. He thought much about it as he rode home, and concluded to avoid the subject in the future.

When pay day came, Thompson and some others went to town and stayed down drinking instead of coming up again. Shepard felt badly when informed of it, and partly blamed himself for bringing some unpleasant memory to Thompson and causing him to drown it in drink.

When Thompson had been off work about a week. a boy came up to Shepard and said:

"Thompson has been locked up for fighting, and he wants you to go down and get him out.

"What has he done?" asked Shepard.

"Two Swedes pitched on to him and he laid them out with a chair, and then cleared the saloon. So some one had him locked up."

"Well, tell him I will be down in the morning, for it

is too late to do anything to-night."

"He said you must be sure and come down tonight, sir. He is badly scared, and he begged me to have you go down without fail."

Shepard was tired and the walk to town and back was unpleasant to think of, but having a strong affection for Thompson, he got his hat and went at once. He found Thompson greatly excited, and his large, round eyes were wild and startled. He took Shepard's hand and said:

"I want you to get me out to-night. I know I am asking too much, but you will do it I know. Get me out to-night; I must leave here before morning."

Shepard tried to calm him, and told him it would be best to stay until morning and take his trial. Thompson got more excited and exclaimed:

"Get me out and you shall not lose anything by it. I have about twenty dollars due me from the mine,

and I will give you an order for it."

"Why go away?" said Shepard. "It will be best to take your trial, pay your fine and go back to work."

"I must get out, Shepard. You don't understand it, I know, and I cannot explain, but please get me out."

As a rule, Shepard had little sympathy for a drunken man, but Thompson's fear was so real that Shepard thought a little and then said:

"I will go to the justice and see what can be done."
He found the justice playing a game of seven-up for the drinks. Calling him out, he informed him of what

he desired.

"I guess I can let him go," said the justice. "I shall want twenty dollars bail. The fine and costs will come to about that amount."

Shepard paid over the money and went for Thompson, and when they got into the street, he said:

"I want you to come up to the mine with me and let this be a lesson to you upon the folly of drinking."

"I thank you, Shepard, for coming down and putting yourself to this trouble for me. I know I am not worth it, and I assure you I feel your kindness very much. But I cannot go back to the mine for I must leave camp to-night. Do not say anything against it

for you cannot change me. I feel it is time to leave here and I shall part from you with regret, for you have been the best friend I ever had, and I have had more real happiness with you and your family than I have had from any source for years. I am a wanderer and must go on again. Come into the saloon and I will write you an order for your time check."

"How much money have you, Thompson?"

"I have none at all. I gave my last dollar to the boy who went to the mine for you. But it does not matter. I walked into town and can walk out. I shall leave to-night, for I want no one to know where I go."

"Do you owe any bills here?"

"Yes, I owe Black Mike for whiskey. When I get work I will send the money to you and you can pay him."

"How much is it?"

"I do not know, let us go over and see."

"He will stop you from leaving town unless you pay him."

"I shall not tell him nor any one else that I am going away. If any one asks about me tell them I have gone to Salt Lake. Don't tell any one I write to you, for I want no one to know anything about me."

They went into the saloon. Looking over his time-book, Thompson found he only had sixteen dollars coming to him. He gave Shepard an order for it, and then called the boys up to drink and said: "This is the last drink I shall take with you for I am going to quit. Mike, what do I owe you?"

Mike looked at his book and said:

"Twelve dollars and fifty cents with these drinks."

"All right, I will settle it when I get my next pay." He turned to Shepard and said:

"Let us go up the hill, I will not drink again."

When a short distance from town, Thompson stopped and said:

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"I must leave you now."

"Don't you think it will be best to come up to the mine and work a month or two before you leave?"

"No, I must go to-night. I am sorry I cannot pay you, but believe me, I will send you the money

from the first I earn."

"I was not thinking of the small sum you owe me, but I think it would be best for yourself. As you will not stay, you had better take this, you can send it with the other."

And Shepard gave him a twenty dollar bill. Thompson struck a match to see what the bill was, and then exclaimed:

"This won't do, I can't take this. I would not ask you for anything, Shepard, but if you will lend me

five dollars I will take it."

"I have no smaller bill, so keep what you have got. I have no bills to meet for some time so I do not need it. If you go without money you will have to tramp the country until you get work, and you may be weeks on the road. With this money you can find

work quicker and of course pay me sooner."

A few more words passed between them, then they parted sadly, Shepard thinking he should never see him more. It was sad news for the little ones when they heard that Thompson had left, for he was a great favorite with them, and it would have touched the wanderer's heart if he had seen their sorrow at his leaving without bidding them good-by. Shepard himself missed him for some time, then came news that drove those thoughts from his mind. It was reported that the Mountain Mine was going to shut down, and on the following pay day it proved to be correct.

## CHAPTER IX.

#### TENNIE.

SHEPARD could not afford to be idle, so he wrote to a friend in Nevada in regard to work. To his surprise and satisfaction he received the following letter by return mail:

" V---- City, Nevada, July 18th, 188--

"FRIEND SHEPARD:

"I have just received your note of inquiry. In answer will state that I leave here in a few days to go on a prospecting trip. I shall not come back here, so if you want my job you can have it if you come at once. I have spoken to the boss, and it is all right.

"Your friend,
"John W. James."

Shepard handed the letter to his wife and said:

"I dislike to leave you and the little ones, but I have nothing to do here, so it is best to go. If I find the situation permanent and good, I shall not come back to Utah. You can sell out and come to me if you can get a fair price for your home. Utah is a lovely place, but I can leave it without regret and am sorry I did not leave it years ago."

Mrs. Shepard did not wish him to go and said:

"What is the use of going away and wasting money on the trip? The works may close down in a month

or two. I think you would do better to work at home for half the wages."

"I do not think so. Pack my valise, that's a dear.

I shall leave to-morrow."

Shepard left next day, and it was with much sorrow that he parted from his family. He was very fond of his wife and little ones, and would prefer the simplest home and food with them to the best without them. But he was sick of debt and would go anywhere for employment to get rid of that burden. His wife would not sell her home nor make any change while he was there, but he felt sure she would sell out and come to him if he settled in Nevada. But if she did not he would work on until the end.

He took the train to M—— and then had to stage it thirty miles to V—— City. On arriving at V—— City, Shepard left his valise and blankets at the stage office and inquired the way to the Silver Star Mine. It was pointed out to him, and it lay about ten minutes' walk from the town. He went up at once and his friend, James, was pleased to see him, and said:

"I am glad you came, for I want to leave to-

morrow. How are the boys at B---?"

"All well when I was up last. I see you have fine

works here, and keep things in good shape."

"Yes, this is a good place, and we have a good boss, who does not neglect anything. Here he comes, I will make you acquainted. Mr. Hopwood, this is Mr. Shepard, the engineer I spoke to you about."

After a chat about Utah and a look around the works, Shepard asked which would be the best hotel

to stop at.

"Stop at Mrs. Stanley's boarding-house," exclaimed Hopwood. "All our boarding-houses are pretty good, but you will have more home comforts at Mrs. Stanley's than at any other place. She is a particular friend of ours and will treat you well. I see it is twenty

Jennie.

minutes past five o'clock. See to the time, James, I

will take Mr. Shepard to Stanley's."

They went down to town and Shepard found the Stanley home a long, low building with a wing at one end. Hopwood walked into the dining-room followed by Shepard. Not finding any one there, he put his head through the delivery window, or order hole, as some might call it, and called:

"Mrs. Stanley, come this way, I have a new boarder for you; and put down those pans and let those lazy

girls do something."

"Go to work yourself," came the quick answer of a saucy voice from the kitchen. "It is very easy for you to say 'lazy girls,' but if you did half the work we do you would not be so fat, and would not have time to poke your nose into other people's business."

"There you go again, Nellie," exclaimed Hopwood, "no doubt you work very hard, but it is with your tongue. If I was a girl, young and strong as you are, I would be ashamed to sit there as you are doing and let an old lady see to the cake. I warrant you can eat plenty of it, for some of you don't seem to eat anything but cake and ice cream, judging from the amount you consume."

Hopwood burst into a hearty laugh at his own words, and before Nellie could reply, Mrs. Stanley

said:

"Do not mind him, Nellie, you know he likes to

tease you."

"Yes, he likes to tease because he has nothing else to do, but I wish he wouldn't bother us when we are busy with the supper, and his bringing a new boarder is bosh, for I don't think any one came in on the stage."

Hopwood laughed again and said:

"You are mistaken this time, Miss Magpie, for I

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have brought a Utah gentleman who has left behind

I don't know how many wives."

Nellie sprang to the door and threw it open, and Shepard stood before her. She was so surprised that she could not speak for a moment, then murmuring "Excuse me, sir," she retreated to the further end of the kitchen amidst the laughter of Hopwood and the other girl.

Shepard was much amused, and could not repress a smile, but he would not add to the girl's embarrassment by any other demonstration of his mirth. Mrs. Stanley came forward and Shepard was introduced. Hopwood said with a merry twinkle in his eyes:

"Mr. Shepard is my new engineer, and comes well recommended, and I doubt not he is all right, but you know these Utah men will bear watching, for they

are fond of the girls."

Shepard saw his new employer was fond of a joke,

so said, "Just so."

"I shall take Mr. Shepard to supper with me," said Hopwood. "I find he is a townsman of mine, so I want to have a chat with him about the old place. I will detain you no longer, for I know you have been busy since Jennie went to 'Frisco. By-by, girls, and have mercy on the cake."

Mr. Hopwood was a stout, jolly man of about fifty-four years of age, and his good nature caused him to be loved and respected by all. As a master he was kind and easy, but required and would have a fair day's work from all. If any one shirked his duty, there were no black looks nor swearing from Hopwood, but

he would say with a smile:

"I see you are tired and need a rest. Come to the

office and get your check."

He was half owner of the Silver Star Mine, and had full management of it, and made it pay quite well. Shepard found Mrs. Hopwood kind and genial. He

spent a pleasant evening with them. It was a great treat to him to be carried back in mind to his old home and walk the streets of old Preston.

Hopwood said as he took Shepard back to the

Stanley house:

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"This has been a very happy evening for me, and if all is well I will see old Preston before the year ends."

Hopwood bade Shepard good night at the door. The clock was striking twelve as he entered. There was no one in the sitting-room, but an elderly man came from the parlor and bade Shepard good evening, and said:

"I suppose you are our new boarder?"

"Yes," he replied, "I hope I have not kept you waiting for me?"

"Not at all, sir. I always stay up until twelve

o'clock."

"You are the night-watchman, I suppose?"

"I am a little of everything. I see to the team and do general work about the place. You see, sir, I am an old servant of the Stanleys and have charge of all outside work and look after the business."

"Then I suppose you will show me to my room?"

"Yes, sir, come this way. Mrs. Stanley has given you the spare room in the wing. So you will not be bothered by the other boarders. She wished me to inform you you are welcome to the parlor at all times if you prefer it to the sitting-room."

"I am certainly obliged to the lady, and if not intruding upon the ladies will accept it with thanks."

"It will be no intrusion, sir; two or three of the other boarders, who like a quiet evening, often drop in for an hour or two."

John, which was the servant's name, led the way to the room and bade Shepard good night. The room was small but comfortable, and had a small closet in connection with it. Here was located the washstand and a clothes rack. The room opened upon a narrow hall, and this opened on a side street that ran up the hill to the mine. Shepard was pleased to find himself in such good quarters, he disliked a crowd, and was glad to be alone. He was early at the works next morning and entered upon his duties. He found his new situation an easy one. Hopwood took him around the mine and showed him the ore in winze, stope, and drift. He went to supper again that evening with Hopwood. He learned that Mrs. Stanley was a widow with one daughter. Hopwood said:

"Miss Stanley is now in 'Frisco with her friend, Viola Beaumont. I am sure Mrs. Stanley has seen better days and has not always kept boarders. Though we have known her about a year, that is, since she came here, we have not been able to learn anything of her past life, excepting that her husband is dead and she came west to better her condition. That she has been in better circumstances there can be no doubt, for her servant remains with her more for love than

for money."

"I thank you," said Shepard, "for taking me to so good a home. I did not expect strangers to take so much interest in my comfort or treat me so well."

"You are welcome to all I can do for you. The fact is, you are hardly a stranger, for I learned much of your past life from James, and when I discovered you were from old Preston, where I first saw the light and passed my boyhood, I had a kind of brother'y feeling for you. Your appearance does not disappoint my expectations, and I shall be pleased to find that you like the place and will stay with us."

The next evening, Shepard took a seat in the sittingroom and was quite alone, the other boarders having strolled out to enjoy the fine evening. It would have pleased him to have gone to the parlor to have been near Mrs. Stanley, for he was strangely attracted toward her. There was an undefined something about her that soothed his nerves and gave him rest and peace. If had felt it from the first and longed to be near her and know more of her. But he was afraid to intrude and perhaps annoy her. He heard a step, and, glancing over his paper, he saw her through the partly open dining-room door arranging the table for the morning. He wondered at her white hair, nearly as white as snow, and felt sure that age could not be the cause of it. He loved to look upon her sweet, quiet face and kindly eye, but there was a restlessness about the eye that seemed strange to such a quiet face. He was sure this refined woman had seen better days and was now far below her station.

She came to close the dining-room door, and seeing

him, said:

"Why, Mr. Shepard, you are all alone. Would you not prefer the parlor? You will find a comfortable chair there and be just as quiet."

"I did not wish to intrude," replied Shepard.

"No intrusion, sir. Please make yourself at home as much as you can in our poor place."

Shepard thanked her and went around to the parlor.

He found John there, smoking his pipe.

"Good evening," said John. "Glad to see you. I thought you had gone to Hopwood's as you did not come around sooner. I am pleased you've come, for I want to have a chat about Utah." They were presently joined by Mrs. Stanley, who entered into the conversation by asking Shepard if he knew of a good location in Utah for starting a boarding-house.

He answered: "I do not, Madam. It would be hard to find a better place than this or one so good in Utah. I find the men here can board where they please. It is not so in many of our camps, and I have known men compelled to pay one dollar per day for inferior food in

sight of their homes."

"I would not expect to do better than I am doing here, but I am weary and wish a change. I wish to be in a place where I can see new faces and where men are coming and going all the time. Are there many strangers visiting Utah?"

"Yes, Madam, a great many visit Utah, for they

have heard much of the land of the saints."

Mrs. Stanley turned to John and said:

"That will be the place; we may learn something there."

She stopped suddenly and seemed embarrassed, then she added: "May learn something of their manners and customs."

"Stay here this year, Missus, and then I will go

anywhere you wish."

Mrs. Stanley said to Shepard by way of explanation:

"John is an old-time servant and is now my business manager, and many times saves me from making mistakes."

It was a pleasant evening for Shepard, pleasant to be near that strange woman who had such power over him. He could not account for this strange attraction and her indescribable power over him, but he felt it to be good, and he felt he could state his troubles to her as freely as to his own mother. He was so interested in this woman that he was determined to know her better.

The week passed and Saturday evening came. Still he had learned nothing of her past life. She had taken much interest in Shepard, and without appearing inquisitive had learned much of himself. She induced him to talk about Utah and its people, the mines and miners, but said nothing of herself. She was very motherly and kind to Shepard and he passed a happy week in his new home. He had not been around to see the town; he felt no desire to make new

friends; he was charmed by this woman and it was happiness to be near her. On this Saturday evening there was a great ball game, all the boarders had gone to see it. John had taken the girls. Mrs. Stanley was going over to the Beaumonts, so Shepard would be alone. He was not feeling quite well, the change of climate had upset him a little, and instead of accepting John's invitation to go with him, he concluded to read and rest.

Taking a comfortable seat in the parlor, he turned over the pages of an illustrated volume. He could not read at once, for he was thinking of this woman with the white hair and sweet, soft voice. While he was thus sitting, Mrs. Stanley came in and said: "Mr. Shepard, I will leave you to care for the house for an hour or two, while I visit Mrs. Beaumont. The girls ought to have returned this evening and Mrs. Beaumont may be uneasy. I do not feel so myself, for they have no doubt met with friends and are prolonging their visit."

Shepard did not return to his book at once, but sat thinking of Mrs. Stanley and her daughter. He had heard much from Hopwood about Jennie and her sweet, kind nature. He opened his book again, and was soon so absorbed in the story that he did not hear the door open or the sound of a foot upon the floor. As he read he felt a sweet sense of happiness steal over him, giving him rest and content. When a child he had been told that a good and bad angel were ever watching him, and when the good angel came near to him, drawn by his good actions, he would feel happy and blessed. He now felt as if the room was filled with good angels. He felt heavenly peace and sweet joy he had never known before. Some power seemed to be drawing him from the book and from himself. He raised his eyes, attracted by the strange influence, and beheld, standing before him with hat in hand, the loveliest woman he had ever set eyes upon. He gazed in astonished bewilderment upon the lovely face and into the glorious brown eyes. And he saw nothing else. He did not know she was clad in a long gray duster, soiled and travel-stained. He saw nothing but the divine face, surrounded by a wealth of dark brown hair, nothing but her beaming eyes, radiant smile and ruby lips. He thought her an angel, and would not have been surprised if she had vanished before his eyes. She stood there a moment, looking sweetly into his eyes, the light of her soul shining in her own glorious orbs, then she spoke and her voice seemed sweeter than any music he had ever heard.

She said: "Excuse me, sir, for disturbing you; I

expected to find my mother."

And what did he answer, he that was always so polite and ready with information? He did not speak; he was dumb and his faculties seemed to be suspended. The book dropped from his hands, but he did not notice it. He saw nothing but that face, heard nothing but that voice. She bowed and was gone. He sat staring at the door, then, heaving a deep sigh, the spell was broken and he sprang to his feet.

"Oh, God!" he cried, "what loveliness! What glorious eyes, what a divine soul! I can now understand the feeling of father Adam when he first beheld Eve in all her loveliness. That wondrous vision must have made his pulses thrill and his heart bound and beat to the music of the spheres, and filled his soul with supreme happiness. But this vision of loveliness that no Eve could surpass, does not bring me happiness, but fills me with sadness, for it comes too late and shows me the wasted past and gives no hope for the future."

He dropped into the chair, and that small, low room seemed to widen before him and he could see the miles of mountains, plains and valleys, the leagues of rolling waters, the bark struggling through the storm, the white cliffs of the land that gave him birth, and there nestling under the hill was his once happy home. And near that cot was another where dwelt his old love and delight.

He fancied he saw her by the door, and he saw her again as she stood by the wagon on the never-to-beforgotten September morning. He saw her erect form and the pose of her proud head as she passed on and

from his sight for ever.

"Love!" he cried, "no, I did not love then, my eyes were blind and my heart was cold. I never knew love until to-night, until but now it struck me with its divine spark and burnt its way into my heart and brain, never to leave again. Oh, Annie, I can now see thee in thy pride, and see thee going to thy grave with a broken heart, and I lived on through the years groping in darkness and gloom, blasted by thy heartlessness and pride. And now, when it is destruction to look upon it, the glorious light of a heavenly love comes upon me. The light of a'love that makes thine dim as the rays of a fading star. A love that my soul longs for and needs in its weakness, and I, poor fool. may take it not. Fool! Fool! I have lived through all these years in darkness and gain the light when I am too old to see. I have lived without aim and without hope, and now, when this love flashes upon me to give me hope, it leads the way to a blacker hell. Oh, divine one! Oh, soul that was created to sustain and strengthen, to comfort and solace, to cheer and make glad, thou comest too late and bringest me deepest sorrow. But I would not have missed thy radiant smile, the light of thine heavenly eyes, nor the attraction of thy pure soul."

I must now leave Shepard to battle with himself, and explain how Jennie,—for she it was, came home. After leaving the train they met a neighbor who told

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them that the stage was loaded with rough miners and part of them were drunk, but if they liked to take a seat in his wagon he would take them home nearly as quickly. They were glad of the offer and accepted it. On alighting from the wagon each ran home at once, and Jennie, as we have seen, found no one in the house but Shepard. When she left him she went to Beaumonts' and there found her mother. She did not say anything of the strange man she had seen in the parlor, nor of his strange behavior. She had been strongly attracted by the man, and could not understand it, and it was something she could not talk about.

That we may better understand Shepard's strange action, we must go back twenty years and learn something of his early life.

### CHAPTER X.

### YOUNG SHEPARD.

BEFORE Shepard came to America he resided in the busy town of Preston. He was a member of the Preston branch of "Latter Day Saints." He was born in the church, and had never known any other religion, though he was permitted to attend any church or Sunday school he chose. His father was an old Mormon, but was not narrow-minded nor bigoted. He was willing that his children should hear both sides, and had no doubt but they would hold fast to the "Church of Latter Day Saints."

Shepard and most of the members of the "branch" had a great desire to go to "Zion," that beautiful city in the "valleys of the mountains," that "Joseph's land, blest by God's hand," they had so often sung about, and that had been so highly praised by the missionaries. This winter they were more enthusiastic in their desire to go to "Zion" than ever. For Brother Sampson of Utah, that spotless saint who was worshiped by most of the saints, the sisters especially, had told them to gather to Zion and be blessed. He said at one of their meetings: "I have lived in Utah for sixteen years, and in all that time I have not heard as much swearing or seen as much drunkenness as I've seen and heard here in one day. Go to Zion, brethren and sisters. There you will find loving friends to help you. There is plenty of land in Zion. that will grow everything that you need in abundance. Those saints who are too poor to build a home will be helped by their brethren. Some will go in the cañon and cut the logs, others will haul them out, and then all will lend a hand to put them up. Some brother who has plenty of cows will lend you one and let you keep her until you can raise a calf, and when the calf becomes a cow and gives milk, you can return the cow your brother so kindly lent to you. The sisters will give you a start with chickens, and you will be assisted in many ways. In every saint you will find a friend and brother. If you go from home and forget to lock the door, you need not feel uneasy in Zion, as you do here, for no one would molest anything you had. When you go to rest at night, there is no occasion to fasten the door, for no one there would harm you. In warm weather I do not even close my door, but sleep with doors and windows open."

The good-hearted but simple-minded saints would look upon one another with wide-open eyes, which seemed to say: "Isn't it grand?"

All the saints were feeling well this winter, for it was reported the mission would be closed and the poor assisted to Zion. One old saint said: "The Lord wants to get us out from among the wicked, so He can pour His wrath upon them. He is going to send trials and tribulations upon this nation and punish them for their sins. He would have done so long ago but for the saints. We have saved them from destruction. Now Brother Brigham wants us out, so the Lord can deal with them. Brethren, I pity this country when we saints leave it. The Lord will make them shake with fear. But He will not destroy them this time. He will give them another chance to repent and embrace the gospel for the sake of the few honest hearts that remain after we leave."

This old saint was a fair sample of the rest of the

English Mormons. And what can we think of men who will talk so of their country and native land? What kind of citizens will they make in a country that is not their own, and where people are opposed to their creed? What can be expected from men who are willing slaves of a priesthood they worship? When spring opened there was less talk of the saints being helped out by the church, and it was said that only a few of the old ones would be helped this season. When summer came it was learned that none would be assisted, but all those who could possibly raise the money should go to Zion.

This was bad news to old Mr. Shepard, for he had a large family and no means, so he gave up hope of ever reaching Zion. But it was not so with young Shepard. He had no money, for as yet he was only a helper in the mill, and his wages were small and he gave them to his father to help the family. He could not hope to raise the money to take him to Utah, but there was another way he had heard of, and he wished to try it. One of the brethren had informed him that some of the young saints had gotten stowed away on the ship and got over the sea for nothing. This was like a revelation to Shepard, and he at once determined to go that way. He spoke to other members of the branch about it, and they all favored it but one old saint, who said: "Don't you try it, Shepard; if they find you they will be likely to throw you in the sea, and if they don't do that they will be sure to put you in prison."

This was rather discouraging, but Shepard concluded to go anyhow. There were three families and three or four single persons going from this branch. Brother Pete Howard and family were living with Brother Jones, as they had sold their household goods and were waiting for orders to go. Shepard was engaged to marry Brother Howard's eldest daughter,

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but no date was set, as they were too poor to marry at present. Annie Howard was about Shepard's own age, and was quite religious and very enthusiastic about Zion. She wished Shepard to go, if possible, but if he could not do so, she promised to be true and wait in Zion for him five or ten years, if he could not reach there sooner. Shepard almost worshiped Annie, and for her or his religion he could do or dare anything. He would go to Zion, or at least make the attempt, "sink or swim."

He saw Brother John Boyle and said to him: "Brother Boyle, I want to go to Zion. I must go, for I cannot bear to be left behind. Every night I watch the sun go down, and I have pictured myself here alone, and it makes me feel gloomy and sad, when I think I shall be left here in darkness, while my friends are still in glorious light in the courts of Zion, and perhaps singing with Brigham, Heber and Orson praises to God and the Lamb. I cannot be happy here any longer, so I want you to help me get away."

"I will do all I can for you," replied Boyle. "If you can only get on the ship you will be all right, for there are plenty of us to furnish you food, and we shall never miss it. You had better speak to Brother Sampson about it. He will be here next Sunday, and we expect him to give the date our ship will sail. See him, for I know he can tell you what is best to do about it."

Brother Sampson was at the meeting on the following Sunday, and informed the saints that their ship would sail in sixteen days. There was much excitement in the little branch, some rejoicing and some quite sad. After meeting Shepard said to Brother Sampson: "I want to go to Zion, if possible. I have no money, but I have heard some get over without, and I would like to try."

Brother Sampson showed him the dangers and hardships of such a course, and spoke quite discouragingly; he finished by saying: "I cannot advise you in the matter. I cannot say you will get off if you try, but if you should try, I will do what I can for you."

Shepard thanked him and went to take tea with

Howard.

".What will you do?" said Annie.

Shepard smiled and replied: "I shall go with you."
"That's right," exclaimed Howard. "I think
Brother Sampson wants you to go, but does not like

to say so. I think he will get you off, too."

The next two weeks were full of excitement and hurry, and of selling and packing for the emigrants. Shepard was soon ready. He purchased a water-proof sack and put in a few changes of clothes. He had not much to take, and the way he was going, he could not take much if he had it. He went to see what he could do for the others, and found plenty to occupy his evening. Brother Boyle had only one large box to pack and had nothing to sell. He was going alone and leaving his wife and family. His wife, "a ranting Methodist," was much opposed to Mormonism, and was most bitter in her denunciation of the system. She said: "I will not go to a hell like Utah for any man living, and none of my children shall go."

So Brother Boyle, loving his wife very much, but his religion more, concluded to leave his family and go alone. But his was not the only home in the branch to be broken up. Sister Denby and daughters, the daughters fine girls approaching womanhood, were good saints and desired to gather to Zion. Mr. Denby was a Mormon hater of the strongest kind, and his doors were closed to all Mormons. Mrs. Denby could only meet with the saints occasionally, and at such times received much sympathy from the

saints present. She was poor and had little means, but help had come from some source to send her and her daughters to Zion. Howard was much interested in the matter, and seemed to have charge of them, but it was certain he did not furnish the money. Still, Sister Denby and daughters were going to Zion, but only a few knew of it. Howard had informed Shepard and told him not to breathe a word to anyone about it.

Said he: "No one out of the branch must know a word about it. Denby does not know and he must not hear of it, for he would prevent them from going."

"How can she go without his knowing it?" said

Shepard.

"It is easily done if we are careful."
"But is it right?" said Shepard.

"Of course it is right. Denby is a bad man and will never come in the church, there is no hope of that at all. If his wife stays with him she will be damned, so we must take her and the girls away to save them."

"How is it to be done?"

"She is to go away on Saturday, and take the girls for a week's visit to some friends out of town. Denby will no doubt get their tickets and see them off. When they reach B——, instead of going to their friends they will go to Liverpool and we will join them on Monday, and next day we will all sail for Zion."

"Has Denby no suspicions?"

"No. He can have none. He takes no interest in Mormonism, and does not know we are going.

Sister Denby has been talking of visiting her friends for some time, and when she learned the date we should sail, she got permission to do so. Her trunks are at Sister White's, and I want you to go with Brother Boyle on Friday night and bring them over to me. I shall send mine off on Saturday and Sister Denby trunks will be known as mine."

"All right, Brother Howard, but how did she get

her trunks to Sister White's?"

"They are new trunks, and Sister Denby and the girls have been carrying things over for a long time. I got word last night that they are well filled and

ready to go."

Shepard went home quite thoughtful. He did not like to be mixed up in such matters, but he had promised and would have to go. He knew nothing of Mr. Denby but what he had heard from the saints. He had never seen the man, and could not say if he was very bad or not. He was on hand early on Friday night. They met at Brother Jones' and had to wait some time for Brother Boyle. They could not call on him, without getting a scolding from Mrs. Boyle, and the oldest saint in the branch would avoid that, if possible. She would as soon have the devil come to her door as a Mormon, for she looked upon them as containing everything devilish.

Brother Jones said: "She's got an awful tongue, and I would not be in Brother Boyle's shoes for any-

thing."

Brother Boyle had indeed had a hard time, and much trouble with his wife, but she settled it by saying: "If you must go to the devil, go, but don't write to me when you leave here, for I never want to hear from you again."

It was a hard blow to Brother Boyle. He had expected her to have relented a little and have parted from her friendly. He packed his trunk and then joined in the enthusiasm of the others. He even be-

came more enthusiastic than the rest.

He said to himself: "Am I not making a greater sacrifice than the others, and shall I not have a greater blessing than they? Does not the Lord say He will have a 'tried people'? Surely He does, so I will

not complain, for there are blessings in store for me in Zion."

Brother Boyle turned his face to Zion. He would look at home no more, henceforth he would be a saint in very deed.

Brother Jones said: "I am afraid Brother Boyle is not coming to-night. There must be something

wrong."

The next moment there was a kno.k at the door, and Brother Boyle entered. He said: "You must excuse me, brethren, for keeping you waiting. My wife seemed uneasy, so I appeared indifferent to going out. You are all ready, I see, so let us go."

Shepard and two sturdy saints arose and followed Boyle. It was a dark, cloudy night, and suited their purpose well. Boyle 'went direct to Sister White's.

They found her somewhat excited and restless. So Boyle said: "Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"No, Brother Boyle, but I feel uneasy at having these big trunks here."

"There is no occasion to be uneasy, sister; no one knows about them but ourselves. Come. lads.

take hold of them and we will go."

They got them over to Bro:her Jones' without trouble. After a chat they went home to meet at the room on Sunday. Shepard arose bright and early that Sunday morning. He longed for a walk in the fields; he wanted to see the green grass, the buttercups and daisies, and longed to hear the lark's song once again. It might be the last time he would look upon his native fields. He returned home and went to meeting with his folks. There was to be no night meeting, so half a dozen of the young folks took a walk into the country to ramble for the last time in its green lanes. Shepard and Annie were of the party, and as they walked along, side by side, he glanced lovingly into her dear face. Little was said; they were

too happy to talk much; a gentle pressure of the hand, a tender sigh, and a loving smile, was joy unspeakable to them. Soon, all too soon for Shepard, the shades of night came on and bade them return. A heavenly peace and sweetness was in Shepard's soul, and he could feel the still night falling upon him like a mantle. The dark shadows of the arch they passed under to their home seemed to breathe of rest, sweet rest. They found the old folks sitting around the door. They could not sit inside, this last evening at home. Mrs. Jones wished the young folks to stay, and arose to go and make a light.

"I thank you," said Shepard, "I cannot stay any longer to-night, but I will be here early in the morn-

ing."

He bade them good night and walked home slowly,

the sweet peace still filling his soul.

Years, long years after, he thought of that happy evening, and longed for its quiet and rest. When lying in the desert exhausted upon the sand, or toiling in the mountains amongst their perpetual snow, the charm of that evening would creep over him, and again he saw the green lanes, the lovely flowers, the gloomy, shadowy arch, and again heard the merry laughter of his companions, saw loving eyes, and felt the warm pressure of a soft comforting hand. It was an evening ever to be remembered.

Shepard was at Jones' early next morning and assisted them with the children and carried a laughing little miss to the station. Good-byes were exchanged, hands warmly shaken, "God bless and protect you" said, and with kisses, sobs, smiles and tears, they parted. Those on the train turned their hearts to Zion, and those left behind turned with streaming eyes

to the broken homes and vacant chairs.

On arriving at Liverpool they found no one to receive them. So Boyle and Shepard started out to

find Brother Sampson. They met him a short distance from the station, and he exclaimed: "How do you do, Brother Boyle? How are you, Brother Shepard? I am glad to see you, very glad to see you; and am pleased to find you so earnest in your desire to go to Zion. I think we can get you off; I feel quite sure we will. The saints will go on the ship this evening. You go on with your friends, make yourself easy, and act like the rest. Brother Jones has some business in the office this afternoon, so I will send instructions by him how you shall proceed to-morrow."

He returned with them, and they met Brother Jones at the door. Shepard left them shaking hands and hurried to Annie to tell her the rood news. Presently Brother Sampson walked in, and it was amusing to hear the sisters exclaim at sight of him: "Oh, there's Brother Sampson!" "Brother Sampson!" "Brother Sampson!" "Brother Sampson!" "Dear Brother

Sampson is coming this way!"

The missionaries from Zion are almost worshiped by the English saints, and the sisters, woman-like, give them their warmest affection and fullest confidence, and make many sacrifices for them. I have known saints to spend their last penny to get up a good meal for the elders, while the children for the rest of the week would have to eat bread without butter and porridge without milk. It was good for the elders, but rough on the children, who were poorly fed at the best.

There was nothing to do until evening, so the young folks took a stroll around town and made a few purchases. Towards evening they moved on board, and Shepard found plenty to do. He did not hesitate a moment, but went with his friends and was of much service to them in helping with the boxes, bundles and sacks, or anything he could find to do. When every-

thing was below they gathered around a box and ate supper. Howard said: "I am glad you have come, Shepard, for I don't see what we would have done without you."

All praised him, and he felt well paid for his labor. Night had come, so they went on deck to see the twinkling lights of the town, and to sing and hear the songs of Zion.

As Shepard was leading Annie to the steps, Brother Jones tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Come this way, Brother Shepard; I wish to speak to vou."

Jones led him to a quiet spot and said: "Brother Sampson wants you to dress in your best clothes in the morning, and fix up as nicely as you can, for he wants to pass you off as an elder from Utah. While the people are being examined you will mix with the other missionaries. When the people are passed along you will be placed at the head of a stairway to assist the old folks down. When a few of the people have gone down, go down with some old person and do not come back, but go and change clothes and mix with the people as one of them. This is all you need to do, and if you perform your part well all will come out right."

When Shepard went on deck he found they had been moved down the river. Brother Shepard of Utah was as carefully dressed as any elder present. He was scented and oiled, and wore his-plug hat with becoming dignity. When the people were driven off like so many cattle, and a rope stretched across the ship to keep them there. Brother Shepard joined the little group of missionaries that were looking on. Presently the people were passed along one at a time, and the missionaries took their different stations to assist the saints. Shepard stood at the head of the stairs leading to the married people's quarters. About

fifty had passed by him, when an Utah elder came alone leading a feeble old lady. He passed her to Shepard with a wink, and he knew the time had come. He led her carefully down the stair and to her seat. Then he quickly passed along and disappeared into Brother Jones' bunk. Thoughtful Sister Jones had put up a screen so Shepard was hidden from view. His clothes were there, and changing quickly, he stowed his best "duds" (plug-hat and all) away in a sack and then mixed with the people. When Brother Jones came down he found Shepard listening with open mouth to an old Scotch saint who was telling him about the glorious things in store for the saints in Zion. They were presently called on deck to receive advice from Brother Bigman.

Then a shout of farewell, a waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the small steamer started on its return home, and the big ship followed the little tug down the river and out to the deep blue sea. Shepard was given a share of Boyle's bunk in the forecastle, so he retired early that night, being tired from the exertion of the day before. He awoke next morning to find the ship rolling in an unpleasant manner. He went on deck and found the little tug still toiling on, and the waves, big waves to him, rolling around the ship. The tug left them in the afternoon and he watched it out of sight, and then felt they were alone on the big ocean at the mercy of the winds and waves. For some days Shepard was uneasy for fear of discovery, but at the end of a week he felt safe and sure of reaching New York. Further than that he did not hope to go this season, for he had no money. He had only about a pound when he came on board, and that he had given to Howard, who, by general consent, had been put at the head of the little party from Preston. Shepard ate with them, and had enough, such as it was. He had a talk with Annie, and told her he should try

to obtain work in New York, and as soon as possible he would follow her to Zion.

He said, "Will you wait for me until I can come

to you?"

And she replied, "Yes, I will wait for you. You must write to me often and let me know how you get along. If you cannot come to Zion next season

I shall wait until you can come."

Shepard pressed her hand and would like to have kissed her, but was afraid to offend. There are few lovers like Shepard. He was always kind and attentive, but was shy and backward. He did not act as if he owned her, like some lovers do, and he never asked for nor stole a kiss. Few women in Annie's station of life are treated by their lovers with so much deference, few but would have appreciated more than she. Shepard was happy, but his happiness was not to last long. Ever since they had been fairly on the way, the returning missionaries had been preparing them for Zion. It began with a gentle hint that they would hardly find the Utah saints perfect. And they went on until they informed the emigrants that they would find some saints in Zion who drank and swore, who did not treat their families well, and who would take advantage of and cheat the newcomers if they could. Brother Sampson said to a few brethren who gathered around him one day: "You must remember when you see a saint do wrong, that it does not affect the gospel. The gospel is true and cannot be changed by anything the saints may do. If I were to do wrong, I should be for ever damned, but it would not hurt you. Do not allow yourselves to be led away by the actions of others. You have your own souls to save, so see you do right and live your religion and you will be sure to receive your reward. Obey counsel in all things, even if it seems to injure you and be contrary to what you conceive to be right. If you are tried, it will be

for your good. The Lord will have a tried people: and remember the race is not for the swift alone, but for those who continue to the end. Don't allow yourselves to criticise and find fau't with the priesthood. When a brother or sister begins to do that, they have started upon the path that leads to apostasy and eternal damnation. Do not be too particular about the work you do. If you soft-handed clerks are given a pick or shovel to dig a ditch, don't say you want something better than that, but do it without complaining, and remember you are building up the

kingdom of God."

Shepard was always an attentive listener to Brother Sampson. To this speech he paid great attention and studied the words too closely for his own comfort. He lay awake for hours that night, thinking over them, and asked himself if they were not a contradiction to the words Sampson had spoken to them at home. He felt they were, and it hurt him to think that the saints in Zion were not pure and good and holy. He felt disappointed and deceived. But he could not understand it very well, for his thoughts chased each other through the chambers of his brain until his head was in a whirl. He felt feverish and turned from side to side in his endeavor to obtain rest. He disturbed Brother Boyle, who said reprovingly: "Do be still, Shepard."

Next day, and for many days, the thought that. Sampson had deceived him came to his mind, and he felt troubled. He did not like the idea of doing what he was told if it should seem wrong to him. He was willing to obey the priesthood in everything that was right, but he felt he cou'd not do it if it should seem

wrong.

One forenoon Shepard and young Jones were together on deck when Brother Sampson passed.

Turning to Shepard, Jones said with a laugh: "I'll bet you can't tell what he's got in his pockets."

Shepard answered, "I do not bet, but I can tell you."

"What is it?"

"His hands, of course."

The boy laughed again and said: "I did not mean his hands. What is there in those pockets when his hands are out?"

" I do not know."

"Don't you know those pockets are his tea and sugar bags?"

"Get away with you," said Shepard, "I do not

want any of your nonsense."

"It isn't nonsense, for Brother Sampson has tea and sugar in those pockets to give to the sisters. If you don't believe it, come below and I'll show you something."

Shepard followed the boy and he took a seat a short distance from his mother and took up a picture book that lay on a box. Shepard was looking at the pictures with him when Sampson came along, and the boy whispered: "Now watch him."

Sampson went up to Sister Jones and said in his cheery way: "Good morning, Sister Jones," and as he put out his hand to take hers he dropped a hand-

ful of tea in her lap.

When he went away Sister Jones said to Shepard: "Brother Sampson is so good, kind and thoughtful. If the saints in Zion are like him we shall want for

mothing and be very happy."

But it did not make Shepard happy. There seemed to him a selfishness about it that ought to be unknown to a saint. He felt grieved, for he did not think it just to give one and not another. Poor Shepard! The Utah boys have a name for you that will grieve you still more when you hear it. Shepard had noticed of late, and he had felt it a little from the first,

that the returning missionaries were not so brotherly since they set sail. All of them except Sampson seemed to look upon the emigrating saints as something lower than themselves, and hardly worthy to worship the same God. Some of them seemed to think the emigrants were hardly good enough to worship them, judging from their cold stare and selfimportance. Many of the emigrants were ready to worship the elders as well as their God, but not so Shepard. There was very little man worship in his nature. He was ever ready and willing to give due honor and respect to those above him if he found them worthy of it, but he had much disgust for egotism and stinking pride. He was greatly disgusted at some of the missionaries who would lie for hours on the deck with their heads in the laps of young girls, the girls themselves sitting on the deck floor. One elder in particular passed most of his time that way, but not always with the same girl, for there were several of them who were proud to take charge of his precious head, but the Scotch lassies seemed to be his choice. Shepard heard no remarks about it; all seemed to think it all right, for was he not a man of God and above the thought of sin? Perhaps so, yet Shepard thought it immodest in the girls, and unbecoming the dignity of a saint. To him a saint was the embodiment of all nobleness, of all purity and goodness. The saints were to be the patterns for all the world; they were to live so exalted a life that kings and queens would bow down before them.

Shepard could not conceive how any one could bow down to these men, or even respect them. He had been led to believe that an elder from Zion could do no wrong, or be guilty of any impropriety. He thought it wrong for Sampson to favor one more than another, and he was sure it was improper for an elder to lie on the deck with his head half buried in the

lap of a young sister, and the brazen stare he gave one as they passed them, made Shepard think there was more of the devil about him than the Lord. When that elder got up on Sunday and spoke about the beauties of Zion, of the goodness of the Lord, of the blessing he would bestow upon the righteous; and when he admonished them to be humble in heart, and meek of spirit, to put away the sins of the world, to leave behind all its follies and vanities, and be saints worthy of the most high God, Shepard could see him lying on the dcck again with his brazen face and cold staring eyes, and all the charm of his words passed away and left them empty and barren.

Shepard could not understand it, he was in a muddle. Not that he doubted the gospel; no, he never doubted that, the gospel was true, he felt sure of it. But, that the elders from Zion could do shameful things was what troubled him. He would not have done the like, for he thought it unseemly to the eyes

of God and man.

But if Shepard allowed doubts to enter his mind, the other young people did not. Mormonism was a jolly religion to them, for some of the Utah elders had taught them the dances of Zion, and every fine day except Sunday the fiddle and concertina could be heard, and the cry of "balance all" and "all promenade" floated with the sound of music over the water.

Shepard spent most of his evenings with the Preston folks, talking about Zion. One evening he went down to their quarters, and finding no one there, he sat down by Jones' bunk. The gloomy shadows as they fell around him made him sad, unutterably sad. He thought over the changed stories of the elders in regard to Zion, and he felt convinced they had deceived him and others to induce them to go to Zion.

Seven weeks had passed; they had been tossed back-

ward and forward by the winds until many of them were so sick of old Neptune that they wished they had never seen him. Shepard had had his share of sickness, and at one time he would not have cared if the ship had gone down and put an end to it all. But that was past now, for here was land, beautiful land. And it was good to see, and such a relief to the tired, strained eyes that had been looking for it for many days. The people crowded on deck with songs and rejoicing. Shepard felt a new man, his heart bounded within him, for there was life and action before him. There would be no more dreary, idle days and wakeful nights, but work, hard work, was before him, and he was eager for it.

As he stood gazing on the land with pleasure, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, but he did not turn, for he thought it was some one wanting to get a better view of the land. He felt the hand pulling him, so turning, he found it to be one of the missionaries who

said: "Come with me."

Shepard was much surprised, but followed without a word. He was taken to the Captain's cabin and when he entered the missionary said: "Captain, this is the man," and then left the room.

There were two officers and the Doctor with the Captain, and they all looked at Shepard. The Captain's frown and the serious faces of the others convinced Shepard he was discovered. He became more serious than the rest and stood waiting for the Captain to speak. There was not a word spoken for some moments, all was quiet as the grave.

"How came you here?" said the Captain in a hard, stern voice. Shepard did not speak, and the Captain cried in a voice that might have been heard in the strongest gale, "How came you here, sir?"

Shepard replied in a voice hardly audible: "The

elder brought me."

The doctor smiled, and the captain frowned more darkly and said: "How came you upon this ship?"

Shepard answered: "I came with the other people."

"The other people paid their passage, you did not."

"No, sir."

"Do you not know you have robbed the company of that much money?"

"No, sir, I had not thought of robbing anyone."

"You have, though, for it is the same as putting your hand in their pockets and taking the money out."

The captain's words hurt Shepard severely, for he had not looked at it in that light. He felt guilty, but not with the guilt of a thief, so he said: "I do not think it is so bad as that, for I have taken nothing from you. My friends have furnished me with food and it has not hurt the ship to carry me."

"No," roared the captain, "it has not hurt the ship, but it has hurt the company. Do you suppose that

they can carry people over for nothing?"

"No, sir."

"Then why did you come?"
"I wanted to go to America."

"You did, eh? Well, we will put you in prison, and see what you think of America then."

Turning to the doctor he said: "Is it not six weeks

in prison for stealing over in this manner?"

The doctor replied: "Yes, it is six weeks, give to him full."

The captain turned to Shepard again and said: "What do you think of that?"

"I shall not mind it, for I have got to America."

"Oh, you won't? But you can tell better when you serve six weeks in jail at hard labor and live on bread and water. You can go now; I know where to find you when the officer comes."

Shepard went to the deck. He did not expect to be premitted to do so, but thought he should be ironed

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and placed in the hold. He had read horrible stories about a ship's holds, of irons, darkness and rats, and was glad indeed to escape them. A tug-boat had come to take them in, and most of the people had gone forward. Shepard did not join them; he was a prisoner now, and felt he had no place amongst them. He thought of Zion with its peace and goodness, and he was filled with a stronger desire than ever to go to Utah. And he would go, too, for he was in America now. Six weeks would soon pass away, then he would be free to work his way to Utah, to Zion—now more bright and beautiful to him than ever. While he was thus thinking, young Jones came to him and bade him go down to dinner. Shepard told his friends what the captain had said. Howard thought it would not be so bad as that.

Shepard had a short talk with Annie that afternoon, and told her he would follow her to Zion as soon as possible. She promised to wait for him and be true for ever. They anchored in the bay that night, and though intensely dark, they were soon besieged by a number of small boats which contained fresh bread and fruit for sale. The captain gave orders to let no one on board, but one boat made itself fast, and sold

some bread and fruit.

Shepard said to himself: "This is my chance to get away; why should I go to prison if I can avoid it?

I will go away in that boat."

He went to Howard to tell him his intention and to bid the folks good-by. Howard listened thoughtfully and then said: "Do not go, the men in New York are very bad, and those men may throw you out of the boat and drown you. They may be apostates, and you know the missionaries say we must keep away from them."

Yes, it was true the returning elders had carefully instructed them to avoid all apostates, and all those

who were not saints. They had said: "The Americans are so bad you cannot trust any one, and the more gentlemanly they appear the worse they are likely to be." They showed in dark colors the wickedness of the nation who had killed their prophets, and many of the saints believed every word of it. But not so with Shepard. He had more faith in his fellow men than to believe them all devils. But he was ever ready to obey counsel, and if Brother Howard said

stay and go to prison, he would do so.

Howard said, "Do not go with them." said no more, but went to rest. Everything was hustle and hurry next morning. The people were going on shore so there was plenty of work to do. Shepard became so busy that for the time he forgot he was a prisoner. By ten o'clock most of the people were gone, and now Shepard's friends were going. looked around, no one seemed to notice him. captain was not in sight, for the reason he had gone on shore the night before, so Shepard put Sister Jones' basket on his arm and went with his friend. He was soon in Castle Garden, and began to think he was free, when he saw a man at a small window taking down names. He had to go there, too, so he sighed and said: "Ah, that is the man that will nab me."

He gave his name and age and stood staring at the man until pushed away to make room for others, and then he felt he was free. But there was greater joy still in store for him. He was informed that he could have a free pass over the railroad if he would agree to work on Brigham Young's contract.

When he got his pass he took a walk about New York to see the great city.

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## CHAPTER XI.

#### A MISCONSTRUCTION.

At some of the changes there was insufficient car room, and for days Shepard and a few others would have to ride in a box car. Shepard did not complain though he sometimes missed his dinner, which generally consisted of a piece of bread, and his sides were sore from lying on the boards without bedding. On account of some delay the emigrants had to stop over night at C——, and their train not having come in, they were to sleep on the depot grounds. The people were placed as close together as possible and a Mormon guard put around them.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Shepard of

Brother Jones.

"It is to protect our girls. Brother Sampson says there are bad men here who would molest our girls

if they were not guarded."

Shepard heard next morning that several men had been caught crawling on their hands and knees, trying to make their way to the girls. Some one said the saints were in danger of being mobbed, so Shepard with many others were glad to get out of C——. When the last change of cars was made and they were speeding on to Laramie, where they would meet the "Utah boys," Shepard and the Jones boy took a vacant seat by the door, their friends being in the center of the car.

Shortly afterwards the door opened, and a German

came in followed by his wife. They passed down the car, and not finding a seat, they came back and stood by the door near Shepard. He arose at once and offered them his seat; they said something he could not understand, and as they stood looking at each other the returning German missionary came in. Shepard told him he wished those people to take his seat; the boy had also left the seat, but he could not make them understand.

The missionary said: "I do not think you need to give up your seat; at least keep it until I see the other cars.

Feeling miserable and unable to rest, Shepard rose and went outside, followed by the boy. The Germans, finding he did not return, sat down.

When Shepard went in to his friends, leaving the boy outside, he noticed them look toward the windows, so going up to Annie he said: "What do you see outside. Annie?"

She did not speak or turn her head, so he spoke louder, and then she gave him a cold, haughty stare and turned to the window again. Shepard looked around at the others, and the faces of all were blank; they did not seem to know him. He stood dumfounded for a moment, and then left the car without a word. When he reached the platform the boy exclaimed: "What is the matter with you?"

"I do not feel well, for none of the folks will speak to me. I cannot account for it, unless there is a misunderstanding about the seat. Do you know where Brother Boyle is seated?"

"I think he is with the missionaries."

"I would like to see him, but I cannot go there. If the folks say anything about the seat, tell them how we came to sit there."

Presently the train stopped and Shepard went to the box car and found a few Danes already there. They had not been in the passenger cars at all, and seemed quite contented. The train made a long stop, but Shepard kept in the car, for he felt too miserable to look around.

He was very sensitive, he felt the least possible slight keenly, so this treatment from his friends was most painful, and above all it was torture to him

to have Annie treat him so coldly.

He had suffered much in mind since he left home but this was worst of all. The train went along slowly, but Shepard did not notice its speed. He lay on the floor in misery, for there was not one there he could talk to, or who could talk to him. He became conscious that the train had stopped, but he did not move or look out. He heard a voice calling him, and rising to a sitting posture he saw young Jones at the door, who said, "Come to supper, Shepard, before the train starts." Shepard now noticed the sun was gone, and though he had had no food since morning he said: "I do not feel well to-night, and do not wish any supper."

'Come and take some anyhow."

"No, Dick, I shall not go to-night."

The boy went away, and Shepard asked himself if he could ever eat his friends' food again. He felt he would rather starve than do so. While he sat thinking what he should do, Dick returned with some bread and said: "Brother Howard has sent you this, and you must eat it." He then laid the bread down and ran off, as the train was moving.

Shepard's first impulse was to throw the bread out, but before he could move he was ashamed at the thought. He felt he could not refuse it, to do so after all they had done for him would be most ungrateful. He could not sleep that night, but tossed around till near morning, then dozed off and did not awake until called by Dick, who said: "Brother Howard wants you."

Shepard got up and took off his overcoat, that coat was his bed and bedding. He found Howard and Boyle on the platform of their car. They bade him

good morning, and then Howard said:

"You must not think anything of yesterday's misunderstanding, for it is all over now. At first we thought you would not give up the seat, and the woman got offended over it, but we discovered our mistake and now know you were not to blame. Come in and take breakfast."

Shepard hesitated, so Boyle said: "You must pay no attention to a lot of foolish women. We know you did what was right, so never mind them. Come with

us to breakfast."

Shepard followed them and bade his friends good morning, but only Brother and Sister Jones answered him. Annie did not speak or look at him. He glanced around at the faces of the others, and saw they yet half believed him guilty. He gazed upon Annie and felt she knew he was guilty of no wrong, but was too proud to acknowledge her mistake. He took his "piece" from Mrs. Howard and left the car. The days that followed were miserable ones to Shepard, but he bore them bravely, and was anxious to reach the end of the railroad, for then there would be work of some kind. He was glad indeed when they got to Laramie and saw the ox teams that would take them to Zion.

He told Howard he would hire out to some one, and not be a burden upon them any longer, and when he reached Brigham Young's contract he would stop and work on the railroad. Howard objected to Shepard's going away, and said: "Don't leave us now, for we shall need you on the way. These women and children can do nothing, and will require all of my time to care for them, so I shall need you to do the

work for us, for I don't expect much from Jones or Boyle."

Shepard answered: "If you need me I shall be pleased to stay. I thought I had been a burden upon you long enough, and that is my reason for leaving you, but if you say, stay, I will not leave you to go to any one else for wages."

Howard said he must stay with them. As Shepard could bake, it was agreed he should make the bread, but the women should prepare the flour for him.

There were thirteen of them in Howard's wagon, so Shepard was likely to have work enough. He put on his overcoat and top-boots that night, and slept out for the first time in his life. He had no bed or bedding, so instead of undressing when he lay down he put more clothes on, and his overcoat over all. Shepard was much disappointed with the Utah boys. He told Brother Boyle he had never seen such a coarse lot of men any place, and Boyle answered, "I am also much disappointed in them, for I certainly expected to find them with the manners of gentlemen. We are to lead the world in every good thing, and be teachers to the world, but I am sorry to say these men are not able to do it. Brother Shepard, I am troubled over many things, for I have seen wrong and injustice come from those who are our guides, and who hold the everlasting priesthood. But I comfort myself by thinking it has nothing to do with the gospel, and I shall find everything all right in Zion. These men, no doubt, are kept for a purpose; they may be saints, but they are not the ones who will be saviors on Mount Zion. Let you and I see to our own salvation, let us live before the Lord as becomes a true Latter Day saint. I know the gospel is true, and the actions of men shall not affect me.'

"Brother Boyle," said Shepard, "I feel as you do. I do not doubt the gospel, and I did not want to doubt

my brethren. I have been greatly blessed and have much to thank the Lord for. I have trusted him. and he has opened the way for me until I am with his saints, and though they are not what I expected, they will take me to Zion, where we shall find the good and pure in heart."

The emigrants were detained a few days at Laramie waiting for baggage. Shepard had little to do through the day so he went to town to see its strange life. One afternoon he was accosted by a travelstained man, who said: "Going West, I suppose?"
Shepard simply answered: "Yes."

"Do you belong to the Mormon camp over there?"

"Yes."

"Then you are going to Utah?"

"I would like to talk to you about Utah. Let us sit down on those ties, it will be better than standing."

Shepard eyed the man closely. He appeared to be about forty years of age. At home Shepard would have called him a tramp, for the man was ragged and not over clean, but here he did not know what to call him, for there were so many strange men. Shepard looked at the man's long hair and uncombed beard, and felt inclined to leave him. The stranger spoke again and his voice was pleasant, and his eye kind, so Shepard concluded to hear what he had to say, and went to the ties with him.

The stranger seated himself and said: "I find from your speech that you are an Englishman. I also am an Englishman, and eight years ago emigrated to Utah, to Zion as I then called it. I was a firm believer in Mormonism. I fully believed it to be the gospel of Christ, and many times have I given my testimony of its truth. When I went to Utah I was much disappointed with the state of things there, still, I thought Mormonism true. I went through the endowment

house and determined to be a good saint. But as the months passed I saw so much deception and fraud, so much lust and tyranny, that I began to think the gospel was a cloak under which to practice the most horrid crimes. At last I became convinced there was nothing godly about the system. I was foolish enough to express some of my thoughts, and was brought before the Bishops' council for it. I was denounced and threatened, and I had been there long enough to know what it meant. So I acknowledged my sin, and begged for forgiveness. I knew if I did not do so I should be murdered. Others had been murdered for speaking against the foul actions of the priesthood, and I could not hope for mercy from them. I had also by my vows given them the right to kill my body to save my soul. I saw more and more of the cursed system and hated it in my heart, but I dared not let it be known, not even to my wife, for she is a strong Mormon, and I was afraid the priesthood might learn it from her and instruct her to poison me to save me from hell. I had heard of such things being done and I could not trust my own wife. Not that she is a bad woman, but the priesthood has so much power over some women that they will do anything for the good of the church and to save a soul. I had to be a hypocrite for fear of bodily harm, but I was not alone, for there are hundreds of hypocrites in Utah, policymen who have often told me, when in Rome to do as the Romans do. There is less manhood there than in any other place of its size in Christendom. This spring I got a chance to come East with some government teams and I have left Utah for ever. I saw you here, and supposing you were a Mormon, I felt a strong desire to save you from my experience. I may not be able to do so, but it will do me good to try. have many times borne testimony to the truth of Mormonism. I was sincere at that time for I believed it to

be true. I said I knew it to be true, but I have found I was mistaken. Instead of Mormonism being true I now know it to be false, yes, false as hell. Instead of being free in Utah, as I was taught at home I should be, I found I was a slave and must obey the priesthood in all things. I found I must obey the priesthood whether they were right or wrong. I must be pliant as a tallowed rag or be like 'clay in the hands of the potter' to be moulded as the priesthood desired. must have no individuality. I must not have manhood enough to object to my wife being husbanded by my Bishop while I was on my mission, but instead I should thank God and bless the brother for building up my kingdom. Young man, I tell you that Utah is a hotbed of sin and corruption. Aye, it is more, for in it are a nest of traitors who have sworn to destroy the government of this country."

The stranger paused for a moment, as he had become quite excited, and then spoke more quietly. He told of many horrible things that had been done in Utah, and finished by saying: "If you wish peace and happi-

ness do not go to Utah."

Shepard had listened without speaking a word. He saw the man was sincere, but he had doubts about the man's sanity, so he said quietly: "I shall go to Utah. The saints may not be perfect, but I cannot believe that they are as bad as you say. I think you are honest and do not wish to deceive me, but you have allowed some one to deceive you. Maybe the devil has got control of your mind."

The stranger gave such a sweet, pitying smile and said, though he seemed to be speaking as much to himself as to Shepard: "So they have got their poison to work. I wonder if they ever let one pass in with a clear, unbiased mind? I am afraid not. When common sense and reason show them the fraud in the system, the poor dupes have been made to think the

devil is tempting them. Oh, what a bugbear is this devil! Young man, you are to be pitied, for you have much to suffer before you get rid of the devil. I hardly expected to turn you from Utah, for at a distance your Zion seems so bright and beautiful, but please remember me, and that I wished to do you good, when you find I have told you the truth. You are sure to find I have told you nothing but the truth. Take my advice and do not go through the endowment house. If you keep clear of it you are a free man, if you go through it you are a Mormon slave."

Shepard promised to remember him, and shaking

hands, they parted never to meet again.

Shepard walked slowly back to camp thinking of that strange man, but he could not believe his statement or that the gospel was not true. The freight came, and then began the long dreary tramp to Salt Lake. With the moving of the train came a greater knowledge of the Mormon boys, that filled Shepard's soul with horror. The contrary oxen made the boys curse and swear until Shepard shuddered, and their cruelty toward them made him feel sick.

He said to Brother Boyle: Is it not shameful for those men to kick and beat the oxen in that manner? They would be locked up if they did it in England."

Boyle replied with a smile: "We are not in England

and must not expect too much."

Some of the sisters begged the teamsters not to beat the poor things, but they laughed coarsely and beat harder.

One of the missionaries said apologetically: "Our mountain boys are rather rough, but they are large-hearted, brave, noble men, and though they do not live their religion as they ought they are to be depended upon, for they would fight and die for it."

Shepard hardly believed him, for he had found Sampson had lied about not hearing much profanity in

Zion, so he doubted this man too. He did not doubt the boys would fight and die for their religion if it was necessary, but he could not understand how a brutal man could be noble. As the days went by, Shepard saw something that seemed worse than all. It was old men and women painfully plodding along through the sand, while strong, robust girls sat beside the drivers, who chatted and laughed as they drove along past the old folks. Others beside Shepard saw it, and some spoke bitterly about it.

One dry old chap said: "You must excuse the boys, for it isn't often they get a chance to put their arms around such fine girls. As for the girls, poor things, they're tired and can't walk, for didn't they dance

until midnight?"

It was true; many of the girls would ride beside the teamsters in the day and dance with them at night. And Annie, this love of Shepard's, this woman he worshiped and thought a queen, was no better than the rest. It grieved him sore. Not that he objected to the dance or any other harmless amusement, but he was sorry to see such heartless selfishness in his promised wife, and thought it most shameful for a saint. He was trying to be a "saint in very deed." He had put aside the follies of the world; he did not live for self alone, but for his religion, and was ready to do anything it required of him. He did not believe it would require him to do an unmanly thing. He thought the gospel all goodness, all nobleness and purity, and so he was grieved to see anything else come from a saint.

Shepard and Boyle generally walked together some distance ahead of the train. They did not talk much. Brother Boyle, who had been so joyous and buoyant, had little to say. He was mostly in deep thought and scemed to have something on his mind. Shepard was sure he was troubled over things he saw and heard. Shepard thought a great deal and had his troubles.

He was meek and tried to please every one, but his temper was greatly tried, and many times he felt like bursting out in a storm of passion. He found himself a general roustabout for his party, and while he was a worker in every sense of the word, he found it very trying to obey every one's call. There was one young sister who annoyed him much. If she wished a drink of water Shepard was ordered to get it, and if he did not bring it at once she would cry pettishly: "How slow you are, Shepard."

He found himself considerable of a slave. He had to get the wood and carry the water and wait upon every one. Sometimes Boyle would help get the wood, but Howard generally found him something else to do. Brother Jones was worthless; he rode all day, and when they camped crawled out and lay under the wagon. He was even too lazy to assist his wife with the little ones. His actions seemed to say, "I have paid my fare, let those who came without cost do the work."

Howard and Jones used the wagon and the others slept close by. One night Shepard had been baking until late, and had just retired to rest when the girls came from the dance. The sister who had troubled him so much came stumbling along in the dark and kicked some sand over Shepard's face and head. It proved too much for him, so he gave the girls a lecture on the duties of saints and of the sisters in particular. Annie did not say a word, but the pettish sister pitched into him and called him most everything, and ended by saying: "You are an old granny, and you think we should never dance or enjoy ourselves. I don't see what you wanted to come to Zion for. I am sure we could have done without you."

That was a cruel stab, but Shepard took it bravely. He had spoken his mind, so did not reply. Howard had been awakened by the noise, and next morning

wanted to know the cause of it. Brother Boyle, who lay close by, had heard it all and informed him. The girls got another lecture and afterwards treated Shepard with more respect. But at the best he had a hard time of it. He was anxious to reach the Brigham Young contract, for he was getting very tired of his dog's life, so he said to Boyle: "I thank the Lord for all the blessings I have received. He has done much for me, but He helps those most who help themselves, so I feel it is time I did something for myself. You have always advised me for the best, and I expect you to say when I shall stop and go to work on the railroad."

Brother Boyle replied: "Have patience, Brother Shepard, and I will let you know when we reach Brother Brigham's contract."

The weeks passed on and Green River was crossed. The emigrants were told they were in Utah, so they began to talk more and more of Zion. Shepard forgot his troubles, all but one, and that one was the greatest of all and ever present. Annie had hardly spoken to him since the misunderstanding on the train. She had not given him a word of love, not a word of sympathy. She who could have been a blessing to him in his troubles, and a world of strength and comfort, had been almost a stranger. Shepard had not spoken a word of love to her, he could not do so. She had repulsed him, had met his loving look with a cold stare and then turned away her proud head. To his pitiful good morning she gave no answer, and now, though his heart was nearly bursting with its great love for her, his tongue could not speak a word. He could not tell his love again. He could only show it in his eyes, voice and trembling hands. Though she had treated him most shamefully, he loved her still, aye, worshiped her. And now he was waiting for a word of love from her, just one little word and they would be their old selves again. He did not wish her to refer to the past, nor ask forgiveness for her part in it, for he had never had a hard thought toward her. Though he had been deeply wounded by her treatment of him, it had not touched his pride. He was the same kind and humble lover in his heart as ever. He could do anything for her, yea, die for her. But he could not speak a word of love, his tongue seemed to be tied when in her presence. On that day of misunderstanding she seemed to have frozen herself and he could not break the ice. So he was waiting for a loving word from her, a warm loving word to drive away this awful chill and make him the happiest man amongst all of those struggling emigrants.

It was a calm, still night; all of the little company, except Shepard and Annie, had retired to rest. He sat by the fire watching the "bake kettle," and she sat in the wagon by the kneading board. She received the loaves when he brought them to the wagon and handed him dough for more. They said but little, but the few words spoken were in tones kind, gentle and considerate. Shepard felt the sweetness of a blessed peace in his soul, and he thought Annie felt the same. loving word would unite them forever; he was waiting for that word, and he felt she was waiting for it also. He could not speak it, he did not know what to say, and he was dumb and waiting for her to speak. The last piece of dough was handed to him. He took it to the fire and she came and stood near. They did not speak or look at each other, but stood over the fire waiting for a word that would make them supremely happy. Which would speak it, which would put away pride, that torturer of hearts, or rest and peace? It would not be Shepard, for he had none to put away, but in place of pride he had a noble manhood that would not beg or plead for the love that had been withdrawn from him, though it was dearer to his heart than all the world.

She, his promised wife, she, who had promised to be true for ever, had closed her heart to him without cause. She had by a look said: "I do not know you, and do not want you." And, now, his manhood stood between them, and he could not speak to her of love until she, with eye or voice said, "Come, I want you."

So they stood by the camp fire, he praying with all his soul for a loving word from her, for a blessed word that would give him new life and make him a new man. He but wished to know she loved him still, and then he would work with joy to make her a beautiful home in Zion. Loved Zion, and loved wife! Oh! he would indeed be happy.

At last she spoke, and his heart leaped with joy as her sweet voice fell upon his ear. She said in a low, soft tone: "Will you put the bread away when it is done?" He looked at her, she was gazing into the

fire, and answered gently: "I will."

She slowly turned from the fire without glancing at him and was soon lost in the darkness. She had gone to rest without a parting "good night." Shepard sat a long time by the dying fire, and kept the bread on so long that Mrs. Howard said next morning:

"You've baked those loaves well, my lad."

The truth is, Shepard had forgotten the bread for a time, and if there had been more fire the loaves would have been ruined. He sat thinking of his love and her gentleness, and years after the quiet charm of that night came over him. It was the sweetest evening he ever spent with her, and years afterwards it was clear in his memory when other happy evenings were forgotten.

The emigrants wearily traveled on and at last reached the first Mormon camp of railroaders. Brother Goodman, the boss of the camp, came down to the

train for men. Brother Boyle then said to Shepard: "We have reached a camp of Latter Day Saints and I advise you to stop here and go to work for yourself. I shall go on to Zion and start in business in Salt Lake or some other town. When your work is done and you come to Zion look me up, for I shall be glad to see you."

They had a long talk that night about the gospel, and on retiring to rest both felt strong in the faith. They were up early, and after breakfast Shepard's sack was gotten from the wagon and he was ready for the team that was to take him to work. It was a cold, sharp morning and Shepard stood by the camp fire as the train began to move. His friends shook hands for the last time and wished him "good luck." The sister who had been so much trouble bade him good-by and seemed quite sorrowful at parting. Only Annie now remained to bid him good-by. She had not spoken to him this morning, but she, the dearest one in all the world to him, would be the last one to speak to him. Her precious hand would be the last to clasp his own with her soft clinging touch. And, oh, would not her voice, which always fell like music upon his ears, be the sweetest one of all when it said. "Love, all is well. I am yours, and shall wait for you."

He stood breathless, as wagon after wagon and the people belonging to them moved slowly along. Being cold, most of them were walking, and his friends with the rest. Annie loitered by the wagon. "Ah," thought Shepard, "she wishes to speak when we are alone.'

At last their wagon started and Annie came slowly, proudly along. She held her head like a queen and looked neither to right nor left. Shepard's heart beat wildly, and then nearly stopped as she passed by him without a word or a glance. He seemed turned to stone, but his soul shone from his hungry eyes, pleading in pity for a word of love he could not utter, and he stood gazing down the canon long after she had

vanished from his sight.

He was aroused by a slap on the shoulder and a voice said: "Wake up, lad, you'll see them again." He turned and saw half a dozen men standing around the fire. These were the only men who would stop there, the rest wanting to be closer to "Zion." And though these men had traveled thousands of miles in the same company and were also brethren, yet they were strangers one to another. They were a sorrowful lot of men, for they felt they were alone in the world. The man who had spoken to Shepard was some years his senior. His face seemed sad but there was a merry twinkle in his eyes. Shepard inquired his name and he replied: "Bobby Brown, my lad."

After talking a little Shepard and Brown became partners and would stay together. They heard the rattle of a wagon, and looking around saw a young man driving over the sage brush in true Mormon style. He drove around them and stopped his horses and cried: "Pile in your duds and come along."

It was quickly done and then they followed him on a smart trot.

## CHAPTER XI.

## AT WORK.

When the emigrants got to camp, they found it consisted of a long, low shanty and a few tents. The shanty was the dining-room and kitchen. The long tables, set with tinware, filled Shepard with surprise, for he had not seen the like before.

He asked the teamster where he could put his sack, and the young saint replied: "Put it where you damned please."

"But," said Shepard, "I do not know where your

sleeping house is."

"We have no sleeping house, and if you don't want to sleep out, make a dugout like the rest of them."

"What is a dugout?" asked Shepard.

"It's a hole in the ground. Go over to those men

and they'll tell you how to make one."

Shepard went over to the men pointed out by the teamster, and was followed by the others. They found three men working on the hillside. They also were emigrants and were making dugouts for themselves.

Brown said to them with a twinkle of his merry eyes, "Are you digging your graves, lads?"

"No," said a big yokel, "we're making a house."

"Call it a cellar," said Brown, "and you will be nigher correct."

Upon looking around they found several dugouts partly built and many others finished. Taking plans

from them, they got picks and shovels and went to work. Brown was inclined to complain at the contractor for not having accommodations for his men. But he worked hard and by evening they had the holes dug and the posts put up. They dug a narrow trench so they would have no steps to their dugout. Shepard went to Brother Goodman and got two pairs of blankets; these added to Brown's gave them a fair supply of bedding. All the poles were done, and as the teamster was not going for more, Brown and Shepard concluded to go to work next morning.

"Let us make our bed in the hole," said Shepard.
"It will be warmer down there, sheltered from the

wind."

"All right," said Brown.

It got dark early, as there were heavy, black clouds around. Being tired from their unusual work they did not go down to the dining-room, where the men sat telling "yarns" and singing, but they went to bed, feeling well over the thought of work in the morning. Brown awoke Shepard about four o'clock in the morning and told him it was raining. When Shepard felt the big drops fall upon his face, he gave a grunt and ducked his head under the blankets. The rain soon fell in torrents, and forming a rivulet on the hillside it came rushing down to the dugout and poured into it.

Brown sprang up shouting: "Let's go to the house.

Let's go to the house."

He groped for his shoes and hat, the rain meanwhile beating on his head and bare legs. He finally found them, and taking his clothes in his arms he stumbled along to the shanty. But he did not reach it without trouble, for he fell into two unfinished dugouts, lost a shoe and stocking, and when he got under cover his calico shirt was sticking to his back like a plaster.

Shepard rolled the blankets around him and stayed

in the hole, knowing the water could not rise high enough to drown him. When the gong called the men up at six o'clock, Shepard hastily put on his coat, vest and boots, which he had put under his head the night before for a pillow, and hurried down to the shanty and found about a dozen men there shivering with the cold. They were all emigrants and wet to the skin, for the water came through the roof like a sieve.

When Shepard entered, Brown exclaimed: "Eh,

lad, how could you stay in that hole?"

"I was warm and did not suffer," replied Shepard. Brown shook his head ruefully, and said: "Then I got the worst of it, for I fell into two holes and lost a

shoe and stocking."

Shepard went to look for them and soon returned with them. They went to work at seven o'clock and were given picks, shovels and wheelbarrows. The work was hard on Shepard, for he had never done a day's work outside of a mill before. They finished their dugout on the following Sunday, and having built a chimney they made a fire and were very comfortable. There were about sixty men in camp, twothirds of them emigrants, the rest were Mormons from the "valleys," but there was not a happier man among them than Shepard. It is true he had been much grieved when Annie left him without a word. but he had not time to fret over it, and after the first day or two he became himself again. Though she had passed by him like a stranger, he had no thought of blaming her. He rather blamed himself for not bidding her good-by. Still, he felt all would be well in the end. He had not a doubt about her being constant. She was his affianced wife and would wait for him and be true to her promise.

He said to himself: "She will be glad to see me when I go to the valley. She will be her old self again and her joyous laugh will pay me for all the sorrow

of the past. We shall go through the house of the Lord and be united for time and eternity. We shall receive our blessings, and Annie will be the queen of my home and make it heaven with love and devotion."

As the days and weeks went by thoughts of her sustained him through toil and sickness, filled his days with happiness and his dreams with bliss. But there was one dream he dreamt over and over for weeks, and awoke him in fear. At such times he thought he was in England and could not obtain money to bring him back to Zion, and it was with great joy he awoke to find himself still in Utah.

After the first week Shepard's health began to fail. The food was poor and did not agree with him. Part of the time there was nothing but bread, bacon, coffee and molasses. He could not eat bacon, so it was bread and molasses or starve. When a beef came he did not get much, for not liking to "grab," it was mostly gone before he got any. It was shameful the way some of the saints behaved. They rushed to the table like animals rushing to their feed, or like pigs rushing to the trough when they heard the swill poured into it, and the moment the blessing was asked they grabbed for the meat like starving men. For some time it shocked Shepard, and while he was looking at them in surprise the plates were emptied. If he sent a plate for a little meat it was often snatched from the waiter's hand before it reached him. It was not confined to the young men, for some of the old men were the worst. There was one old man in particular who led every charge, and there was none quick enough to head him off. Some of them tried to do so, but he never failed to get there. When he was called upon to ask a blessing, the boys thought they had him. He spoke slowly and solemnly until he came to the words, "We ask these blessings in the name of Jesus." These he rattled off at a "two-forty

gait" and made a dive for the meat plate without saying amen. He more than once dumped all the meat on his plate and threw the empty dish on the table. Those around him would attack his plate with exclamations of anger, and it was amusing to see him fight them off with knife and fork. If a low-spoken brother asked a blessing and raised his voice a little it was often mistaken for the end and the rest of it was lost in the clatter. If a Dane asked a blessing and was long-winded, the food would be gone by the time he finished. It was surprising how short some of them made the blessing, and when the "Amen" came after three or four words it was laughable to see the amazement of those who were caught napping. Many of them never bowed their heads or closed their eyes, but looked at the food and with fork pointing at the meat dish waited for the charge. Selfishness and greed ruled, while manners and decency were thrown away, but it is possible that many of them never had any manners to throw away. The quick and strong and beastly got the choicest food, and in the struggle for it would call foul names and threaten blows. And these men claimed to be "saints of the most high God," and some of them were "Elders of Israel."

It grieved Shepard to see his brethren act so unmanly, and he was disgusted at them in spite of his desire to excuse them on acount of their low breeding and ignorance. He came to Zion expecting to find the Utah saints kind, considerate, and helpful, and better than any people he had ever known. And it disappointed him very much to see many of them taking great pleasure in annoying and tormenting the emigrants. The first month Shepard passed in camp was the happiest of his life. He worked hard, had poor food, and slept in a dugout, but he never felt so well when he had a good home and every comfort. Even Annie's love at its best had not given him so much

sweet peace and contentment. In after years, when fortune smiled upon him and he could look upon his broad acres and fine stock, they could not give him the peace and contentment he felt in that little dugout on the hill.

Shepard's life, from the time he left the ship to coming to work at this camp, had been one of dependency and humiliation, and it had been torture to his independent, sensitive soul. The food he now ate was not doled out to him, and he had the satisfaction of having earned it. And if he did not get his share of the best it was because he did not wish to "act the hog" like many of them. Shepard felt so happy that his sickness did not disturb the tranquillity of his mind. He was afflicted with a diarrhoea and seemed to be wasting away and became but a shadow of his former self.

The "gang boss" told him he would die if he did not quit work, and advised him to go to the valley and pass the winter with his friends. Shepard said to the boss on one of these occasions: "Does my work not suit you?"

"Most certainly it does," said the boss, "or we should not give you fifty cents per day more than those strong men over there. But you are killing yourself and will not live through the winter if you continue at this work."

"I am happy and contented," said Shepard, "and will stay as long as I can do the work."

The boss left him, saying: "You are foolish if you don't go to your friends."

Shepard had resolved never to go to his friends until he could do something for them, and he would rather die than trouble them again.

He said to himself: "If it is the Lord's will to take me, I can go feeling happy, for Annie will know I was toiling for her." Shepard got worse, nothing he could get would do him any good and he thought he would be compelled to leave his work. He had been in camp over six weeks and was like a skeleton.

It was Saturday night and there was to be a concert in the next camp, about a mile below. Brown insisted that Shepard should go with him, so much against his will he went with him. They went down after supper and took a seat near the door. For some unaccountable cause Shepard was almost consumed by a burning thirst. It compelled him, in spite of himself, to drink dipper after dipper of ice-cold water. He knew it was wrong to drink so much, but he could not help it, and he felt sure it would lay him off work sick. They returned to camp about eleven o'clock, Shepard feeling very sorry he had left his dugout. It was a relief to Shepard next morning, instead of being sick, to find he felt better than at any time since he came to camp, and from that day he gained in strength and flesh until he was quite well.

A bunch of beef cattle had come up on the Saturday evening, and this Sunday morning a number of Utah men were looking at them. Shepard joined the party as one of the men said: "I gave that steer to the church last spring, to help emigrate the poor saints, and here it is sold to our boss for cash and the church has not helped out one person. It is my opinion they never intended to help the poor saints out. I have heard they could not turn the grain and cattle into cash, but I know it to be untrue. I now believe that story about Young Briggy getting into trouble and the old man taking that emigration dodge to raise money to get him out of it, to be true."

Another Utah man spoke and exclaimed with much feeling: "If that is so, I'll be damned if they ever get another cent out of me."

Then another of them said: "You can bet it is true, and the old man is just slick enough to do it."

Shepard returned to his dugout, startled by these men talking so lightly of the prophet he and the other emigrants were ready to worship next to God himself.

He said to himself: "Surely there is something wrong, or these men would not talk so."

Then it flashed upon his mind that the devil was tempting him again, and he mentally ejaculated: "It will never do to speak evil about those above us."

He put the subject from his mind, but it was not for long, for it came back in spite of his strongest efforts to keep it away, for there were many things that gave him food for thought. There was a Gentile camp about three miles away, and some of the emigrants had learned that the Gentile boss paid his men fifty cents more per day than the Mormon camps paid, and gave better food and did not work his men so hard. Several of the Mormon emigrants left the camp and went to work for the Gentiles. When Bishop Goodman heard of it he got up in the next Sunday meeting, and his remarks were very severe on the emigrants.

He said amongst other things: "I find some of you have become dissatisfied with the wages we pay, and complain about the board and the way you are worked. And some of you are worrying about the days being long, and are constantly watching and wishing for sundown. Now, I want you, one and all, to understand you have no business to watch for the sun to go down. You are here to do the will of the Lord and build up Zion, and whether you run a wheelbarrow, lift a shovel, or swing a pick, you want to do it with all your might, and think of nothing but your work until the foreman calls time to quit. Some of you men who are complaining about food, never lived so well

before. Many of you would not taste meat more than once a week and hardly then. Now you get it every meal, and are so greedy that you would take it all and eat nothing else. Those saints who think more of half a dollar a day than they do of the kingdom of God, who are everlastingly complaining of the priesthood, are on the road to apostasy, and unless they repent they will be damned and go to hell. Those men who have left us and gone to work for the Gentile will not be forgotten, but when they go on to Zion they will be looked upon as black sheep. I tell you it will be laid up against them and they had better be careful what they say and do."

After meeting, and when they were seated in their dugout, Shepard asked Brown what he thought of the sermon, for he had an idea it did not please him, for Brown could hold his own at the table with most of them.

Brown answered with some feeling: "It's damned nonsense lad! damned nonsense! I would like to know what sensible man would not be glad to see the sun go down after working hard all day? We work too hard, and are a set of damned fools."

Shepard saw that Brown was hit, so said no more. He knew Brown was right in regard to the working, for the emigrants ran one another shamefully. Brother John W. had been out to see them, and before he came up the bosses told the men to do their best. As he sat upon his horse watching these fools run, he must have thrilled with satisfaction at sight of the willing slaves. For some days after Goodman's sermon there was a low muttering of dissatisfaction. Shepard said nothing, but in his heart he felt a rebellion against the tyranny of the speaker that he could not overcome. He believed Mormonism was the work of God, and he thought its teachers would be filled with the love of God. He expected the Bishop would

be a father to the emigrant, and like a kind and thoughtful father bear with their weakness and ignorance. He did not wish to leave a Mormon camp for any wages the Gentiles would give him, still he saw no harm in a man leaving to better himself, and he could not understand why the Bishop should feel so bitter about it. "Was not a man free to work where he could get the best wages? Must he be led by the Bishop and have no choice of his own?" Shepard asked himself these questions, and they troubled him, for this was not Mormonism as he understood. thought it was all love and liberty, but the words and tone of Bishop Goodman implied the opposite. Henceforth, in Shepard's eyes, this Bishop lost his dignity. Shortly after this, Shepard sold his overcoat to the teamster that brought him to camp. The man had wanted it for a long time, and though he did not want to sell it he let it go to get rid of him.

When the man got the coat on his form he said: "I have no money now, but will pay you in a few days

when I get some from the Bishop."

Shepard looked at the man in surprise, not that he doubted his honesty, but it was a strange thing to him for a man to tease for weeks to get the coat and then have no money to pay for it. The man noticing his hesitation, said: "Come over to the office and I'll fix it with Brother Goodman."

Shepard followed him over and he said: "Bishop, I have just bought an overcoat from Brother Shepard, so charge me with ten dollars and pay to him."

"All right," said the Bishop. "Anything you want

to get now, Brother Shepard?"

"I will take the money," answered Shepard.

"I have no money on hand now, but expect some in a few days and will pay you when it comes."

Shepard went back to his dugout quite satisfied. A few days afterward the teamster went home, and

the following day one of the men asked Shepard if

he had been paid for his coat.

To Shepard's answer of, "No, not yet," he exclaimed: "You damned greenhorn, you will never get it."

The Utah Mormons present laughed, and Shepard felt quite badly. Not that he cared much for the loss of the coat, but to be called a "damned greenhorn" after trusting a brother, hurt him greatly. He thought over the words for days and could not get rid of it.

He asked himself: "Why am I a greenhorn? Will not the Bishop pay me? Is he not honest? Is my Utah brother not honest? If they are, why should those Utah saints call me a greenhorn? If they are dishonest, it is not kind or brotherly for them to call names and laugh at my loss. I cannot believe the Bishop will cheat, and those men are coarse and heartless and cannot be true saints."

Shepard called upon the Bishop and was told that no money had come yet. At the end of the month, he heard some money had come, so he went to the Bishop again.

When he entered the office the Bishop said: "He has not sent you the ten dollars yet, Brother Shepard."

Shepard looked at the Bishop for a moment and

then said: "I was to get the money from you."

"And so you will when the teamster sends it. You see he got a time check when he left for all that was due him and he cashed it in Salt Lake, so I cannot

pay you until he sends the money."

Shepard did not understand that kind of business, so he went back to work and waited. A few days later Shepard heard that the Bishop was going away with most of the men to start a new camp somewhere on the river. Shepard called on the Bishop before he left to see about the money, and got the same answer: "It has not come yet."

Shepard remained at the old camp to help finish the work and then went down to the others. He had been at work about three months and had not been paid a dollar. So he went to the office for a settlement, the evening before they left camp. And the clerk said with a smile: "I can only give you a time check. The railroad company are very slow to pay for the work and we are waiting for money from them."

Shepard replied: "I want the money, a check is no use to me. As you know, we move to-morrow, and I shall need some money on the way down, for I have

not a cent."

After some further talk, the clerk gave Shepard ten dollars in money and a due-bill for the balance. And that was the only money Shepard ever got for those months of toil. A year after he got store pay for his due bill, but it did him little good for he gave most of it away. He had to take it on a store that was getting rid of some old stock that was of little good to any one.

Brown looked blue when Shepard told him he could not get paid up and had only got ten dollars in money, and said: "I must have more money than that."

He went to the office and soon came back smiling and said: "You don't know how to do it, lad."

"You don't mean to say they have settled with

you!" exclaimed Shepard in surprise.

"No, not so good as that, but I got twenty-five dollars," and Brown chuckled at what he thought was his smartness. Shepard felt hurt at the injustice, but he did not worry, for ten dollars would be enough for the present, and had he not a due bill in his pocket for the rest?

As they tramped along ahead of the wagon next day, Brown told the boys how he got twenty-five dollars from the clerk and Shepard only ten dollars.

One of them said: "Smith did better than that, for he got fifty dollars."

Brown pricked up his ears and said as his eyes

bulged out: "How the devil was that?"

"Oh," replied the teamster, "he made a row and wouldn't take less."

Brown exclaimed in a passion: "Damn him! I'd

have punched his head for fifty dollars."

Shepard laughed, and then thought seriously of the matter. It seemed to him that the quiet and refined were taken advantage of in this "blessed Zion" that he had praised so much, and the noisy, coarse and

vulgar were treated best.

When Shepard reached the new camp he was informed that he was only about seventy miles from Salt Lake City. Here were several men who crossed the plains with him, so he inquired about Howard, and learned he was living in Salt Lake in great poverty. Annie was not with them, for she had gone north to keep house for an old friend of her father.

"Where is Brother Boyle?" asked Shepard.

"Brother Boyle," repeated the man. "Did you not hear about him?"

"I have not heard a word about him since we parted," replied Shepard.

"Have you not? Why, Brother Boyle has been

dead and buried for nearly two months.

Shepard was shocked at the statement, and said with a quiver in his voice: "Come, my good brother, sit down with me and tell me all about it."

There was not much to tell. When he reached Salt Lake, Brother Boyle had gotten a situation in a store and had a fair prospect of getting a share in the business. He was doing well but was restless and he began to inquire into Mormonism as it was practised in Utah. He soon became convinced it was a fraud and left the church, and in his bitterness and disap-

pointment said all religion was false. He worried so much about it that he brought on brain fever, and he died raving about his wife and home.

Shepard was deeply grieved, for of all his friends Brother Boyle was the dearest, and his counsel was the wisest and best. Shepard thought much of Boyle's leaving the church and would have given anything to have seen him before his death. He was much worried, but he clung to the gospel and assured himself that it was true if all else was false.

About six weeks after this Shepard was handed a note by a brother just out from Salt Lake. He opened it and found it was from Howard, who said he "was out of work and badly off, and would Brother Shepard please send him a little money." When Shepard had read the note the man who brought it asked, "Does Howard want money?"

"Yes," said Shepard.

"Then take my advice and don't send any. Let him go to work like the rest of us and earn his money. You are in a strange country and don't know what you may need, so take care of your money and don't give it to any one."

Shepard listened to this good advice, but did not heed it, for that evening he went to the office and asked for the money due him. The clerk wanted to put him off with ten dollars, but Shepard declared he would have fifty dollars or take his time and go to Salt Lake and draw all his money. He finally left with forty dollars, as the clerk swore it was every cent he had in the office. Shepard sent the money to Howard next day, and rejoiced that he was able to help him.

Shepard worked until spring and then went down to Salt Lake. He found Howard at home but doing no steady work, and they were very poor. Mrs. Howard had just emptied the flour sack and did not know where the next was to come from. They insisted that

Shepard should stop with them while in Salt Lake. After a chat about things he went up town and got flour and a bill of groceries and ordered them taken to Howard's. Then he went to the butcher shop and got a large piece of beef and carried it home feeling as proud as a king. Shepard stayed at Howard's three days and they made much of him. He had a long talk with Howard about Annie and asked him if he had any objection to her becoming his wife.

Howard answered: "No, my dear boy, no. I would rather have you for a son than any one I know. I will write to Annie and bid her come home. When

will you be in again?"

"I shall come to Salt Lake again in about three months. By that time I shall have enough money to make her comfortable until I can get steady employment. I will write to Annie, and when I hear from her I will send her the money to prepare everything."

A talk about Utah and the "gospel" showed How-

ard was much dissatisfied with many things.

Shepard asked: "What was the direct cause of

Brother Boyle's death?"

"Brain fever," replied Howard. "After he left the church he worried a deal about his wife and family. He seemed to think he had done his wife a great wrong. He could not rest night or day, and when he was taken down sick he went off in a short time."

"Poor Brother Boyle," said Shepard. "He has

been murdered by Mormon lies."

Shepard left Howard's next day and went West. As soon as he was settled in the new camp he wrote Annie a tender little note, telling her she was all the world to him still, and he was ready to marry her now if she would name the day.

When the letter was gone he counted the passing days with joy and said to himself: "Does not every

day bring her answer nearer to me."

The days passed into weeks, and the weeks into months, but no letter came from Annie or Howard. The road was finished, the last spike driven, and then Shepard started for Salt Lake. He learned at Ogden that Howard had gone up the road to work on one of the sections and had taken his family with him.

Shepard took the next train East to where Howard

was working.

Howard exclaimed, when Shepard reached the house: "Glad to see you, my boy. Where have you been all this time?"

Shepard replied: "Steady at work, and waiting for

a letter from you or Annie."

"What! Did you not get a letter from me?" said Howard.

"No, I did not."

"Nor from Annie, either?" exclaimed Howard.

"No," replied Shepard, then his heart bounded with joy as he cried:

"Is Annie here?"

Howard looked serious as he answered: "No, she has not come yet and I have not heard from her. I thought, perhaps, she had written to you, and you young folks had arranged to give us a surprise."

Shepard thought to leave next day, but Mrs. Howard would not hear of it, and said: "You must stay a week at the least. And don't look so sorrowful, for it will be all right when Appie comes down"

it will be all right when Annie comes down."

Howard also said: "She may be on her way now,

so cheer up, my boy."

Shepard stayed the week and became more sorrowful and dejected each day. Near the end of the week he felt he had sustained some great loss and was racked with sighs that were most pitiful to hear.

Mrs. Howard said: "Don't sigh so, lad, you will hurt yourself. There is no need to go on like this. Annie will come down yet and all will be well. But if

she does not come I wouldn't go on like this. You

take it too seriously and there's no need of it."

Shepard had a bad attack of lovesickness. He could not eat or sleep and wandered around like a lost soul. On the morning of his departure, Howard walked with him to the depot, and while waiting for the train spoke words of hope and cheer. They had a good effect upon Shepard's mind, for as the train thundered down the canon, past "one thousand mile tree" and the devil's slide, and still on and down to the devil's gate, his spirits rose again and he threw off the dreadful nightmare.

At Ogden he met a friend by the name of Dalton, who informed him that he was working on the section above. Shepard went home with his friend and stayed several days, helping him. Dalton offered steady work to Shepard, who promised to take it after he

had been to Salt Lake to cash his checks.

"I have to go in for some supplies," said Dalton, "so I will start to-morrow and you can ride with me."

"Can I go too," said Bessie, Dalton's sixteen-year-

old daughter.

"No, my dear, not this time," replied Dalton.

"Well, papa, don't let Mr. Shepard run away, but

see that he comes back again."

As she spoke she cast a sweet glance from her lovely brown eyes at Shepard but he did not notice it. He, poor fellow, had only eyes for one woman, and did not know this girl was sweeter than a dozen Annies.

Next day as they rode along under the bright sun, Shepard told Dalton how he had been troubled about

Annie not writing.

"But," said he, "I was foolish, for Annie is true

and good."

"Do you remember what I told you in the winter?" said Dalton.

"When we were talking about Annie?" asked

Shepard.

"Yes, when I told you, you ought to be looking after her, or the old chap would get away with her. Now, I don't wish to discourage you, but I think he has done it."

"What makes you think so?"

"Those letters you say Annie and Howard wrote to you, but you never received. One of them might be lost or gone astray, but it isn't likely both would."

Shepard smiled as he had done before; he had put all doubt away now and felt that Annie would be

true.

They had been in Salt Lake two days and would leave next morning. Shepard was walking about to pass away the afternoon, when he met Ben Jones. They were pleased to meet and Shepard went with Ben to see the folks. Brother and Sister Jones were away from home, but Miss Jones was delighted to see Shepard and would have him stay to tea.

As she rolled the biscuit Miss Jones said: "You ought to have been in two weeks ago, for we had such

a jolly time."

"Did you. What was it about?" asked Shepard.
"Oh, you know Annie Howard was in and got married."

Shepard felt a great pain shoot through his heart, and he turned deadly sick, the room seemed to go round and round, and though he tried to speak he could not utter a word.

The girl, getting no answer, continued: "They stopped with us two nights and we had lots of fun."

Here the girl was interrupted by Ben, who exclaimed: "And they carried him to bed to her. He is such a little fellow, not as big as me, and he is all twisted up and looks as old as grandpa."

"You shut up," said the girl. "He isn't as old as

grandpa. He is only about forty, for I heard mother say so."

"He looks dry enough to be eighty," replied Ben.
"What does that matter?" answered the girl,

"Annie loves him and that's everything."

Shepard saw he must say something, so asked in a husky voice: "Is he rich?"

"No," answered Ben, "he's only got a city lot and

a little log house."

"But he works in a store," put in the girl.

"I know he does," said Ben, "but he only just makes a living."

"You don't know anything about it."
"Yes, I do. I heard mother say so."

Shepard told them not to quarrel over it, for it did not matter, and then walked out to get a little fresh air.

And this was the end of all his dreams. This love of his, this woman he worshiped next to his God, had married a man like that. Shepard groaned and then cried: "Oh, God, I did not think she could be untrue or false." He felt faint and sick, and the bright lovely evening seemed gray and dull.

Ben came out to him and seeing his white face, said:

"What is the matter, are you ill?"

"Your room is close and hot and has given me a

headache," replied Shepard.

But much greater than any headache was the ache at his heart. Miss Jones called them to supper, and it was with difficulty that Shepard forced himself to eat a little.

"Did Brother Howard know Annie was going to

be married?" asked Shepard at length.

"Yes, he gave his consent," answered the girl. "Why did he not come down to the wedding?"

"Annie said her father could not afford to come down at present."

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Shepard was silent for some time and then said: "Are you sure Brother Howard knew Annie was

going to be married at that time?"

"Of course I am. Annie told me so. She had his consent to marry Brother Tatsby months ago, and when they left home they wrote to Brother Howard to meet them here if he could possibly come down."

Shepard stayed an hour after supper, asking questions about Annie and her husband. He could not discover anything to indicate that Annie loved Tatsby. Their conduct had been foolish and like that of ignorant children who had given themselves to enjoy the fun. There had been much merriment over the "little fellow" and Annie had enjoyed it as much as any one. Shepard was inclined to think Tatsby was drunk when they put him to bed to Annie, but Ben said he was not but that they only carried him to bed because he was so little. Annie had not once mentioned Shepard, and it appeared she had dropped him from her memory entirely.

He slowly walked back to where Dalton was camped, feeling that the light and life had been crushed out of him forever. Yet, he felt no resentment toward Annie, but rather a strange pity for her and himself. He could not understand how his proud Annie could act as stated, he would have thought her the last woman in the world to have allowed or taken any part in such foolishness. And, yet, he did not doubt Miss Iones' statement, for he was sure she loved Annie too well to tell an untruth about her. This marriage seemed to Shepard such a childish affair. had been so clownish and Annie seemed to have been a worthy pantaloon. To Shepard's exalted ideas of marriage such conduct was extremely disgusting. But he could not yet feel the disgust toward Annie that would come later, for he was now too much broken up to see or feel anything clearly.

They left next morning, and when they were fairly on the way, Dalton, who had noticed Shepard's dejection since early morning, said: "What is wrong with you to-day?"

Shepard only said in answer: "Annie is married."

"The devil take her!" exclaimed Dalton; "now,
Shepard, I am real sorry for you in this disappointment and will do anything in my power to make it
lighter for you, but don't take it so hard, for you have
not lost so much as you think. When did she marry
and who is the man?"

"She married Mr. Tatsby, her father's old friend, and the wedding took place about two weeks

ago."

"Well, my boy," said Dalton, "don't worry about it, She is not worthy of you and you are better without a wife of that kind. She has not got heart enough for you, and she has too much cold pride and is too narrow-minded for you. Shepard, you are inclined to worship woman, and you need a wife worthy of your worship. You would be disappointed in Annie in many ways. She is too intolerant and bigoted to suit you. I have often noticed her look of contempt for those who differed from her, and I have seen her toss her proud head and walk away from them like a queen. To her kind it might seem very stately, but nevertheless it was very small and she was the contemptible one. You are not a bit alike, and how you can love and worship her is one of those things no one can understand. Annie's heart is too cold to return a love like yours, and I think is too cold to love Tatsby. I think there was some kind of a bargain between Howard and Tatsby. I think Tatsby helped Howard emigrate, and when Annie was sent to keep house for Tatsby, I think she understood she would become his wife. Anyway, she is gone, and is not worth grieving over. Look at her treatment of

you on the train. That of itself showed she was not a loving nor an intelligent woman."

"But, Dalton," said Shepard, " that was a mis-

understanding."

"So I was told, yet it proves that she was unloving and stupid. If she had been smart she would have learned the truth and have been for you instead of against you. I tell you, Shepard, she is a cold-hearted, worthless girl, and does not know the feeling of pure love. Even if you had refused to give up the seat she was not justified in treating you as she did, and a loving woman would not have done so. If she had treated me that way I would see her to the devil before I would marry her."

"I forgave her for that thoughtlessness, for I

considered it nothing else."

"I do not doubt you forgave her," said Dalton,

"and it is quite likely you forgive her now."

"I do so," answered Shepard. "I have not a hard thought for her or a word to say against her. I blame myself for not writing earlier and informing her of my aims and hopes. I did not expect this, or I should not have toiled in sickness as I did, but I was working for her. The money I earned was to make her a home. I had a hard trip on the way here, and have worked hard since, but I would have done it over again for her if it was ten times as hard. I may be very foolish, Dalton, but she was all the world to me, and now I have lost her for ever."

There was something like a wail in Shepard's voice as he ceased speaking, and his face was pinched and

there was a wistful look in his eyes.

Dalton was a jolly man and let few things trouble him, but he was touched by Shepard's sorrow and said feelingly: "Don't feel so bad about it. She is gone; don't think any more about her, for it can do no good, and besides there are many better girls left. Don't let one worthless girl spoil your happiness; look around for another. Shepard, my boy, if you can see anything good or lovable in Bessie, you don't need to be uneasy about my consent, for I should be glad to call you son."

"I thank you, Dalton, but I shall never marry. I can love no woman but Annie, and I would not marry

without love."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Dalton. "You will get over this and then wonder how you could have been so foolish."

Shepard shook his head. It seemed to him he should always feel so, and that he would never be his old self again. He was extremely dejected; the glorious sun had lost its brightness, the fresh grass seemed yellow and the earth seemed to lie under an eclipse. Yet through it all, he felt the trouble was in his eyes, in his brain and heart. Dalton had a large store of funny yarns, and to cheer Shepard, and cause him to forget his trouble, if possible, he told his varns one after another as they rode along, but could not draw a smile from Shepard. Dalton was too good-natured and liked Shepard too well to take offense, so he kept on with his stories, but it was exceedingly ludicrous to hear him laughing heartily at his own yarns, and see his companion sitting by him still and sober as a judge.

Shepard went to work with Dalton and was very quiet and serious. He took no part in the games of the other workmen, but studied much and tried to love his religion. There were some apostates in the gang Shepard worked with who were men of much intelligence. They had seen a deal of Mormonism, and, like most men who have been deceived, were very severe on the Mormon system. Shepard undertook the defense of his religion, and found he invariably got the worst of it; he would not believe the

crimes charged against the saints, until he heard some of the honest saints talk about them and admit they were true. An old sister told him of dark deeds done in the past by order of the priesthood. It troubled Shepard considerably, for he had come to think the gospel was true and the priesthood was of God. He determined to depend upon others for knowledge no longer, but would have a testimony for himself of the truth of Mormonism. Then began the greatest struggle of his life. He fasted and prayed and read the Bible and the church works, but instead of a testimony he seriously began to doubt the truth of the gospel. Most of his Mormon friends advised him to be baptized and take his "endowment," and then the devil could not tempt him.

An old Mormon who crossed the sea at the same time as Shepard said: "Brother Shepard, those Shellton sisters are good, nice girls; take them through the

house and marry them."

Shepard answered: "Yes, brother, those are good girls. I noticed them on the sea and plains, and can truly say either one is good enough for any man. They are sweet-tempered, sensible girls, but I cannot take them brother for I shell never many."

take them, brother, for I shall never marry."

"You are foolish, Brother Shepard, and talk nonsense. You must marry and build up the kingdom. You must have a posterity of your own, or you will be a bootblack and a servant in the next world. If my old woman would let me I would take them myself and not give you the chance. Take them at once, for girls like them will soon be picked up."

About this time one of the men he worked with suggested they take a trip to Salt Lake City. So Shepard went in for a few days' rest. While in the city, Shepard was introduced to an old Mormon who had left the church and joined the Josephites. He took quite an interest in Shepard, and showed him how

Brigham had led the saints astray. In a plain way he pointed out the errors of the Mormons, and then took him to the tithing yard, and showed him the pinched and half-starved wives of workingmen, waiting to get a little meat or butter. He pointed out the servants of the heads of the church, when they came in with cmpty baskets, and bade him notice how quickly they returned with baskets filled with choice meat, chickens, butter and eggs. He also took Shepard to the homes of some of the men who worked on the temple, that he might hear for himself the stories of their trouble in getting the food they wanted.

Shepard burned with indignation as he listened to the women's pitiful stories. He found wrong and injustice under the shadow of the temple's walls and the prophet's home. He found the drones were consuming the best of everything, while the toiler was given the decayed vegetables and stinking meat. At one house they called at the good wife was boiling a piece of beef she had just brought from the "tithing store," and the smell of it was nearly unbearable. The "slink" the butchers at home were fined for selling

was choice meat compared to it.

While in the city Shepard became acquainted with a very intelligent spiritualist, a man who had just left the Mormon church after belonging to it for many years. He showed Shepard that the devil had nothing to do with his doubt.

He said: "Those thoughts you attribute to the devil come from your own brain. It is your reason trying to free you from fraud and humbug. It is not a sin to doubt, but many times it is a good thing. So doubt everything that is unreasonable or contrary to nature, and investigate everything without fear of the devil, or anything else."

When Shepard grasped the meaning of the spiritualist's words, he gave a deep sigh of relief, and he felt as if tons upon tons of heavy black clouds had been taken from his head. The devil had been a reality to him, and it was exceedingly pleasant to get rid of him. Henceforth there was no devil or burning hell to Shepard, and with their departure came a higher, broader and grander conception of God's love than he had ever known. He saw, now, the cold "Adam" God of the Mormons, and saw they were like their God, selfish, cowardly and mean. No more prayers and supplications to such a God; instead he would join the brave apostles of Utah. He went back to work feeling like a new man. His friends were surprised and pleased at the change. He said little, but there was an energy and an earnestness about him that was good to see.

Dalton was overjoyed to see him changed so much for the better, and said with a smile: "Did you find

another angel in Salt Lake?"

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Shepard laughed; it was the first time in many months. In the dull past he rarely smiled, but he could laugh now, for he knew well what Dalton meant, so he replied: "No, better than that; I have gotten rid of a devil."

Then he told Dalton all he had seen and heard, and said earnestly: "I have not joined the church since I came to Utah, and I never will, for I have done with Mormonism for ever."

A few days later, as Dalton and Shepard sat talking after supper, a teacher from the "ward" below came in. After chatting a little, he asked Dalton if he was not ready to renew his covenants. Said he: "Unless you renew your covenants and go through the house you are not one of us and do not belong to the church."

Dalton replied: "I will do so before long, but am not ready just now."

Turning to Shepard, the teacher said: "You, of course, will renew at the same time."

"No, I shall not," answered Shepard.

"This won't do," said the teacher. "You must put away this unrest and doubt, and then all will be well. Brother Dalton, we are to have a three days' drill over Jordan, and Brother Wells wants every ablebodied man to go. Here is a notice for you, and you must be there without fail."

Dalton did not like this, so he said as he took the notice: "I have no gun or sword, so can be of no use

there."

"That makes no difference, brother. You can take a pitchfork or broom-handle, or anything of that kind, for it will do just as well. Brother Shepard, here is a notice for you."

Shepard was leaning back in the chair with his

hands in his pockets.

Without moving, he said quietly: "I do not want it."

"But you must take it, and it is no use to make excuses."

"I make no excuses," answered Shepard. "I do not intend to go, so simply say I do not want it."

The teacher gazed at Shepard in astonishment for a moment, and then said in a solemn, threatening voice: "Brother Wells has said that any one who fails to attend the drill without good cause will be suspended from the church, and do you know what that means?"

"No, and I do not care."

"But do you not know it is a sin to disobey the priesthood, and for so doing you are likely to be cut off from the church?"

"Your priesthood is nothing to me, and you can cut off when you please, for I do not acknowledge your church. I came here a Latter Day Saint, and have found amongst you a lot of latter day devils, who have lied for the sake of bringing us here. As you taught your creed in England, in the main, it was good. Here you practise what you dared not teach there. Instead of giving freedom you enslave, and would have me obey a vile priesthood in all things, and become a traitor to the Government that protects me. I have not joined your church and do not intend to do so. I have done with your gospel, so don't call me brother any more."

The teacher was much surprised. He had assumed to speak with authority, but now said in a mild, coaxing tone: "Take the paper anyway; it cannot harm

you."

He laid the notice on Shepard's knee as he spoke. Shepard shook it off and answered: "It can do me no good, and I wish you to understand that I receive no notice nor obey any order from your priesthood. I have become an American, and shall obey the laws of my adopted country and not those of your church. Do not trouble me any more, for I have done with your creed."

The teacher took up the paper and left, and there was silence in the room for several minutes. It was broken by Mrs. Dalton, who said: "You have made the teacher mad, Shepard, and he will report you."

"I did not wish to anger him nor hurt his feelings, but it is best he should understand I want nothing to do with his church. I did not want to leave them, and I have prayed their religion might be true. I wanted it to be true, and would have made any sacrifice for it if I had found it so. But against my own inclination and desire, the evidence I have had has proven it to be a fraud and not a God-given religion. I am now certain it is a man-made system, and I believe the aim of its leaders is worldly power and the gratification of unbounded lust. I have been weak

and wavering, for I was groping in the dark, but I have now found the light of Americanism. I am no longer uncertain about Mormonism, so I want it known where I stand."

"What will your friends think?" asked Dalton.

"I do not know, but it is most likely they will misjudge me; and perhaps some of them will say I have committed some secret sin that caused me to leave the church. You know the priesthood tell the people that the apostate has in secret committed some crime or sin, and because of it the Lord makes him leave the church so he may be damned. Dalton, just look at it," and Shepard arose as he spoke. "When they cannot control a man and keep him a slave, they try to blast his character for ever. And it is done, amongst their dupes, for they believe it, and speculate amongst themselves upon the awful thing Brother So-and-So must have done to cause him to deny the Holy Ghost. Holy devils, Dalton! It is a cursed creed, a cursed priesthood, and a cursed people, who can teach and believe such stuff and call it religion. There is no religion about it: it is a damned fraud, and I cannot help saying so."

Shepard walked out to cool off, for he had become warm. Mrs. Dalton was astonished; she had never heard Shepard swear before, and to her simple soul this was awful swearing. She thought of those Salt Lake spiritualists, then shook her head, and was quite ready to believe they had cast a spell over him. She looked at her husband. He sat quietly smoking his pipe and was not alarmed in the least. He rather liked this talk of Shepard's, but could not go quite so

far himself.

Things went along nicely with Shepard. He was studying Mormonism from a new standpoint and looking up its weak places. Though not aggressive, he was always ready to "tackle" bishop, priest or

teacher. With the first snow storm Howard came down and settled near to Dalton, and got work at the same place. Shepard went to live with them, for the Howards were still dear to him. It was a happy reunion, and they treated him like a son, and he could not doubt them. For their kindness, past and present, he tried to fully pay them, and if money, presents and labor would pay it, it was many times paid. The Howards claimed they did not know Annie was going to be married, and said they were sorry she married that way.

Howard was quite liberal, and many times joined Shepard in a bout with the Mormons who frequently spent an evening with them. Mrs. Howard would often become mad at them and berate them roundly. She was loyal to the core, and though she saw some wrong in the church, she declared the gospel was true

She said: "Any one that does wrong and does not live his religion will be damned, and serve him right too."

In the winter, Shepard got a severe blow, in the accidental discovery of a letter from Annie to her father. It had been thrown in the woodshed with some old papers, and seeing her loved hand, he took it up, and a quiver of joy passed over him as he thought of the soft warm hand that had penned those lines. He did not mean to read the letter, but on the open page before him he saw his own name, and he knew all at a glance. It was an answer to the letter her father had written to her, stating Shepard had asked his leave to marry her and he had given his consent.

In reply she had written: "You were very foolish to give your consent to anything of the kind, for I am going to marry Brother Tatsby."

Poor Shepard! This was the cruelest cut of all.

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He was deeply wounded and his heart ached with a new anguish. Yet he felt no resentment; his love was so great that he could not think nor speak unkindly of her. He had taken some papers to start the fire with, so he placed the letter between one of them, as no doubt it had been before, and took it to the stove. He resolved no one should know he had seen the letter nor know he suffered.

In the spring, Shepard's Gentile boss left and a "good saint" took his place. He undertook to bring Shepard back to Mormonism and preached the gospel to him. In return, Shepard gave him strong doses of Americanism, which did not agree with the traitor's stomach, so he belched forth fumes of fire and brimstone, and "hell across lots."

Shepard laughed at him and told him his hell was burnt out, and his devil was a cur that had been so scared by the whistle of the locomotive that he had drawn in his horns and tail, covered up his hideous feet, and tried to make strangers believe he was a gentleman and an American.

Howard sided with Shepard no longer, but became one of the nastiest Mormons of the place. He was constantly sneering at the government and the American people, and as sure as Shepard heard him there was a spat. Mrs. Howard told them to stop their quarreling or she would put them both out. Still, week after week it went on.

Dalton asked Shepard to supper one evening, and when it was over said: "I find the boss intends to turn off a couple of men, as he can get along without them. Howard being the last man here, should be one of them. He has known of it for some time, and has so worked himself in with the boss that he is not likely to go. He has been working against you,—I have it from a friend of the boss, and there is no doubt of it,

so do not say anything more about Mormonism or they will work you out."

"Do I ever begin an argument?" asked Shepard.

"No, but that isn't it; you must pay no attention to

them when they begin it."

"It is no use to try, Dalton, for I cannot be quiet when these ignorant foreigners are abusing my adopted country. They abuse its officers and declare them to be corrupt from the President down, and say the country is going to the devil. What do these beef-eating fools know of America? They see everything through Mormon spectacles. So far those men have had full bellies and more money in their pockets than they ever had at one time before, and they give Brigham credit for it all and praise the Lord. They are too dull to see that it is American money, brought here by American enterprise, that blesses them. And to cap it all, they abuse and would smite the hand that feeds them. Don't ask me to be quiet for sake of a job when traitors abuse my country and its people. I have learned enough to know that America is the best country in the world for the workingman. It is a Godsend to struggling humanity. When I was in England I was not afraid to speak for Mormonism, for I believed it was true, and, now that I have found it false I am going to say so and fear the loss of no If there was a doubt in my mind that I was wrong in leaving Mormonism it is gone now, for these have proven I was right in every way. I could never have known the vileness of Mormonism if I had not opposed it."

Dalton said no more; he saw it was useless. Shepard's strong words pleased him, and he liked to see the Mormons worsted in argument, but he did not wish to see him discharged for opposing Mormonism. He also hoped that Shepard might love again and be attracted by Bessie, but Shepard thought he should

never love again and should nevr marry. Women

were sisters to him and nothing more.

Some time after Dalton's advice to Shepard, Howard and Shepard got in a heated argument over Mormonism. Howard asserted there would be another war between the North and South, and they would so weaken themselves and ruin the nation that the Mormons would have to step in and save it from destruction. "And," thundered Howard, "we shall then govern this nation, and Zion will rise in her glory and the whole world will bow before us in fear and trembling."

"Bah!" exclaimed Shepard, "no one is going to bow down to or be afraid of a despised thing like

Mormonism."

Howard grew white at the words and screamed: "I tell you they are, and the government fear us now. The people fear us because we are righteous and have the power of the Lord, and they would like to drive us away so they could take our homes and wives. But they had better not try it, for we shall not be driven again."

"You are crazy," said Shepard. "The people do not want your homes or wives, and the fear is in your own hearts. You know you are traitors to the government, and like all criminals you are in constant fear

of law and justice."

"It's a lie!" shrieked Howard. "We fear nothing but the Lord. He is with us, and we can whip the United States, and we will do so if they attempt to drive us again."

Shepard became quite serious and asked: "Would

you fight against the government?"

"Yes, I would if Brigham ordered it. And why not? Have they not murdered our prophets and robbed us of our homes? Would you not fight for Mormonism if it was required?"

"No, I would not," answered Shepard.
"Would you fight against Mormonism?"

"I do not wish to fight."

Howard became quite excited again and cried: "That is no answer. I want to know if you would

fight against the Mormons?"

Shepard looked defiantly into Howard's flashing eyes, and his own began to sparkle, but controlling himself, he said in low, earnest tones: "I do not believe in war, I do not like fighting; I have many friends amongst the Mormons and would not like to see them harmed; still, if my country or duty required it, I would fight against the Mormons, England, or any one else."

Howard raised his arm as he asked again: "Do you

say you would fight against the Mormons?"

Shepard answered with gleaming eyes and set face:

"I do say so, and I would do it, too."

For a full minute there was silence in the room. They had risen, and Shepard stood before Howard, looking into his blazing eyes, and Howard's strong arm seemed ready to fell Shepard to the floor.

Mrs. Howard, from across the room, looked upon them with frightened face. She who had always been ready to stop their quarreling dared not speak now, for she knew only too well what Howard was when mad, having herself many times felt his blows.

At last Howard cried, mad with passion: "I want you to get out of my house. No one who would destroy the saints can live with me. No damned apostate can find shelter under my roof. I want you to get out right away, for I have had enough of your devilish lies."

As he finished speaking, he grabbed his hat and left the room. Shepard's face was very stern. He made no answer, but at once began to gather up his things.

Mrs. Howard went to him and, laying her hand upon his shoulder, said: "You must not notice him, for he does not mean it. He is mad to-night and does not know what he is saying. Pay no attention to him, and he will be all right in the morning."

Shepard answered: "Perhaps he will, yet I shall

go."

He went to his room and soon returned with his blankets under his arm.

Mrs. Howard took hold of him and exclaimed:

"You shall not go to-night; it is too late."

Shepard spoke to her kindly, and showed her the folly of remaining longer with them. When she found he would not remain, with tears in her eyes she let him go out into the darkness.

Shepard went to a neighbor's shed and made a bed in the hay. He thought as he lay down: "I shall find

no Mormon fanaticism or intolerance here."

At that moment one of the horses whinnied, and Shepard said with a grim smile: "Glad to hear you, trusty horse, for your whinny is far pleasanter than the bray of the Mormon jackass."

Shepard went down to Dalton's for breakfast next morning, and got there just as Dalton was leaving for

work.

"Hello, Shepard," exclaimed Dalton, "is there

something wrong this morning?"

"Yes, I had a fuss with Howard last night, and have left there. Can I stay with you for a few days?"

"Of course you can, and we shall be glad to have you all the time; but tell me the cause of the row."

"There is not time now. I will tell you to-night."

"What! Are you not going to work?"

"No, I will lay off to-day and move down."

Shepard went to Howard's after breakfast for his trunk. Mrs. Howard bade him a pleasant good morn-

ing and said: "Brother Howard is sorry for what he said last night, and does not want you to leave. He has no ill-feeling toward you this morning, so bring up your blankets and think no more about it."

Shepard replied: "I have arranged to stay at Dal-

ton's a few days, then I shall go South."

"Surely you are not going to leave on account of this quarrel?"

"No, not altogether on account of it. I want a

change, and might as well go now."

She begged him to stay, assured him he was as dear to them as a son, told him there would be no more trouble if he stayed, for they would not talk about religion. She pleaded in vain, for Shepard would not return.

Shepard returned to Dalton's, and that evening gave him an account of his quarrel with Howard, and said: "I shall leave you in two or three days and go South."

"Don't be foolish," answered Dalton. "You are doing well here, so let well alone. Annie is coming down soon, and if she finds you have left on account of a quarrel with her father, will she not think she is lucky in marrying Brother Tatsby instead of you?"

"I do not care what Annie thinks, for she is nothing to me. Neither do I wish to see her, for I love her still and might make a fool of myself. Not that I should mention the past or my suffering, or let her know I loved her still, but I am afraid she would see it in my eyes. I know it is foolish and weak in me to love her after what she has done, but I cannot help it. I have been thinking of a change for some time, so do not leave altogether on account of the quarrel or Annie's coming, though they hasten my departure."

Three days later Shepard was standing at Dalton's door waiting for the team that was to take him to Salt Lake. Dalton, his wife and Bessie were there.

Sweet Bessie, who had been "hired out" to a farmer's wife near by, had come home to see Shepard off. It was Dalton's dearest wish to have Shepard for a son. He hoped he might have forgotten Annie and learned to love one who was sweeter, prettier and better. But no; Shepard's heart was seared, and he did not think he should ever love or marry. It was a sorrowful parting, for the Daltons thought much of Shepard and it grieved them that he should go away. Shepard himself was affected, but felt it was best to go. He stayed in Salt Lake a few days, and then went South and obtained employment. He worked until Christmas, when, obtaining leave to go off for a week, he went to see his friend Dalton, who had moved to Ogden.

They greeted him cordially and their words of welcome caused his heart to glow as it had not done for months. His Christmas was a happy one and his heart was warmed with a new joy. Bessie brought home a number of her friends, thinking they would please him, but he, poor fellow, was afraid of the girls and tried to run away; but they caught him, and he had to share in their fun. Yet he felt strangely out of place. He did not seem to be young any more, and he chose to be with the older folks.

But there was one ringing laugh that was pleasant to his ears, one light foot he caught himself listening for, and there was one smile that gave his heart a little thrill. He hardly knew the cause of it, or what it meant, but it would come when Bessie smiled upon him, and it was very sweet and tender. Mrs. Dalton was pleased and satisfied, and when mothers are satisfied all must be going well.

Shepard enjoyed his visit to the Daltons very much, and at parting said: "I shall come again when I can get away from my work for a few days."

And Mrs. Dalton answered: "Do so, and come

soon, for we like to see our friends often."

As Shepard pressed Bessie's hand at parting, he felt it would be a pleasure to visit them soon. But it was not to be, for henceforth he would have no interest in Ogden. Ties he did not even dream of would keep him away. One of those strange things in life was going to happen, and when the Daltons saw Shepard again he would be a married man. If any one had told him so, he would have thought him crazy. If any one had asked him if he would ever marry he would have answered: "No."

Yet, the train was whirling him to the woman who would soon be his wife.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE ORPHANS.

When Shepard reached Salt Lake, instead of taking a hack to a hotel, he walked to the home of an old friend who wished him to stay at his house whenever he came to the city. Mr. Sweet, the man Shepard called upon, was also an old friend of his father. He was exceedingly glad to see Shepard and said: "You are just the man I want to see: I am in the position of the old woman who "had so many children she didn't know what to do." But you can help me out, and are the man to do it, too. Come and see the women folks and I will tell you all about it afterwards. And, Shepard, keep your eyes open and notice some one closely."

"Well, what a surprise!" exclaimed Mrs. Sweet, as Shepard entered the sitting-room. "When did you

come to town?"

"I have just arrived, and leave again to-morrow."

"We will see about that. It is a long time since we saw you, and now we have gotten you we shall try to keep you a few days at the least."

"I cannot well do so, for I promised to be back to-

morrow," answered Shepard.

"Never mind your promise. They can get along a few days without you, I am sure."

"You had better give in," said Sweet, "for these women will have their own way."

Mrs, Sweet turned to the window, where sat a

young lady hitherto unnoticed by Shepard, and said: "Mr. Shepard, this is Miss Harland, the daughter of your father's old friend. Miss Harland, this is Mr. Shepard, whom you have heard so much about."

After some conversation, Sweet said: "Shepard,

let us take a walk up town."

As they walked along, Sweet said: "What do

you think of Miss Harland?"

"She is a quiet little woman," answered Shepard, "but she does not impress me favorably. Why do

vou ask?"

"Well, to be plain, I want to get a home for her. I have also a fatherly interest in you, and would like to see you settled. You wander around too much and squander your money on your friends. You are not happy, and won't be until you take a wife and make a home of your own. Maggie Harland is a quiet, good girl, and is just the kind of a woman you need for a wife, and I will warrant you she will make a good wife. She is the orphan daughter of one of your family's best friends. She is your towns-woman, so her ways will suit you. She has been here but a short time and has not a friend in the country but ourselves. You need some one to toil for and encourage you in your labor, to comfort you in distress, and to share your joys. You are now aimless and purposeless and need an object in life. Marry Miss Harland, Shepard. I know you can't do a better thing."

Shepard did not answer at once, but when he did he was quite serious. He said: "I do not intend to marry, and if I did this woman could be nothing to

me."

"Nonsense, Shepard, you ought to get over this foolishness. You ought to marry and make yourself a home, and you can't find a better girl than Maggie. She brings a high recommend from your own father. Here it is, read it."

Sweet handed a letter to Shepard. It was a letter from Shepard's father to Mr. Sweet and closed as follows: "You will receive this letter from the hands of Miss Harland, a most worthy daughter of our old friend, Vincent Harland. She leaves for Zion tomorrow, and as she is alone in the world, I know you will take a fatherly interest in her, and help her to find a comfortable home. My son William is somewhere in Utah, and I hear has left the church, and intends to leave the territory. If you know anything of him, and can see him, get him interested in Miss Harland. She would make him an excellent wife. If he can assist you in procuring a home for her, ask him to do so, for she is worthy of all he can do for her. With love to all, I am your brother in the everlasting gospel. W. C. Shepard."

Shepard handed the letter back without a word. He was asking himself if his father had sent him a

wife.

Seeing Shepard's serious face, Sweet said: "The old man wants you to marry her. Will you do so?"

"No, I will not," answered Shepard.

"Why not?" said Sweet.

"Because I do not want a wife, and I do not love her."

"Don't be uneasy about love, that will come afterward."

"May be," said Shepard, "but I shall not risk it." Finding he could not induce Shepard to marry or make any promise, Sweet said: "Will you help me find her a home? I cannot afford to keep her, for work is slack with me this time of the year. Maggie has always been used to weaving and knows little about housekeeping, so I don't like her to go amongst strangers. I would like her to have a good place. Will you stay in town a day or two and help me to find one for her?"

Shepard promised to do so, and they shortly returned home. That evening, after supper, and while Miss Harland was washing dishes, Mrs. Sweet took Shepard aside and in her own motherly way showed him the advantages of settling down, and advised him to marry Maggie. But Shepard would not consent to it, and was shocked at the idea of marrying a woman he did not love, and who rather repelled than attracted him. Though he did not think to marry, he had strong ideas in regard to marriage. He considered marriage holy and sacred, and not to be thoughtlessly entered into. He believed in the union of hearts and souls and an affinity of spirit. There might be nothing congenial between himself and this woman, and what a sin it would be to marry. As she was poor and friendless he would assist her, but would not marry her.

Such were Shepard's thoughts as he and Sweet went around next day to inquire of their friends where they could find a place for Miss Harland. But Sweet spent more time trying to induce Shepard to marry, than in anything else.

As they were going home, Sweet said: "She loves you, Shepard, and it is my opinion she came to Zion on account of you as much as anything."

Shepard felt cross and exclaimed hastily: "How can that be?"

"Just this way, and it is quite plain to me. Since she was left alone she has spent most of her time with your folks, and I know they would never have done talking about their boy who had gone to Zion, and though you may not know it, you are the dearest one in the world to them. Your ready help when they needed anything, and your noble, generous nature has often been commented upon. She has heard your letters read and has become as familiar with your history as your own folks. Before you left home she

had seen you and remembered you quite well. Being alone herself, she must have often thought of you struggling alone here, and must have pitied you. With your father's letter in her pocket she must have often thought of you as she came along, and may have prayed to meet you and find favor in your eyes. Since she came to us we have talked much about you, and if she does not love you she certainly esteems you very highly. You will forgive me for pressing this marriage upon you, when I tell you it is done for your sake, for I feel sure it will promote your welfare and happiness."

Shepard did not answer, for those last words carried his mind back to many acts of kindness that had been bestowed upon him by Mr. and Mrs. Sweet. There was no selfishness in their friendship. They wished to do him good and benefit him, there was no doubt of that. Shepard was not offended at them for urging this marriage, for he regarded them above all other friends, and would have done anything to please

them except marry.

So he said: "I do not doubt but you mean me well, but I cannot marry a woman I do not love. If she is interested in me, and desires it, I will write to her occasionally. But it must be understood I write as a friend only. If our friendship should ripen into love I may marry her, but will not do it now."

Sweet answered: "Marry her before you go away,

you will never regret it."

Several days passed and a comfortable home had been found for Miss Harland. She was to go in a day or two, and Shepard would leave on the morrow. Every day the Sweets had worked with him from early morn until late at night trying to induce him to marry. But he stood firm and answered, "No," to all their pleading.

This last afternoon, as Shepard was helping Sweet

in his shop, Sweet said: 'Don't go away to-morrow,

but stay and marry Maggie."

"What foolishness!" exclaimed Shepard. "You talk as if the girl had nothing to say in the matter, and I had only to ask and receive. It is not likely she would have me, for I have hardly noticed or spoken to her."

"Will you try her and see?" said Sweet eagerly.

"No, I do not want to marry."

Shepard went to work again, glad to be away from the disagreeable subject. But it was not for long, for Sweet stopped him, and began to talk about the marriage again. He showed him the barren life he had lived since Annie jilted him, pictured the beauties of home, of the happy fireside and loving wife, and said again: "Marry Miss Harland, Shepard."

"No, Sweet, I do not wish to, and please don't men-

tion it again, for she would not have me anyway."

"Try her, my boy. Will you ask her to please me?" Shepard was bothered for a moment, and in that moment of weakness, answered: "Yes."

He was startled by the word, and was sorry he had spoken it; in his inmost soul he shrank from the word, and his heart rebelled at the thought of asking a

woman he did not love to become his wife.

He turned cold and shivered a little, as Sweet cried with joy: "You will never regret it, Shepard, I assure you, you will never regret it, and you will find it the best thing you ever did. Go over to the house, my boy, and ask her at once."

Then Shepard spoke long and with much earnestness about the folly and sin of marrying without love, and cried out in anguish: "I did not mean to

say yes, and I will not ask her."

Sweet answered quietly: "You have promised to ask her. I know you to be a man of honor, so you will keep your promise."

"I will not ask her to marry me," said Shepard,

savagely.

Then he took up a tool and went to work, for he could not bear to be still. He was sorry that he had called to see the Sweets. He wished there was a train going South so he could leave that evening. He was thoroughly miserable, and would have given everything he possessed to call back that word, yes. He made up his mind to slip off in the morning before the Sweets got up and then write them about it. But it was not to be that way, for Sweet stopped his work again and said: "Go to the house and propose to her, Shepard."

But Shepard did not answer. He turned to the window and saw the wintry sun approaching the western hills. And those snow-clad hills did not seem more cold than his heart. Sweet went to the window also and urged Shepard to go to the house, and the tempter never was more persevering in his efforts to lead a soul astray, than Sweet was to effect this mar-

riage.

Shepard felt himself to be "between the devil and the deep sea," and there seemed nothing but the deep sea of matrimony for him. Sweet looked upon his rueful face and exclaimed: "Pluck up your courage, man; and go and ask her. It is not half so serious as you think it! At the worst she can only say no."

"Ah!" thought Shepard, "that would be the best of it. But would she?"

If he had been sure of receiving "No," he would have gone quickly, but he was afraid, very much afraid, she would say, "Yes."

"See!" exclaimed Sweet, "Maggie is there now.

Go and ask her."

Shepard turned his eyes to the house and saw Miss Harland sweeping the porch. He gazed for a moment and an awful seriousness came into his face, then with-

out a word he went to his fate. He reached the porch as Maggie turned to go into the house, and calling her by her name said quietly: "I wish to speak to you for a moment."

She glanced into his eyes, a little startled, turned, and waited for him to proceed. She must have known what was coming, but if it gave her joy she did not show it.

Shepard said: "Miss Harland, I have come to ask you to be my wife. We are almost strangers. We know little or nothing of each other, and I cannot say I love you. I can make you no promise for the future. All I can say is, I will try to do right. I do not know if I am worthy of you, and I do not claim to be better than others. You may find many better than I. I do not know if I can make you happy. Under these conditions, will you become my wife?"

She answered quietly and simply: "Yes, I will."

He bowed, and returned to the shop.

"What was her answer?" asked Sweet. "She did not refuse you, I know."

Shepard shook his head sorrowfully and replied:

"No, she did not."
"When shall it be, Shepard? You will take her with you of course?"

"No, I cannot do so; I must find a home here for

"Don't rent, Shepard, but buy a home of your own. I know of a nice little place that is for sale cheap."
"I have not the money," answered Shepard.

"If you can pay part of it, you can get time on the rest. We will go up to-morrow and see the place."

Shepard went with Sweet, next day, and a bargain was made at once, and the first payment made upon the little home. After it was furnished, there was a quiet little wedding at Sweets' and Shepard moved home with his bride.

He was anxious to be back to work, and only remained home a few days, then he went south, intend-

ing to stay until the home was paid for.

Through the winter he felt a strange sense of pity for himself, for being so weak as to marry to please his friend. Sometimes he would smile at his folly, and many times said to himself that he was a fool, a poor weak fool. But spring was here now with its buds and blossoms, and the grass and flowers had a new charm for him. The birds' song was sweet to him again, and seemed to sing of love and happy hearts. As he thought of his lonely wife at home, his heart gave a thrill of pity, and we are cold, "pity is akin to love."

Lovely spring passed along after blessing all with her smiles, and then came her regal sister, summer, with glowing, radiant face, and with her warm, sweet breath, she turned the tender grass to fragrant hay, changed the scented blossoms to luscious fruit, and blessed the husbandman with wealth of golden grain. Shepard turned his face homeward. The home was paid for now, and he could go back free. The meeting with his wife was a tender one, and as she gazed upon him with anxious imploring eyes, her soul seemed calling from them for sympathy and love. His heart answered to her call, and henceforth she was very dear to him.

She, with her quiet, slow nature, hardly realized how dear she became to him. The years brought them joys, sorrow, care and troubles, yet he never regretted the marrying Maggie. She was not his ideal, and perhaps his ideal was too lofty to exist in this wicked world, but she was self-sacrificing and devoted, and they had a greater measure of happiness than thousands who marry for love.

We will now return to Nevada, where we left Shepard in Mrs. Stanley's little parlor.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## LOVE AND CONSCIENCE.

WHEN Mrs. Stanley returned home from her visit to the Beaumonts', she went to the parlor thinking to introduce Shepard to her daughter, but she found no one there but John, who sat quietly smoking his pipe.

She asked if Mr. Shepard was around and John answered: "He has gone up to the mine, mum."

"He must be better, then," said Mrs. Stanley.

"He didn't look like it, mum."

"Why, how did he look?"

"Well, mum, he looked like he'd seen the devil, and he went up the hill like the devil was after him."

"How you do talk, John, I do not understand you."

"And I don't understand it, mum. When I came into the room Mr. Shepard was staring at the ceiling like he saw something startling there, and when I bid him good evening, he grabbed his hat and was off like a shot, and didn't even say, 'boo.' If he was a drinking man, mum, I should think he had 'em in his boots."

Mrs. Stanley looked from John to Jennie and said:

"I hope there is nothing wrong."

Jennie felt that she was the innocent cause of this man's strange action, and a feeling of pity went out to him, and she felt a thrill of the heart that was new to her. It was a sweet thrill of joy, but not unmixed with sorrow.

She glanced at John and said: "Did you say he went toward the mine?"

"Yes, Miss, he went right for the mine."

"Perhaps he forgot something there that may be dangerous, and thinking of it, rushed off to attend to it."

"You've hit it, Miss!" exclaimed John, "that must

be the thing that gave him the turn."

Mrs. Stanley thought it might be something of the kind, and no more was said about it. Shepard did not stop at the mine, but went up the mountain, and there had a fierce battle with himself. He thought of the strange love that had come over him; he felt it was wrong to love another besides his wife, and he knew he ought to put it from his heart, yet he was sure he would never be able to do so. He thought of his wife and the little ones at home, but they could not drive this new love from his heart, for it had come to stay for ever. Yet he fought against it, and after a time he concluded to go home and not go near the Stanleys again. Then he thought of Jennie's sweet face and glorious eyes, and felt he could not go, but must see them again if they sent him to hell.

He got back to Mrs. Stanley's as the first streaks of day came over the hills. He was pale and haggard, but had conquered himself, so he thought, and he had concluded to stay and devote himself to his work, and see as little of Jennie as possible. He found John making the fires, so he said to him: "You must excuse me for running off without speaking to you last night. You know I have not been feeling well, and last evenig I must have been a little light-headed. I am going to turn in now, and you need not call me to dinner."

"All right," replied John as he turned to his fire again. Yet at noon, Shepard was up and went in to dinner shortly after the call. Jennie was waiting upon the boarders, as Nellie and the other girl were spending a day at home.

Shepard felt the strange, sweet influence again as

Jennie passed in and out, and he dared not look at her. He could not trust himself, and he would not have those men know he had fallen in love with her for all the mines in the place. When he left the table he went to Hopwood's and spent a pleasant afternoon with them.

As they sat at supper, Hopwood asked Shepard

what he thought of Miss Stanley.

"She is lovely," replied Shepard, "and it seems strange she should be waiting upon a rough set of miners."

"So it is! so it is!" exclaimed Hopwood, "yet there is not one of them but would give his life for her if necessary. A lucky man will be he that wins Jennie Stanley, and if I was a little younger, and not tied to Mrs. Hopwood, I should try to get her myself."

Hopwood winked at Shepard when Mrs. Hopwood said: "It would do you no good to try, for Jennie will never marry. And, indeed, I do not blame her, for there is no one here half good enough for her."

"You see how much my wife thinks of me," said Hopwood with a laugh. "But she is right, for Jennie

is certainly too good for any one here."

As Shepard slowly walked back to the Stanley house, he pondered much over his feelings since he had seen Jennie. He knew he must control them or leave the place. If he remained he would see and be near her often, that would indeed be sweet, so he determined to show no signs of his love, but keep it hidden in his own heart.

It was a lovely evening, and as he approached the house he saw Mrs. Stanley and her daughter sitting on the porch enjoying the cool breeze. Shepard's first impulse was to avoid them, but a glance showed him they were looking toward him, and to turn back now would be rude and foolish. So nerving himself to the

uttermost, he was up to the porch and said: "Good

evening, ladies."

"Good evening," answered both ladies, and Mrs. Stanley added, "I was afraid I offended you in some way as you rushed off so quickly after dinner. I wished to introduce you to my daughter, and now take pleasure in doing so."

Shepard gazed into that sweet face again, and into those eyes that were like heaven's light to him. His soul thrilled within him, and he found her hand most

comforting.

Turning toward Mrs. Stanley he said: "I beg pardon for being so rude, but I did not wish to intrude

upon you."

They chatted pleasantly until the stars came out and cast their pale light over the hills. Then arose the full moon in its silvery splendor, and as its light fell upon Jennie she seemed like a saint to Shepard,

so good and pure she appeared.

Shepard said little, it was far pleasanter to listen to Jennie's sweet voice. It was the sweetest evening he had ever known, and he sat there long after the ladies retired. He sat there thinking of the barren past, of his old love, and of his wife. He wondered how he could have loved Annie. The years had not made her sainted in his memory, but they had opened his eyes and showed him what a cold, inferior woman she had been. She had not one attribute of his ideal.

September had come, Shepard was on night shift, and it was to be his last. Hopwood was going to England and was giving Shepard charge of the mine. He had found Shepard to be steady and trusty, his knowledge of mining was good, so he concluded to let him run the mine while he took the long-desired trip to the old land. For the past month he had taken Shepard below daily so he could learn his system of

mining. The new engineer would be along in a few days, then he would go and leave all to Shepard. It was Friday evening and Shepard, not having much to do, concluded to answer a letter he had received from home two or three days before. Going to his coat, he found he had left his wife's letter in his room in his other coat pocket. Knowing the letter would not go for two days if he missed the next mail, he concluded to go down to the house, as there were some things in his wife's letter he wished to look over again.

So he said to the fireman: "Look after things, Bill,

for I am going away for a short time."

It was dark when he got to the house, and thinking he could find the letter in a moment, he went to his room without a light. He groped his way to the closet, but he had misplaced the letter, and did not find it at once, and while he was feeling over his pockets, he heard steps come into his room. His coat hung behind the closet door, and he had almost closed himself in, in his attempt to find the letter. He saw there was a light in his room, and before he could make himself known, he heard Mrs. Stanley say: "I feel tired, Jennie, so you arrange the room and I will rest a little."

He heard Jennie's sweet voice as she answered: "You work too hard, mother, and ought to give up this life. It would be best to settle down, for I am

afraid we shall never find him."

"Perhaps you are right," answered Mrs. Stanley, "and I begin to despair myself, but I can never be settled without him. Idleness would be worse than toil, and I should die if I had nothing to do. It grieves me to drag you around the world, but, love, you will not allow me to co alone."

"No, mother, I shall never leave you, and I was not thinking of myself, but of you. It is not for

me to complain, who has been the cause of all your misery. Where you go, I go, no matter what I——"

Jennie paused and did not finish the sentence, so Mrs. Stanley asked: "No matter what, my dear?"

Jennie answered: "No matter what I suffer."
"Do you love him so very much, Jennie?"

"Oh, mother, it is more than love, I worship him. He is dearer than life itself. I could be content to be his slave and wait upon him. I would care for him in sickness, comfort him in distress, soothe his cares away, and should feel happy if he smiled upon me. To become his wife would be heaven's richest blessing to me. But, mother, it cannot be, he belongs to another. Yet, if he were free, it could not be. Dearest mother! It is sweet to be near him. I never dreamed there was such joy in life for me, such pure heavenly bliss. He is more to me than all the world, more than all but you."

"Jennie, love, would you always like to have him

near you?"

"Oh, mother, how could it be?"

"I could confide to him our secret, and he could

assist us in the search."

"No, mother, you must not tell him. He would despise me and turn from me in horror. He must not know that through my folly and sin my brother became a murderer and outcast, a wanderer without home or friends. It will kill me to part from him, knowing I shall never see him more, but better to die of a broken heart and know he loves me. Do not tell him, mother, for it would cause him to loathe me, and I should die from shame."

Jennie sobbed piteously, and as Shepard stood in that dark closet his tears also ran down his face.

Mrs. Stanley spoke again and said: "Jennie, love, I do not wish to confide our secret to a living soul, but if it would promote your happiness I would tell

it to him. He could help us search, he would be near

you, and I could pay him well."

"To have him near, mother, would be to dwell in Paradise, but I cannot bear that he should know my

sin, so do not tell him."

"Be it so, my dear, but I do not think you need trouble over Mr. Shepard despising you if he should learn of your sin. I don't believe he would consider you committed a sin, and I think he would have acted as Jack did, if he had been there. And this is the reason I trusted him, I do not think he would harm you, but would defend you with his life if you were in danger. But as you do not wish it, he shall not know of our secret. He is only our friend, and can be nothing more, but if he were single it might be different."

"No, mother, he could not be anything more than my friend. If he were single and proposed marriage I would not marry him. I would not deceive him, and I could not reveal the past. When you go on again, Jennie goes with you, though she bears a broken

heart."

There was silence in the room for a few moments, and Shepard's heart beat painfully loud. It seemed to him they must hear it and discover his presence, and it was a relief to him when Jennie spoke again. She said: "If we could do something for him, mother; help him out of debt and start him in business, so he would not have to toil and struggle as in the past, it would comfort me greatly. It would console me at parting to know I had been a blessing to him, and it would give me joy to make him happy and free."

"I have proffered him assistance," said Mrs.

Stanley, "but he would not accept it."

"He is proud, mother, and would receive nothing unless he could return it with interest. We must do something, but he must not know we do it. He must not know where the help comes from. Learn his

wants and desires, mother, so I can see him comfortable before we leave."

"I will do so, my dear, and I will assist you in

blessing this man."

"Thank you, mother, but you will please allow me to do it all. I can well spare part of my small fortune. I shall not need it, and it will bless me to bless him and his."

Mrs. Stanley smiled and said gently: "I see my sweet daughter is a little selfish after all, and would prevent me from assisting one who has become as dear to me as my son. We will arrange it, my dear, and you shall know he is doing well before we leave."

"Bless you, mother, and may you be made as happy

as I, by finding Jack."

Mrs. Stanley burst into tears and sobbed. "If I could only find Jack. Could only find my son." Drying their eyes they left the room, and shortly afterward Shepard stole quietly from the house. His brain was in a whirl, and he many times asked himself: "What could it mean?"

But he was sure Jennie loved him, he had heard her say so, and his heart was wild with rapture. And as he hurried to the mine he cried: "I despise her! I loathe her! Oh, God! I love her more than ever! She is all the word to me! She is my light and life."

He became calmer toward morning, and thought much of the confession of love that Jennie had made to her mother. He asked himself why had Jack committed murder and what was Jennie's sin. And his heart answered, Jennie never sinned, the angels in heaven are not more pure than she. When he went down the hill in the morning there was a greater tenderness in his heart for Jennie, and he said to himself: "What a poor, selfish thing is man, and how incapable of woman's pure self-sacrifice."

He retired to his room, that room now sacred to

him, for here Jennie had poured out her love. There she had said she worshiped him. He felt it would be sweet to die now, for life would never bring him greater happiness. He arose late in the afternoon, his heart trembling with joy. He felt it sweet to be loved by such a charming woman as Jennie.

When he went to the parlor, Mrs. Stanley greeted him most kindly, and said: "You have slept long to-day, and must have worked hard last night. Would you not like some business better that gave you

no night work?"

"It would be pleasanter," answered Shepard, "but I have no choice at present, and must make the best of it."

"Do you not know of a good mill site," asked Mrs. Stanley, "where a mill is needed. I have a little money I would like to invest in a good business, and if the management of such a business would suit you better than mining, I would invest if I was sure it was safe."

"I do not know of any such place," answered Shepard, "and I could not take the management of anything of the kind, for I have hired to Hopwood for a

year.'

"I do not mean that you should leave Hopwood now, but if at the end of the year you should wish to take hold of anything of the kind I shall be glad to invest."

"I thank you," said Shepard, "and I will think the matter over."

He then went up to the mine, and as he slowly ascended the hill he felt very grateful to these new friends, but felt he could take nothing from them. He wished from his heart he could repay them for their good will. He would readily help them in the search for the lost one, but dare not tell them he knew their secret. The night work was over now, for Hopwood

had gone, and Shepard had full control of the mine. He was confined to business a little more closely, but still had time for some charming rides, made more dear and charming than ever, for when the winter

came he knew they must end.

Shepard gave much thought to the offer made by Mrs. Stanley. She had said she would invest her money, and give him charge of the business, and he asked himself if that would keep them near him. He was afraid it would not. If they heard nothing of the lost one they would no doubt leave in the spring, and perhaps he should never see them again. thought gave him much sorrow, for he could not bear to part from them.

Then flashed through his mind the question: "Why not induce them to invest in some of the mines?" His heart thrilled at the thought, and he said to himself: "That is the very thing! But it must be a mine that will pay, for I would not have them lose a dollar. I cannot keep them here for ever, but I may prolong

their stay."

Shepard then began the study of the mines and their formation. He found the Silver Star Mine of great assistance. He found it to be a true fissure, and he concluded there were other mines on the same vein as good if they were only developed. He examined them closely, and inquired if they were for sale. Some of the owners would sell, but he found they held their claims outrageously high. He had about given up the thought of mines, when he was informed there was a good-looking prospect to be sold for cost of work upon it, but it was out of the mineral belt. He went to see it and found it about a mile and a half from the Silver Star Mine. The claim was located at the foot of some low hills, and across a large cañon from the mineral belt, and was the only prospect to be found on that side. Shepard looked it over carefully, and concluded it was no good. He would have left at once, but the owners detained him, and dwelt upon the merits of the claim.

Shepard listened, but with no intention of buying. He was willing they should talk, for it would in a measure satisfy them for the trouble they had taken to show him around. One of them said: "You can have the mine for two thousand dollars, and that is much below cost."

"I do not doubt it," said Shepard, "still the claim is not worth half the money. Your prospect was worth more, and you could have sold better when you first struck it. Don't you see your vein is running out of the hill, and you will see daylight in fifty feet? The vein in our tunnel is about pinched out, and so it is in your shaft. Your ore is all on top, and not much there."

The men said nothing, they knew it was only too true. But as Shepard finished speaking a thought flashed through his mind that startled him. It occurred to him that this might not be the vein at all, but only a spur from it. He told the men he would see them again, and left. But they did not believe him, and felt sure he would not call again.

Shepard went back to the Silver Star in a deep study. He felt there might be something in this idea, and was satisfied if this was only a spur from the vein proper, the vein itself would contain ore if he could find it. He took the bearings of the Silver Star, and then for three days examined the mountain. On the evening of the third day he stood on the mountain looking down into the cañon, and at the hills on the other side. They were lower and flatter than the mountain he stood upon, and if these ledges continued they were covered on the other side. According to his bearing the Silver Star ledge was eight or nine hundred feet above the claim on the other side,

and Shepard became convinced that the claim was only a spur. He went down and over to the claim, and reached there as the men were leaving work. They were surprised to see him, and readily took him through the mine, when Shepard informed them he would like to examine it again. He looked through every part closely, but in fact was only interested in the hundred and fifty feet of tunnel. That was running in the right direction, and though the seam had pinched for the last thirty feet, Shepard thought it was pretty sure to hold its own now.

He shook his head as he turned away from the face,

and said:

"There is rather a slim showing, boys, but I will give it another night's study, and let you know to-morrow what I will do."

Shepard had a long talk that evening with Mrs. Stanley. After stating the case, he said: "Of course it is not certain the ledge is there, and if it is, it is still uncertain if it contains ore. All I can say is the ledge ought to be there, and ought to carry ore. If I had money I would buy and risk it."

Mrs. Stanley asked him if he would take half interest, and Shepard said he could not do so, for had

not the money to pay for it.

Mrs. Stanley replied: "I know nothing of mines, but I have full confidence in your judgment and honesty, so, if you will take half interest I will give you the money to buy the mine, and you can pay me for your half at the end of the year, and if you should not be able to do so then, I will let it go another. We will each pay half the working expenses, and you can manage it."

"What interest will you require?" asked Shepard.
"Don't mention interest, Mr. Shepard, I would not take any from you. If you are willing to take the

money on those terms, we will buy the mine to-morrow."

Shepard thought for some time, and was still undecided when Mrs. Stanley ended the subject by saying: "It is a bargain; you shall have the money in the morning, and I hope for your sake that it will be a fortunate investment. And if it should not prove to be so, you will hear no complaint from me, for I can assure you the loss will not hurt me."

Next day Shepard bought the mine, and recorded it under a new name. Mrs. Stanley got up a little supper that evening and invited the Beaumonts. When they arrived she said: "Mr. Shepard, Jennie and I have bought a mine, so I concluded to have a small

supper over it."

When the wine was served, John arose and said: "I wish success to the——" He stopped suddenly and then said with a laugh: "I'm blamed if I know the name. What do you call it, Mr. Shepard?"

"The Stanley Mine," answered Shepard.

"Ah!" exclaimed John, "I drink to that name with the greatest satisfaction, and I speak success for the mine. That name has had bad luck for a long time, but it will change and you will be a rich man, Mr. Shepard."

John spoke earnestly and as he closed Shepard said: "I feel you are right, John. That name will bring fortune, and may it also bring peace, joy and happi-

ness to all."

"Amen!" exclaimed John.

The Beaumonts were somewhat surprised at John's earnestness, and Mrs. Beaumont, thinking it had reference to Mrs. Stanley's mode of living, said: "I hope you will make a paying mine out of it, Mr. Shepard, for I should like to see my friends able to live comfortably without keeping a boarding-house. You must excuse me, Mrs. Stanley, for I cannot help

saying it is a shame that yourself and Jennie should have to cook for and wait upon a rough set of miners.

So, I, too, drink success to the Stanley Mine."

The following day, Shepard had a long talk with Mrs. Stanley and Jennie in regard to working the mine, and it ended by Mrs. Stanley saying: "Run the mine to suit yourself, and employ all the men you need. You can call upon me at any time for what money you may require."

Shepard replied: "I think two men are all we need at present. I will drive the tunnel in to where the vein should be. The ground is not hard, so a man can go along quite fast single-handed. I will work two shifts and each man can run out his own dirt at present, and when they get in some further I will put on a carman to run out the waste. Would you not like to go over and see the mine?"

Mrs. Stanley and Jennie said it would please them to see it, and they knew Mrs. Beaumont and Viola would also like to go. So Shepard drove them over next day, and while they were chatting on the dump one of the old owners came over and asked Shepard if

he intended to commence work at once.

Shepard answered: "I will start up in a day or two. I shall only work two men at present, and may send them from the Silver Star until I find men to suit me."

"I would like to work for you," said the old owner, and will work hard, too. If any one can find ore

I think I can."

"All right," said Shepard, "you can start to work in the morning. I do not intend to look for ore in the old workings at present, but will run the tunnel into the mountain. I have an idea your work is on a spur from the vein, so I will follow it into the hill to where I think the vein should be, and if that

ore seam does not pinch out I shall run a thousand feet on it before I give up."

"Where did you get that idea?" asked the former

owner. "Who gave it to you?"

"No one. It is my own. It came to me after I had examined your mine and come to the conclusion it was no good. When I left you I studied the formation and the trend of the principal veins in camp and concluded I was right, and on the strength of that opinion we bought your mine. What do you think of it?"

"I think you are right, and I see we have been damned fools in working as we have. If I had got your idea I would not have sold, but as poor as I am I would have followed that streak and found

where it led to."

Shepard smiled and said: "Well, if you do good honest work you may yet find if it leads to the vein. For the present you will be your own boss, for I cannot be here myself, but I shall ride over nearly every evening to see how it looks. You can start to work at eight o'clock, take an hour for dinner and quit at five o'clock. I think eight hours is enough for a man to work. Of course I mean hard, honest work, from the time you go on until you come off. I do not expect or want you to sit around part of the time, as many miners do, wishing it was quitting time. When on night shift you will go on at five o'clock, take an hour for supper, and go off at two o'clock."

"I would rather go on at seven o'clock and off at three o'clock, for I get up early and would have to wait around an hour longer before going to work."

"No need to wait around," said Shepard. "If you are up early take a walk around the fields and hear the birds sing. If you have a garden, go out and pull the weeds, and dig what potatoes your wife

needs, carry over what water she wants, and do the chores to give you an appetite for breakfast. If you do this you will enjoy your food more, and it will do you more good than going from your bed to the breakfast table. I think it would be better for the workingmen, and for their wives, too, if they were not compelled to go to work before eight o'clock. If they were not, they could enjoy the lovely mornings, and do many a little thing for their wives to lighten their labor, which now in their hurry to get to work they never think of. In the winter the extra morning hour in bed would be agreeable to most men."

"Don't you think a half hour would be long enough

to eat lunch in when on night shift?"

"Yes," answered Shepard, "a half hour is long enough to eat, and I think you would feel better to rest half an hour after eating before going to work. Perhaps these ideas are new to you, yet I have had them for years, and if I strike anything good here I will work my men that way. I believe it will pay to do so. I shall allow my men to board where they please, but if it is necessary to keep a boarding-house, I will do away with the lunch bucket and have the men come to supper at nine o'clock. There need be little extra work for the cook, for the tea and coffee and meat could be put on the stove to keep warm, and it would be no more trouble next morning to wash a few dishes than washing the lunch buckets. I think if this was done where the boarding-house is at the mine the men would appreciate it and do more work. I can truly say there is nothing lost by treating workingmen well, and I have seen much loss when they have been treated badly. You will understand from what I have said that I want a good, honest day's work done, but do not think I am a nigger driver. I would treat you so well that you would drive yourself without any scolding or pushing from me. I will pay the same wages as the other

mines and pay on the fifth of each month."

Shepard went to the ladies, who had gathered at the mouth of the tunnel, and, lighting candles, showed them around, after which they rode home at a spanking rate, feeling pleased with their trip. At the end of two weeks the seam in the tunnel had pinched to two inches and did not show a speck of ore. But at the pinch they struck a good foot wall, and the hanging being decomposed, it was easily worked. Shepard felt no way discouraged, for he was pretty sure the seam would pinch no closer and the iron it contained showed finely for ore.

He had made a new strike in the Silver Star and was quite elated over it. Two of the owners from California, having been East, stopped over a few days and came to see the mine. They were much pleased with it, and on returning home would have Shepard

go as far as the railroad with them.

It was Saturday, so Shepard concluded he would not return until Sunday evening. He informed Mrs.

Stanley and then went off with the owners.

They got to the railroad early, and the owners, finding some California friends there, they all had a jolly time. They took a spin around after supper, and the Californians set them up so fast, that Shepard found they would down him unless he got away.

He had finished all business with the mine owners, so having nothing to detain him he took the first chance to slip away from them. He thought to go to bed at once, but concluded to arrange for a horse, so he could leave at daylight. As he went toward the stable a great homesickness came over him, and he longed to be back in his little room at the Stanleys'.

Then the question flashed through his mind, "Why

can't I go home now? What use to stay here? They

will want me to drink more in the morning."

He hired a horse and agreed to send it back by the stage on Monday, and in fifteen minutes was on his way home. Not on his way home to Utah, for he Lardly thought of that home now, but to the Stanley house, the only home he cared for. In his haste to be there he drove his spurs into the horse's flanks so suddenly, that he was nearly thrown as the horse bounded on. As it was he lost his hat, and by his uttermost strength could not stop the horse to regain it.

"Fool!" exclaimed Shepard, but whether he meant the horse or himself, for so wickedly striking a strange beast, would be hard to tell. Shepard became tired of pulling on the bit, so he gave the horse the reins and allowed him to rush on through the darkness. Shepard was so intent upon keeping his seat that he did not look ahead for a long time, and when he did look up he was surprised to see lights in the distance.

Those lights he knew were at the town of V and he wondered how he had gotten over that long, dreary road so quickly. When he reached town he saw a light at the stables, so he rode up and called for the hostler, who upon seeing the horse exclaimed: "By gad, you have put him through, and he looks like he'd been drawn through a knot hole. Where is your hat?"

"I lost it," replied Shepard, "and I could not stop the horse to turn back for it. I spurred him rather severely, not minding just what I was doing, and he nearly threw me, and I am glad he did not leave me behind as well as the hat."

"You did well to stay with him, for he is a devil

to go if you make him mad."

Shepard left the stable and walked slowly home. On Saturday night John generally left the sittingroom door loose and the light turned down, and more than one tipsy boarder coming home late had spent the night there. Shepard opened the door and put his head in to see if there was any one within, and was surprised to see the dining-room door open. He concluded John was around yet and maybe was taking a bite before he turned in. The ride had made Shepard hungry, so he went through the dining-room and into the kitchen and then saw a light in the buttery, so he threw the door wide open and stepped in.

But instead of finding John, as he expected, he saw Jennie sitting before him with a pie on her lap. Her large, brown eyes brightened when she saw who had entered, and she said with a smile: "Why, Mr. Shep-

ard, you are back early."

Shepard felt as he had felt once before, and he could not speak, but stood gazing at her as if fascinated. Divining his object in coming to the buttery she said sweetly: "I suppose you have come for some of your favorite mutton pie. It is all gone but this small piece, please take it."

Jennie arose and held the plate toward him. Then Shepard found his voice and stammered: "I—I couldn't take it from you. I am sure you—you are very kind, but I am not hungry now and do not wish

anything, thank you."

Jennie smiled at his embarrassment and said coax-

ingly: "Do take it, I know you can eat it."

"Beg your pardon," answered Shepard, "but I cannot take it. I could not eat it, for I have only just come from supper."

Jennie was inclined to laugh and there was a merry light in her eyes as she said: "You are stubborn and do not deserve any pie, but I know you came for it, so take it."

As she finished speaking she extended the plate toward him with a quick, impatient motion that electrified and seemed to set him on fire. Quick as a flash he sprang forward and clasped her in his arms and covered her face with kisses. He seized her so suddenly that the plate flew from her hand and she

was too astonished to speak or resist.

Folding her tight to his heart he cried: "O, Jennie, O, love. O, sweet, thou are mine, my own dear love. Thou art the hope of my soul and my life is barren without thee. My heart is thine, you have all my love, and you love me in return; then why should we live on with longing, aching hearts. Be mine, Jennie, and let us fly—fly away on the wings of night to some land where we may be happy. I will devote my life to thee. All shall be joy and gladness, the misery of the past shall be buried in oblivion, and thou shalt reign the blessed and worshiped queen of my home. Let us go this hour. I have done one wild ride tonight, but it shall be slow compared to the speed of our flight. The wind shall not be more swift; nothing shall overtake us, nothing shall bring us back, and nothing shall part us until death. O, love, life will be so sweet and dear with thee! Come, we will seek some safe retreat, where song of bird, scented flowers. and bubbling rills shall give melody, fragrance and music to our home."

He paused and Jennie said quietly: "Please let me

go, Mr. Shepard, you hurt me."

He looked into her sweet face and saw she was in great pain and the tears streaming from her eyes. He felt something hard against his breast that he had not noticed until then, and his heart smote him, for he that would have saved her from all pain, had been torturing her. Instinct told him what the hard substance was that lay hidden in her breast. Releasing her gently he kissed her with great tenderness, and stood before her with a world of pity in his sad eyes. His strong, mad clasp had broken the fastenings

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of her dress, and something gleamed from the opening. He carefully drew it forth and found it to be a pistol of fine workmanship, and at a glance saw it was no toy but that it was made to kill. There was a spot of blood on the hammer and Shepard felt he was a brute for pressing it into her tender flesh. He took hold of the barrel, and placing his other hand upon her shoulder he looked into her loved eyes and said: "If it is an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, it should also be blood for blood. Here is your pistol, revenge yourself."

Jennie took the pistol from his hand, laid it 1pon a shelf, and then sank into her chair, her breast heaving with great agitation. He stood before her with a grave, white face and tears in his eyes. He gazed down upon her and she up at him, half blinded

by her own glittering tears.

When she recovered her composure she said in tones of heavenly sweetness: "Perhaps it is best that we understand each other more fully. It is true I love you, and I would do any honorable thing to make you happy. But I could not go away with you, and indeed you do not wish it. You have merely forgotten yourself for a moment and would not have me fly away with you, for you know I could not make you happy. If I went with you, how would you feel when you thought of your deserted wife and family? How would you feel when you thought of my mother and the wrong you had done to her? I know how you would feel, and I know the thought of it would kill you with shame and sorrow. Dear friend, when this madness passes from you, you will grieve over what you have said and be very sorry. But I shall forgive you. I forgive you now, yet love you too well to allow you to do wrong, and I could not bear to see you do anything dishonorable. I know you to be a good man, struggling to live an ideal life, and I love you

for it, and I would raise you higher, not drag you down. You are the dearest one in all the world to me. My heart has been yours from the first; it leaped to you with joy and I could not hold it back. Of its own accord it enshrined you and made you its idol, and my idol must not be a broken one. My love bids me help you to be a man and lead you toward the perfection you seek. So we can be nothing more than friends, though our love be greater than the love of husband and wife. God knows, if it were possible, I would willingly be your slave, but it is not, so our love must be confined to the heart, and to me it is the sweetest thing in all the world. Do not grieve because you are tied to another. If you were free you could not be nearer or dearer than now. Do not think you are bound to an inferior woman, and do not think me a superior one. Perhaps, if you knew my history, you would shudder at thought of me, and thank the Lord for the wife you have."

"Do not deceive yourself, Jennie," exclaimed Shepard, "I know something of your past life, of that dark deed, and of your desire to find him. But it does not change my love; nothing can change it, and I love you

more for your sorrow."

At his words, Jennie sprang to her feet, her large eyes wild with fright as she gasped: "You know of

the past? O, God! how did you learn it?"

She shook like an aspen and would have fallen had not Shepard taken her in his arms. He pressed her to his breast and felt her heart beating against his own, and holding her thus he said: "Calm yourself, darling, you must not fear me, for I would die to serve you. I learned your secret by accident on the night you told your mother of your great love for me. I was in the closet seeking a letter at the time and heard all."

Jennie sobbed bitterly, and he with loving tender-

ness kissed her tears away. She lay her head upon his shoulder and a heavenly sense of peace and rest came to her aching heart, her grief and fear passed away and looking into his eyes she asked: "Do you still love me after learning that I am the cause of

my brother committing murder?"

"Love you?" cried Shepard. "O, God! it is more than love. It is adoration. It is reverence. It is worship. It is what the devotee gives to his God. It is with the same feeling that causes him to bear with patience, and even joy, poverty, injustice, obloquy, disgrace, sneers, torture, fire and death. I, too, could have borne this for my God, but I could not find him. I searched in vain, and groping in the dark I find thee. And thou being the best, the purest, and the sweetest of all His handiwork, I bow down to thee and give thee all. I love thee with my heart, my soul, with all my being, for thou art my sweet ideal, the heavenly being my soul has been yearning for through all the years. Thou art my happiness, my earth, my heaven! My soul's purer soul, my light and life, my only joy and blessing! All ever man sacrificed for God I could sacrifice for thee. For thee I could bear the lash, the dungeon, starvation and death. O, my dark-eyed love, whence comes thy ineffable sweetness, thy indefinable power with its peace and rest? Why does thy touch thrill through all my being, filling my soul with heaven's ecstasy? O! sweet soul, with heaven's love shining from thy dark orbs, lighting thy holy face with the radiance of dawn, look upon me in pity and lead me from darkness into glorious light!"

Waiting for no more, Jennie flung her arms about his neck and gave him one long, clinging, passionate kiss, that seemed to draw his soul to her own, then she drew away from him, leaving him quivering with

unspeakable joy.

Raising her eyes toward heaven she exclaimed: "O,

God! help me to be a true woman and lead this man into Thy light."

Extending her hand to Shepard she said to him: "In heart we are one and united, but in life we must ever be separate. I trust we may meet in the hereafter, and that I may be permitted to bless you with my undying love. If I go first I will wait for you and greet your coming with songs of joy. God willing, your home shall be my home, even if it be not in Heaven. Wherever it may be I will make it bright to thee with my love and devotion. While we are here we will be friends, pure and true. I cannot lead you to light, only point out the way to it. Be a man at all times, do right, do your duty, be faithful to your wife and friends."

At the word "friends," Shepard cried: "Too late! too late! I have already been false, basely false, to my best friend, and like a thief in the night I would have carried off her greatest treasure. Do my duty! What do I know of duty? But I will learn it now, and fly ere I blight the home that has blessed me."

He turned to rush away, but Jennie caught him by the arm, and there was a determined light in her eyes as she led him to a chair and bade him be seated. He obeyed without a word and dropped his head upon his hands in deepest misery, for now the horror of his intended crime swept over him like a flood and almost overwhelmed him.

Jennie stood by him and the light in her eyes softened, and her heart was filled with a great pity for him. She smoothed his ruffled hair as tenderly as a mother would that of her sorrowing boy. Bending over him until her brown tresses swept his face, she said gently: "My friend will not leave his friend now, but he will stay and be brave and true. Your welfare is mine and my mother's, and we will not have another wanderer. Beside, we need your counsel;

perhaps you may help us to find Jack. My dear friend, my dear brother, for such you are to me, you must not think of leaving us. You must send for your wife and family, and we will live and work together for one another."

Raising his head he asked piteously: "Do you

forgive me?"

And her loving smile answered better than words. He arose and said: "Jennie—you will please allow me to call you Jennie—I have been base to-night, but I will atone for it if possible, and will stay and devote myself to your interests. But I will stay only on condition that you inform your mother of my baseness. I want you to tell her all and keep not a word from her. Tell her that under cover of night I would have stolen her only child, and led her to ruin; that in return for her kindness and trust I would have blighted her home. Tell her that I am utterly selfish, and unworthy of respect or shelter. Do not spare me, but show in all its horrid blackness the crime I would have committed."

Shepard spoke bitterly and showed he hated himself as he continued: "Tell your mother I am a devil who would have borne her child to hell. Tell her to drive me from her house as quickly as she would a dog who had the hydrophobia and was like to bite and leave his poison at any time. Bid her show no mercy, and tell her I do not ask it. I have been a coward, but I will not beg for something I do not deserve. Bid her curse me and send me forth an outcast deserving no pity from God or man. Say that I am baser and blacker than—"

Jennie placed her hand upon his mouth and stopped him, and the tears were in her eyes as she said: "Not another word. I will not allow you to talk so. You are not wicked, only weak; and I will not tell my mother that you are what you say."

Shepard took her hand and said: "You must tell your mother what I would have done. I will not stay unless you do so. Promise me, Jennie, that you will tell her."

"I will mention it to her."

"That will not do, Jennie; you must tell her all, and unless you promise to do so I will leave to-night, never to return."

"I promise," answered Jennie, "but I know my

mother will forgive you as readily as myself."

Shepard raised her hand to his lips, then releasing it, said: "I will go now. I cannot stay here until I have permission from your mother, so I will go to the mine and I shall not return until I know I am forgiven. If I do not hear from your mother, I shall leave on Monday; and Jennie," here his voice broke and ended in a sob as he said, "think of me as well as you can. God bless you."

He then hurriedly left the room. The light in the sitting-room had gone out and the kitchen and sitting-room were in darkness. He groped for the door, and as he reached it he thought he heard a deep breath in the kitchen. Glancing behind he fancied he saw something dark against the wall, and he shuddered as if

the evil one was near him.

Reaching the outer door he rushed to the mine, and throwing himself upon the office lounge he tossed about in an agony of remorse. He thought to leave that night, for he believed Mrs. Stanley would forbid him entering the house again. But where should he go? Not home; he felt he could not bear to meet Maggie again.

But thinking of his wife calmed him and he fell into a deep sleep, and unknown to himself his wife,

his old comforter, gave him rest.

## CHAPTER XV.

#### VIOLA'S LOVE.

When Shepard left Jennie, she was strongly tempted to rush after him and bid him stay in the house, but controlling herself, she fell upon her knees and prayed to God to give her strength and wisdom to guide this man aright. She arose feeling comforted and resolved to devote herself to making him happy. She never loved him so dearly as now; she felt she worshiped him next to her God.

On the following morning she went to her mother's room and found her preparing to go to breakfast. Upon seeing her daughter, Mrs. Stanley exclaimed: "Why, Jennie, love, you look as sweet and happy as

an angel."

"Do I, mother? I am pleased you think so. I do feel very happy, for I have an object in life now, and have something to live and work for. Sit down, mother dear, and I will tell you all about it. You know I went over to Beaumont's last night. Well, I stayed quite late, but Viola saw me safely home. Feeling hungry, I went to the buttery and got some pie. I had not been there many minutes when I heard a step in the dining-room and I knew it was Mr. Shepard. He had just returned, and being hungry came to the buttery."

Then Jennie told her mother everything, and closed by saying: "I was most to blame, for I ought not to have tessed him with the sie"

to have teased him with the pie."

Mrs. Stanley clasped her daughter to her breast and said: "Oh, Jennie love, my sweet, pure angel. It is a blessing to own such a child. I understand now why you are so happy this morning. It is because Mr. Shepard will stay with us and help us to find Jack. And he shall stay, my dear, for I love him as a son. He is good and true, Jennie, and only forgot himself in a moment of weakness. He will be strong now and not forget himself again. I will write a note and bid him come to me, but it must not go before noon, for he will be weary and tired and need rest. I must inform him of our past and explain all to him. So, Jennie love, go over to Beaumonts' this afternoon while I do so."

"Oh, mother, you are so kind. I knew you would

forgive him."

"It is for your sake, darling, and to make you happy, and because I know Mr. Shepard is not bad and no harm can come from it."

Shepard was awakened at noon by a loud rapping upon the office door. He arose, pale and haggard, and called out he would be there presently. He washed, and arranged his clothes and then went into the engine room and found John waiting for him, who said: "We heard you were back from the railroad, so Mrs. Stanley sent me up with a letter."

Shepard took the tiny envelope and went back to the office. He dared not read it before any one. Opening the letter he read: "Dear Mr. Shepard, Jennie has told me all, and all is well. You are our dearest friend. We consider you more than friend, so come back and take the place of the wanderer."

Shepard was deeply moved. He felt he was unworthy of such kindness. He went out to John and said: "I will go down with you."

When they were gone the watchman said to himself: "The boss is all broke up to-day. A steady chap is Shepard, but those jolly owners must have got him down last night, and he came up here to hide it, but

how the devil he got back beats me."

If Shepard had been going to the gallows he could not have looked more serious than he did when he went in to dinner. The dining-room was empty, but Jennie came in immediately, and greeted him with a sweet smile, and then said, her eyes brimming with mischief: "Vegetable soup, roast beef, roast pork, mutton pie."

He stopped her with a sorry attempt at a smile, and

said: "Bring me anything."

When he arose from dinner, Jennie came to him and placing her hand upon his shoulder and looking lovingly into his eyes, said: "Mamma is in the parlor waiting for you."

He noticed the word mamma, it was the first time he had heard her use it, and he felt she used it now to show him he was considered one of the family.

He answered with a sigh: "I will go to her." Yet his heart sank at the thought of meeting that white-haired woman. He felt it to be the hardest task of his life, and there was a sickly feeling at his heart as he opened the door to her call of "Come in."

Mrs. Stanley was standing by the fire when he entered, but she came quickly toward him, and taking both of his hands in her own, she said: "My dear friend, you would have done wrong to have left us. Our mine is in your hands, our awful secret is known to you. So we need you here to assist and advise. Please be seated and we will discuss matters."

When they were seated, Mrs. Stanley resumed: "We will say little about last night, but I may as well inform you that it was no surprise to me, for I have been expecting it. Not because I thought you a dishonorable man, but because I knew where two souls were drawn together by a love like yours and

my daughter's, that they must be tried and the weaker one be ready to fall. I knew it could not be Jennie, for she has passed through much sorrow and suffering and it has purified her. I trusted you from the first and trust you still, but better than all, you can now trust yourself. Is it not so?"

"It is," answered Shepard.

"Then let last night be forgotten; we will think no more about it. I find it necessary to acquaint you with my past life that you may understand the cause of my keeping a boarding-house. My real name is Kate Jane Weston and my daughter is E la Jane Weston, but we shall never use them more."

Mrs. Stanley then related that part of her history from her husband's death to the time she and her daughter lost themselves in the busy world of London, telling how her daughter had been wronged by a man named Steve Thornton and how her son Jack had killed him.

She said: "We remained in London two years. At the end of that time a poor woman that I had known for about three months and often befriended, died. Her name was the same as my own discarded one, that is, Kate Weston. I wished to hide myself that my old friends might never discover me, so I conceived the idea of burying my old self in this woman's grave; so I had inserted in one of the papers that I knew was taken at home, a notice reading something like this: 'Died, June 10th, 18--, Kate Weston, formerly of Australia.' I also added: 'Mrs. Weston lost her only daughter about a year ago and never recovered from the shock she received at that time.' I then took my daughter to France, and shortly left there for America. We have moved about this country in hope of finding my son. True it is a hopeless search, but I find more comfort in it than by remaining still."

Shepard had listened to all without a word, but his eyes flashed fire when Mrs. Stanley related Ella's wrong, and his eyes were blinded with tears when she mentioned her sorrows. When Mrs. Stanley finished he rose to his feet and exclaimed: "Oh, God, it nearly kills me when I think that 1, blind fool that I am, would have run off with your daughter and have added more to your mountain of trouble. I do not deserve your kindness or confidence. Why do you give it? I am unworthy of it."

Shepard had become excited, so Mrs. Stanley said: "Calm yourself, my friend. You have committed no

crime, so need no punishment."

"But I would have done so, and it is nothing to my credit that I did not, for I wanted to run off with your child and would have left you desolate."

"My dear friend, be calm. You did not try to force my daughter to fly with you, but left her free to

choose, so for that I forgive you."

"No, no; I never thought of force. She was free, but I tremble when I think of the consequences if she had been as weak as I was."

"Take your seat again," said Mrs. Stanley. "I knew Jennie was not weak and could not be false, or I should not have given you so much freedom."

Shepard sat down again and after some thought asked: "What means have you employed to find your son?"

"I have watched for a notice of his death or capture, and when I have met a miner or others who have traveled considerably I have drawn them into conversation and gotten them to describe the men they had met in hope or finding my son."

"What is the appearance of your son?" asked

Shepard.

"He is tall and fair, has blue eyes, was very active and wore a light mustache." "That was his appearance when you saw him last,

what should he be like now?" asked Shepard.

Mrs. Stanley was startled at the question, and it struck Shepard that he had seen that startled look before. She exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Shepard, I never thought of my son changing, he has always been the same fair boy to me."

"I judge your son resembles his father more than

he does yourself?"

"Yes, my boy was very much like his father."

"Tell me what was the appearance of your hus-

band at your son's age."

Shepard took out a note book and pencil and wrote down the description. Then he asked: "What were

your son's habits?"

"My son had no bad habits. He drank a little sometimes, it is true, but it was on account of companionship and not that he liked it. He was very fond of games and sports and lived much out of doors both summer and winter."

"What were his social qualities?"

"My son was very social and the life of every party. He could sing and play and was fond of telling stories."

"Had your son a trade or profession?"

"No, he was a spoiled boy and would not learn anything of that kind?"

"Had he leanings toward any particular thing?"

"He did not show any. All he cared for was fun and sport. Of course he had the management of our stock and sheep."

Shepard was silent for some time, studying the best course to follow in the search for this lost son. When he spoke he was grave and earnest. He said: "You have been most kind to me, and I never can repay you. But in the endeavor to do so I will devote all my energies to the finding of your

son, and I pray God I may be successful. You have honored me with the name of son, so Jack shall be my brother. My plan of search will be this: I will have it understood that I have a younger brother somewhere in the world who left home in a pet years ago and I have not heard from him since. I will say that most likely he has changed his name. To men who have traveled around considerably I will give a description of my brother and perhaps we shall find your son."

Mrs. Stanley was overjoyed, and had not felt so hopeful and happy since her son disappeared. She felt her kindness to Shepard was being repaid; instead

of cursing her home he was blessing it.

The afternoon was almost gone, and as she had promised to take tea with Mrs. Beaumont, she said to Shepard: "Would you please escort me to Mrs. Beaumont's?"

He complied at once. Viola was the first to see them coming, and a pang of jealousy came over her heart at sight of Mrs. Stanley's happy face. She did not show it, however, but greeted them most cordially. When they were seated she said: "I think, Mr. Shepard, the Stanleys treat you too well, for you cannot stay away a day."

He looked straight into her laughing eyes and answered: "You are quite right; they treat me better

than I deserve."

She blushed, for the thought she had offended him, as he was so serious, then she said: "I did not mean it and only spoke in play."

"It is fair play," he said, with a smile, "and I have

given you a fair answer."

"Will you take tea with us?" asked Mrs. Beaumont of Shepard.

"I did not think to do so," he answered.

"But you must, for we shall not let you go."

"Very well then," he said, "I shall stay."

He spent the evening with them and Viola paid him much attention. He accepted it very quietly. She sang her songs of love, but they did not affect him now. There was no more rushing of the blood or tingling of the nerves for him. He felt his heart was dead and only needed burying to be at rest. He saw the ladies home, and then went out for a lonely walk. He thought of the Stanleys and their troubles, and his own base conduct, and resolved to atone for his baseness by finding this lost son if possible.

He was so occupied with his thoughts that he stumbled over something in the road, and falling he struck his forehead against a stone. He was almost stunned and when he arose he felt blood trickling down his cheek. In the attempt to wipe it off he smeared his face with it. He returned home at once, and going toward his room met Mrs. Stanley. She was shocked at his bloody face and exclaimed with fear in her eyes: "Oh, Mr. Shepard, what has happened?"

He informed her and said: "It is nothing serious.

I shall be all right to-morrow."

He would have gone on to his room, but she would not permit it. She took him to the sitting-room, and washing his forehead, found an ugly but not serious cut. She dressed it carefully, saw him to the door of his room and retired.

Shepard was not at breakfast next morning, so Mrs. Stanley sent John to his room to see if he was up. He soon returned and said to Mrs. Stanley: "Shepard is tossing about in bed with a fever and is talking a deal."

Mrs. Stanley went to him at once and found him saying: "I would have done it. I would have taken her away."

She stayed and nursed him through the day. He was very restless, and at times would cry: "I will find him. I will never rest until I find him."

Viola heard that Shepard was sick and flew over to render assistance. But Mrs. Stanley would not allow her or Jennie to go into the room. She had broken the fever by evening, and then she allowed Mrs. Beaumont and the girls to take her place for an hour or two.

Shepard was around next morning, and weak as he was, he would have gone to the mines if Mrs. Stanley had not prevented him. She fixed a comfortable place for him in the parlor and said: "I shall keep you a prisoner to-day, for it is not wise to let you go away. For fear you may become lonesome, I will send Jennie and Viola to entertain you."

And the girls made it one of the happiest days of his life. Jennie was all smiles and sweetness, and Viola all life and animation. She outdid herself in wit, song

and repartee.

He was surprised at her powers and said to himself: "Viola is a gifted woman and could make a mark

in the world if she chose."

The day passed quickly and Mrs. Stanley, who had been busy most of the day, came to inform the girls that John was ready to take them out for a ride. She took their place and had quite a talk with Shepard, and at the close said: "You must not worry about your weakness of the other night. Think no more about it. Neither must you worry about debt or business. I wish to inform you that my fortune is ample for all of us. I want you to state the amount you owe and I will let you have the money to settle it."

"I thank you," said Shepard, "for you are very kind, but I cannot take any more money from you."

"But you must," exclaimed Mrs. Stanley. "I want you to pay off your debts and you can settle with me when you make it out of the mine. And do not be afraid to work the mine as you wish, for a few thou-

sand dollars will not hurt us if we do not get it back again. What is the amount of your indebtedness?"

"About six hundred dollars."

"Well, you must send it off to-morrow. Now, no objections. If my son cannot manage his business I must do it for him."

She would receive no thanks from him, so pressing her hand he left the room, the big tears in his eyes. It was still early, but he retired at once. He wanted to be alone and think, not about himself or his good fortune, but about Mrs. Stanley. The frightened look that came into her face when she met him with his bloody face had haunted him ever since. He seemed familiar with that startled look, but could not remember where he had seen it.

He asked himself: "What woman have I known

who, when afraid, looks like that?"

He thought of them all, but none had such eyes. He gazed a long time into the fire thinking. Then he exclaimed: "How stupid I have grown! It was Jennie that had such startled eyes when I told her I knew their secret, but I was almost too crazy to notice it. But, now I think of it, the look was not new to me then."

He wearied himself thinking about it, and then lay

down to dream of frightened eyes.

Next day Mrs. Stanley gave him the money to pay his debts and advised him to send for his wife and family. He sent the money to his wife and requested her to pay it out, but did not ask her to come to him.

It was Saturday again. Shepard had just partaken of dinner, and having nothing to do at the Silver Star, he concluded to ride over and look at his own mine. Viola was spending the day with Jennie, and he was strongly inclined to ask them to take a ride with him.

He paused a moment in the sitting-room, undecided what to do. At that moment John came in and handed him a letter. Opening it, he found it was from Mrs. Beaumont. It began: "Dear Mr. Shepard, if you are not too busy this afternoon, please call upon me, for I wish to speak to you about a matter of im-

portance."

Instead of inviting the girls, he saddled his horse and rode over to Mrs. Beaumont's at once. alone and received him graciously. When he was seated she said with some embarrassment: "I have wished for a long time to speak to you about a matter dear to my heart, but have been afraid to do so for fear of offending you. But yesterday, while speaking to Mrs. Stanley about it, she assured me you would not take offence, but would assist me all in your power. Viola has caused me much anxiety of late, and it is of her I wish to speak. You must have seen that she is strangely infatuated with you. Now, I do not doubt your honor, nor fear evil from you, but I fear for Viola, for she may do or say something rash. She is a strange girl, and has peculiar ideas which came from her early life, of which I will speak later. When a bold, dashing woman like Viola loves a man to distraction she will, if opportunity offers, make it known. I have been afraid she would do so, and I feared if she was repulsed with scorn she might do something desperate. Would you, if she ever acts unmaidenly, show her in a kindly way the folly and sin of it? If you would do this you might prevent her from going astrav."

." I will certainly do as you wish if occasion requires it," said Shepard. "I am pleased that you have spoken so plainly, for I am well aware that Viola has a mad passion for me, and I assure you her attentions have been unpleasant at times. I promise you that Viola shall receive no harm at my hands, for I would take

no advantage of her. I really admire Viola greatly. She is a remarkable woman, and I should be pleased to always be her friend. But to tell you the truth, I am a little afraid of her, and I doubt if I could manage her if she became contrary. I have avoided her as much as possible without being rude, hoping she would lose interest in me. I should be much pleased to hear something of her early life, if it would not weary you to relate it. She has been a study to me, and I would like to know more about her."

Mrs. Beaumont replied: "You shall know all, and I trust to your honor to keep it a secret. But you may inform Viola that you are acquainted with her past life, if you should ever find it to be to her best interests to do so. I suppose you are aware that she

is not my own daughter."

"I have heard as much, madam."

"It is true. Her mother was a schoolmate of mine and a very dear friend. After leaving school she went South with her parents, and a year later she informed me by letter that she had married a dashing young Southerner, by name of Charles Lecon. About that time I married a California miner and took a wedding tour to Europe. When I returned my friend had moved, and I lost track of her. My husband met with reverses and went to mining again. He first went West, and then returned and went South, taking me with him. This pleased me, for I hoped to hear something of my old schoolmate, Pearl Lecon. hopes were realized, and going to see her I was shocked, for I found her an aged, broken-down woman. I saw she had not long to live, so I stayed with her some days and learned the cause of this great change. I found that her husband was a noted moonshiner and led a wild, reckless life. My friend had only one child, a daughter about thirteen years of age. She said she had named her daughter Viola after

myself, and that her child had all her father's fire and dash, and spent much of her time with him, and had on more than one occasion saved her father from being captured by the officers. My friend was afraid her husband would be killed in his fights with the officers, and she begged that I would adopt Viola after her own death and take her away from such a Having no children, I readily promised to do Viola was away with her father, and I did not see her that time. I went to see my friend again late in the summer and found her very low, so low that I would not leave her. Viola was at home, and I became attached to her at once. We became great friends, and she promised her mother to look to me for advice when she was gone. Soon after this my friend died, and after the funeral I returned home, but without Viola, for she would not leave her father. About two months afterward I was startled upon hearing that Lecon had been killed in a fight with the officers. I went to the scene at once, and found Viola with some friends. She was in great distress, and readily consented to go with me. I found Viola was at the fight, and it was whispered among her friends that she had shot one of the officers, but I could not believe it, and have always thought they were mistaken. My husband went North again, then we came West, and have moved around until we settled here. Viola has always been good, and never cared for any man until she knew you."

Shepard had been deeply interested in Mrs. Beaumont's narrative, and said at its close: "I thank you for this history of Viola. I understand her better now, and I promise you I will ever be her friend."

He then left and rode to the mine, and as he thought of Viola he became convinced that she killed the officer mentioned by her friends, for he felt certain she would fight like a tiger for her own. He soon put her from his mind, and there came in her place those ever-present frightened eyes. He did not understand why he so hungered to remember where he had seen that frightened look, for the desire made him feverish by day and restless by night. His mind in regard to those eyes seemed a blank, yet he knew he had seen them before.

On returning to Stanleys' he found Viola still there, so for fear of having to take her home he left the parlor early, saying he had some letters to write. He was afraid if he was left alone with her something would happen, and he would avoid it if possible. Viola seemed to divine the cause of his early departure, and as she bade him good night her eyes seemed to say: "You may run away now, but I will have you yet."

He sat down in his cosy room and commenced to write his letters. His mind wandered from his letter to those frightened eyes, and it was some time before he finished writing. Then, with his arms on the stand, he racked his brain to remember where he had seen those eyes. Becoming weary, he lay his head upon his arms and murmured: "It is no use; I cannot re-

member. I shall give it up."

Then a soundless voice within him spoke, and though his ears heard it not, it was as clear to him as any voice he had ever heard. It said to him: "Bill Thompson."

He sprang up so suddenly that the stand was hurled against the wall and broken. The ink ran over the bright bit of carpet that Mrs. Stanley had placed there especially for him. The papers and the letters were scattered about the floor, but he saw them not.

He tore around the room in a whirl of excitement, crying: "Bill Thompson! It is he! It is he! He, the wanderer, is the long-lost son! I understand it now and see the cause of his fear!"

Shepard rushed around, trampling the broken bottle into the carpet and tracking the ink all over the room. He seemed to have gone mad with joy, and his brain throbbed as if it would burst its bounds. The room seemed to be stifling, so, seizing his hat, he rushed from the room, through the hall and into the street. On he went, not knowing where he was going.

At the corner he ran against some one and they fell together. Without a word Shepard sprang to his feet again and was off like a flash. But hardly less quickly, the person he knocked down arose and rushed after him, guided in the darkness by the sound of his feet. It was a wild race for the pursuer, for Shepard ran like a madman and did not know he was followed.

About a mile from town he fell to the ground exhausted. The run had relieved his excited brain, so laying his head upon his arms he fell into a doze. When he opened his eyes again the moon was shining brightly and filling the valley with a flood of light. He was bewildered and did not stir, but lay wondering why he was there. Then it all came back to his mind, everything was clear, and he thanked God for the voice that had spoken to his soul. He rose to his knees, and became conscious of a dark form standing near him. He felt his flesh creep and his heart turn cold. He grew chill and could not move nor speak, but seemed turned to stone. There was a fearful spell upon him, but it was broken by a thrilling voice which cried: "Arise, and come with me."

From a stony stillness Shepard changed to one of wild excitement, and springing to his feet, he cried: "Viola! What brings you here?"

It was indeed Viola that stood beside him, and she answered boldly: "I followed you."

"But how did you know I came here?"

She laughed a little and said: "Oh, I knew it we'll

enough. When people are knocked down in the street they have a desire to know who did it. When I fell my eyes turned to you, and I knew you at once, for I am not so blind in that darkness as you. My first thought was that the fever had turned your head, so I rushed after you. You have given me a chase, but I knew I could run you down. What is wrong with you?"

"Nothing, Viola, nothing. I am all right."

"You appear to be all right now, but you were not

when you came here. Please take me home."

Shepard looked at her in alarm. To take her home at that time of night and from such a place startled him. He thought: "What will be said about it if we are seen?"

Then he thought of her kindness in following him to see to his safety. He hesitated no longer, but took her proffered arm and started for home without a word

Viola was the first to speak, and she said: "Tell me the cause of your wild flight." As she spoke she looked into his eyes with a sweet smile.

Shepard answered quietly: "I cannot tell you; it

is a secret."

She clung to him a little closer as she said: "I am sorry you say so, for I would help you in your trouble if you would let me. I would be your friend, your best friend. It grieves me to see you so miserable when you might be happy if you tried. Do try. Do not worry any more. Put away your care and gloom and live again."

Viola's voice was soft as a cooing dove, her warm breath fanned his beard, she leaned lovingly upon his arm, and there was a seductive light in her brilliant eyes as her head drooped until it touched his shoulder. As she gazed into his troubled eyes she seemed to search his soul and endeavor to charm it and draw

it to her own. She was extremely fascinating, and would have been very dangerous to most men. She might have been so to Shepard once, but he was safe now, for his heart was cold and dead. And instead of attracting him she filled him with horror, for there seemed a snaky glitter in her longing eyes. He would have shrunk from her, but she held him fast.

Thinking of his promise to Mrs. Beaumont, he controlled the feeling of repugnance that came upon him and gently said: "Let us hasten home. The night is

passing."

He would have hurried along, but she clung upon him and made speed impossible, and asked: "Why should we hasten home? What is there that you should hurry? Are you happy when there, and is your heart satisfied? I know you are not happy there, for it is that home that has made you so gloomy and sad, and that is slowly killing you. There is nothing there for you. Then, why go back again?"

Shepard would have broken from her and fled, but he could not do so, for her strength was greater than his, so he cried: "For God's sake, Miss Beaumont, release me! You are mad and know not what you

say!"

She answered excitedly: "I may be mad, but I speak the truth. You know I speak the truth. And I can teil you more. You love and are dying for Jennie."

At these words Shepard also became excited and cried: "How do you know I love Jennie? Who told

you that I love her?"

"Foolish man!" exclaimed Viola, "to ask a woman who adores you how she knows you love another. No one has told me, no one need to tell me, for I have seen it from the first, and read it in your voice and eyes. And seeing it, I, too, have learned to love you until it has become a consuming fire. I fought against

it at first, only to make it stronger and fiercer, and now it burns like the flames of hell! Oh, cold-hearted man! You cannot conceive of the strength of woman's love. I know Jennie loves you too, but her love compared to mine is like the little rill beside Niagara's surging flood. She does not understand the meaning of warm, passionate love!"

She flung her arms about his neck and covered his face with hot, passionate kisses. She kissed his lips, his hair, his eyes, his beard. He struggled to be free, but was as helpless as a child in her arms. When she relaxed her wild embrace, he fairly gasped for breath.

As soon as he could speak he said: "Viola, let me

go. This is terrible."

"No, no, I will not. You are too sweet, and I have longed for this moment too long to let you go now. You are my love, and mine only. I will bless you and make you, oh, so happy. In my arms you will forget them all; even sweet Jennie will be forgotten. Come, love, let us leave before 'tis day!"

"No, Viola, I cannot go. You know not what you ask. The run you have had has turned your mind. You must go home. You must allow me to see you

safely home."

"I am not demented," she said. "I am quite accountable for my words and actions. I do not fear the consequences. I love you, and that is enough for me. For you I will bear ail the trials of life uncomplainingly. I promise you, you shall never regret taking me away and making me your wife."

Shepard lost patience and said scornfully, and his tones cut her to the quick: "I have had enough of this, for it is altogether too tiresome. I used to think you a noble woman, but I see I have been mistaken,

for I find you no better than a ——"

He did not speak the word, for her eyes flashed upon him with a lightning glance that seemed ready

to kill. Still he did not flinch, but looked into her blazing eyes and said: "Well, I won't call names, but I must say that you are not a lady. I must also tell you that I would not go away with you if you were all I thought you to be, and I would not leave my wife and family for all your beauty. You have forgotten that I am a married man."

Viola laughed long and wickedly, then exclaimed mockingly: "Of course you wouldn't leave your wife. You are one of those goody, goody saints who are too pure for that. Of course you are! No, I had not forgotten that you are a married man. And it is quite possible that you are a much married man. And I wouldn't swear you would not take another wife to comfort you for the loss of the darlings you left behind. It would not be me, of course, for I am not the kind to take peace into the harem, and I am not the kind to sit down and cry because dear Sheppy spent two weeks with Mary, boo-hoo!"

Viola placed her mantle to her eyes in imitation of crying, and then laughed again and continued: "Perhaps you are one of the holy of holies,—one of those who grease and get greased in the temple. If it was not unladylike, I might ask you something about the cut of your underclothes, but you saints are so modest that it would shock your poor nerves if I did so. Of course you are too good to run away with me. Too good to run away with the widow's daughters and leave the white-haired mother alone and brokenhearted. Your pure soul shrank just now when I kissed you and pressed you to my breast? Did it shrink when you kissed Jennie and pressed her to your breast? Or does it make all the difference in the world if you do the kissing?"

Viola poured her wrath upon him in scorn and bitterness, all her love turned to hate. When she mentioned Jennie, Shepard's eyes gleamed as wickedly as her own. He saw it all. The deep breath he had heard in the kitchen when he left Jennie had come from Viola; the dark shadow he had seen against the wall was herself, and it was she who had extinguished

the sitting-room light.

As he gazed upon her erect form, it seemed more perfect than ever, as she was swayed by her passion, and her white, shapely throat glistened in the moonlight. An almost resistless impulse came upon him to seize that throat and squeeze the life out of her. With an effort of self-control, he shook like a leaf and his hands clutched nervously at the air.

She seemed to read his thought, so checking her anger she said with a smile: "Why don't you do it? Surely you are not a coward and afraid of a woman. It is true there is no Salt Lake here to hide your crime, but there is plenty of mother earth, so be true to your creed and send your enemies 'to hell across lots.'"

She leaned forward until he felt her hot breath upon his face. It was a terrible moment, for there seemed to be a devil in his heart saying "Choke the life out of her and end it all."

By a mighty effort he controlled the feeling, and taking her in his arms, cried: "I did not mean it, Viola. I would not harm you for the world. Forgive me and let us be friends. I have been mad to-night; we both have been mad, but let it pass now, and let us thank God that we have committed no crime. I admit that I wished to take Jennie away, and I deserve all your contempt, but believe me, I am not wholly bad. I now see the enormity of my intended crime, and I bitterly repent it. I was mad then, as you have been to-night, and would have done wrong, but Jennie, heavenly Jennie, saved me. Jennie, with her sweet, pure soul, would not do wrong, though she herself was dying for love. With her love is right and

duty, and she would bless her idol by leading him from darkness into light. Imitate her, Viola, and be true to your womanhood and better self. Jennie loves you as dearly as a sister, and it would grieve her if you went astray. Think of your mother, Viola, and the bitter tears she would weep for you, and of the fearful curses she would call down upon my head. Viola, I have been weak, but to-night I am strong, and I swear I will do you no wrong. If any action of mine has led you to this, blame me as much as you wish, curse me if you think I am a fraud, tell them in the town that I came here to entice innocent girls from their homes, if you think it true; do and say what you please, yet I swear to you I shall do you no wrong."

Viola was now weeping upon his shoulder; the tempest of her passion was passed and she was weak and docile as a child. He spoke words of comfort to her, and ended by saying: "I will now take you home, and what we have said to-night shall be for-

gotten."

Viola dried her eyes and answered: "I will go home alone, and I beg your pardon for what I have said. I do not ask to be forgiven. It is too shameful for that, but I assure you I was not thinking of myself when I followed you. I thought only of your safety. I am truly sorry I followed you on the night you came from the railroad. You passed me as I was returning home from Jennie's, and I thought you had planned a meeting with her, and in a frenzy of jealousy I followed you to the house and heard all. Jennie's secret is safe with me, for I shall never mention it. Do not think I am utterly bad, for I never thought of wrong until I knew you."

She turned to go, but he detained her and said: "Stay one moment, Viola. I cannot let you go until I say you are forgiven. I need forgiveness too much

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to refuse it to you. Let us part friends. Let me be your brother. If you are ever in trouble and need a friend, call upon me. I shall be pleased to assist you in every way I possibly can."

He then kissed her and hastened away ere she could reply. He did not go home, but crossed the hills to

the mine.

As Shepard did not appear at the breakfast table next morning, John went to call him, and was surprised at the condition of the room. He went to Mrs. Stanley and said: "There is something wrong. Shepard's room is open, the stand is broken, and ink and papers all over the floor, and Shepard is gone."

Mrs. Stanley looked at Jennie, but she could not explain, so they went to the room. They turned pale as they gazed on the ruined stand and the stained carpet. They both had the same thought: "Shepard has gone mad, for surely this is the work of a madman."

Mrs. Stanley said, with a quiver in her voice: "We must find him."

She had hardly spoken, when Shepard made his appearance, smiling pleasantly. He said, his eyes brimful with fun as he looked in the room: "A madman's trick, isn't it? Well, I was wild and mad last night. You know my head has not been right since I slept bareheaded in the mountains of Idaho. But I am all right this morning and feel better than for a long time. Let me kiss you, mother. I long ever so much to kiss you. That is good. My sweet sister, too. Yes, I will kiss her too this morning, if she will allow me. Ah! my good friends, I am happy this morning. Mother, here is a letter that will bring me greater joy still. Will you please post it? I will not trust it with any one but you. I will take a little breakfast while my room is arranged, and then I will rest. Do not awake me for dinner, but let me sleep all day if I can."

The letter Shepard handed to Mrs. Stanley was addressed to his wife, so she thought he was sending for his family. She did not know it was a letter inquiring about her son. In handing her that letter he felt he was bringing mother and son closer, and it filled him with joy. He was happy, for he was going to make her happy and atone for the wrong he would have done her by taking away her child. His slumbers were sweet that day, and when he went to spend an hour in the parlor after supper, Mrs. Stanley and Jennie thought they had never seen him so happy.

When he did not receive a letter by return mail from his wife he grew nervous and became afraid that Thompson had left the country. He wrote again, asking her if she had heard from Bill Thompson and to send his address at once if she had. Next day he got an answer to his first letter. She wrote that Thompson had sent the money he owed and a present for each of the little ones, but she had lost the letter and did not

remember the address.

Shepard was much troubled, and thought to go home and seek the letter himself, but after some thought he concluded it was no use for him to go if Maggie could not find it; so he wrote: "Find that letter by all means. Upset everything in the house, throw everything into the street, but find that letter. I must have the letter or the address, cost what it will."

A week passed and no answer. Shepard had lost his smile, he ate and slept little, his face was pale and his eyes sunken. The thought that the wanderer might be gone again and lost for ever was more than he could bear, and the anxiety was breaking him down.

Friday's mail brought him a letter. It ran: "I cannot find the letter anywhere. It is not in the house.

It must have been burnt with waste papers."

Shepard had opened and read it with feverish haste,

and when he finished he felt sick. He went to his room and lay down, and when he arose he had marked out his course. He would go home and see his wife. Surely she must remember the state, if not the town the letter came from. From home he would take the trail and never rest until he found the wanderer. He knew it would be no use to advertise, for if Thompson saw it he would fly the country and leave no trace behind.

He went to the parlor, and finding Mrs. Stanley there, he said: "My friends, I find there is a matter at home that requires my attention, so I shall start home to-morrow. I cannot tell how long I shall be absent, but if I find I cannot return soon I will inform you by letter. I have some arrangements to make at the mine, so shall not leave until after dinner, and by taking a good horse I then can catch the train East."

"I hope there is nothing serious," said Mrs. Stanlev.

"I hope not," said Shepard, "though I am much

troubled at present."

Mrs. Stanley urged him to bring his wife and family back with him, but Shepard would not promise. It was a little past noon next day when Shepard came down from the mine, and when he walked in to dinner Mrs. Stanley said: "We concluded to dine with you to-day, as you are going away, so we have waited for you."

Shepard was pleased and thanked her for the honor, and gave Jennie a bright smile. He determined then and there to find Thompson if man could do it, but dared not tell them of his hopes, for fear Thompson might not be the son and brother. As they arose from dinner, John came in with the mail and placed it on the parlor table, and informed Shepard that there were letters for him. Shepard went with the ladies, and Jennie sorted and handed the letters to him.

There was one from his wife, so he slowly opened it, and as he did so he discovered two letters in the envelope, one of them in a man's bold hand. He became greatly excited, and his hand shook until he could hardly see the lines of his wife's short note, but as his eyes caught the words he read: "Enclosed find Mr. Thompson's letter. I have just found it in little Jack's pocket."

Tears of joy came to his eyes and he cried: "Jack saved it! God bless little. Jack!" and he then rushed to his room.

The two women looked at each other for a moment, when Jennie said: "He acts strangely, mother, but this time he has received good news, so you must excuse him."

Mrs. Stanley kissed her daughter and said: "It is a pity, darling, that you cannot cure him. It is a pity he is bound to another."

Shepard threw himself into a chair and devoured Thompson's letter. It gave an account of some hardships he had gone through, as it was some time before he obtained work, and closed with thanks for Shepard's kindness and help. The letter was dated at T—— City, Nevada. Shepard was delighted. T—— City was only fifty miles from V——, so he determined to see Thompson that night and bring him to Mrs. Stanley at once.

He went back to the ladies and said: "I suppose you think you have a very strange boarder. Well, it is quite true, for I have become quite nervous and changeable lately, and I change again to-day, for I will not go home now. My letter brings me good news, excellent news, and I am not needed at home. Since I have arranged to go away, I will lay off work and go down the valley and attend to some other business. Would you please let me have the single buggy for two or three days?"

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His request was granted freely, and he was off by five o'clock. He drove slowly through the town, but when once in the country he laid the whip on the willing beast and fairly flew along. About twenty-five miles out he fed his horse at a ranch and then pushed along again.

# CHAPTER XVI.

## JUST IN TIME.

SHEPARD reached T—— City at three o'clock in the morning feeling weary with his long ride. Coming up to a saloon he heard a crowd singing. He tied up his horse and went to the door to listen, thinking Thompson might be there. He was right in his conjecture, for presently Thompson sang, "And we won't go home till morning."

Shepard's great fear that Thompson would be gone was over, and he walked into the saloon with heart bounding. Shepard went up to the bar and called for a cigar, and as he slowly cut the end off it he looked around the room. Thompson had finished the song and was standing by a table, and saying: "I must go now, for my partners want to start pretty early. Good-by, boys; if I come this way again I shall be glad to see you."

"Good-by, Bill! Good-by, old pard!" echoed the men around him, "and write us and let us know how

you like Mexico."

Shepard drew a deep breath. Another day and he would have been too late. As the wanderer went toward the door, Shepard stepped up to him and said: "Hello, Thompson. How are you?"

Thompson looked at Shepard and said, "You have the best of me, stranger, for I don't know you."

Shepard smiled and said, "Don't you remember the Mountain Mine, the engineer and little Jack?"

"Shepard, by God!" exclaimed Thompson in surprise. "Why, old boy, I did not know you! What brings you here? I am damned glad to see you! Come and take a drink."

Shepard saw that Thompson had already drank too much, but stepped up to the bar and drank with him. He knew it was not the time to refuse.

"What brought you here?" said Thompson when he put down his glass, "and how are the folks?"

"Show me a stable," said Shepard, "and when I

put my horse up I will tell you all about it."

When the horse was cared for Shepard asked Thompson where he slept. "At the hotel," he answered.

"Does any one room with you?"

" No."

"Can I stop with you to-night?"

"Yes, and glad to have you. Come along," said

Thompson.

When they were seated in Thompson's room Shepard told him how he came West, and of being placed in charge of the Silver Star, and of buying an interest in a mine, and closed by saying: "My wife sent me your letter, and when I found you were here I concluded to come and see you. And I want you to go back with me. I am going to put another shift on my tunnel, and you can sharpen tools and take charge of the work."

"Thanks, Shepard," said Thompson. "You make a good offer, but I can't take it, for I start with two of the boys to-morrow for Old Mexico."

"Have you hired to work there?"
No, we go to see the country."

"Then give up the idea, and come with me."

"No, I cannot do so."

"Why, are you owing these men you are going with?"

"No, I owe no one, but I don't care to break my promise, and I want to go anyway, for I am tired of

this country."

"Tell the men," said Shepard, "that you have gotten a better thing and don't intend to go. If they want work I will give them a job if they will come to V——."

Thompson finally consented to go with Shepard, and they retired to rest, and Thompson was soon sleeping soundly. Shepard lay awake thinking how best to break the news to him. He dared not mention it while he was under the influence of drink, for he knew Thompson would be much excited when he heard his mother and sister were living, and near to him. He concluded not to mention it until he got him away from town.

Shepard was quite weary, but afraid to sleep for fear Thompson might get up and leave, so reluctant did he seem in his promise to go. Shepard fell into a doze, then started up, looked around and got up and locked the door, and placed the key under his pillow, and then lay down and slept. He was awakened by the sound of an angry voice, and raising on his elbow he saw Thompson looking on the floor for the key, and saying to himself, "The damned thing's gone sure

enough."

Shepard called him. "What is the matter, Thompson?"

And Thompson replied: "Some damned son of a gun has been here and locked the door and taken the key."

Shepard laughed and said: "The key is all right,

for I have it, but why hurry off?"

"I am thirsty and want a drink to brace me up. What made you lock the door, and place the key under your pillow?"

"Well, you see, I have considerable money with

me, and I could not rest with the door unlocked, and it is a habit of mine to put the key under the pillow. Don't rush off, but wait till I dress, and I will go and

take a drink with you."

They got their drinks, and then partook of breakfast. Shepard then went to order his horse while Thompson saw his partners. They strongly opposed his going with Shepard, and asked who he was? When they were informed he came from Utah they were very bitter and one said: "Don't go with the damned Mormon; he will bilk you in the end."

"He is not a Mormon," replied Thompson, "and he would not bilk me, but I would rather go to Mexico,

so I will go with you."

"Thompson went to the stable to Shepard and said: "The boys don't want me to leave them, and as I am tired of this country I will go with them. I thank you for your kindness and shall never forget it."

Shepard talked earnestly to Thompson and concluded by saying: "After our great friendship and the little favors I have been able to render you, now that you can do me a service, would you rather please these new friends?"

Thompson was affected and answered: "If you feel that way about it I will go with you, but I won't

promise to stay long."

"All right," said Shepard. "Get your things and we will start at once, for the horse is ready. You can tell your friends when we pass them that you have

concluded to go with me."

They were off in a few minutes, and as they drove up to Thompson's friends, Shepard saw they were bad men. Thompson told them he would not go to Mexico at present, and Shepard added, "If you want work and will come to V—— I will employ you both."

"We don't want your work," exclaimed one of

them, "and let me tell you, that you are a damned fine fellow to come here and break up our plans. It is just like a Mormon to come sneaking around with fine promises, and no one but a Mormon cur would do it. It is a damned dirty trick. Couldn't you get men without coming here?"

"Yes," Shepard answered, "but I want this man."
"Why do you want him? What is he to vou?"

"I have particular reasons of my own, and it is

none of your business."

Shepard made a mistake in saying "particular reasons," for Thompson, ever uneasy and ready to think he was still an object of search by the officers of the law, moved uneasily in his seat as Shepard spoke, and the wild frightened look came for a moment into his eyes, but it was gone in an instant, and his sudden fear was forgotten as the miner said to Shepard: "You are a damned liar, it is my business; for it has upset all my plans, and I have a good mind to break your Mormon head."

Thompson would have sprung from the buggy, but Shepard restrained him and said: "Keep quiet, this

is my affair and I will settle it."

Thompson exclaimed: "It is my affair too, and instead of going with him, I will beat the damned stuff-

ing out of him."

"Keep still," said Shepard, and then turned to the miner saying: "I did not come here to quarrel, I do not wish trouble, and I have not the time to stop and kick every rabid dog that barks at me. But if you want anything and really wish to break my head—turn yourself loose, you black-faced hound."

The miner took a step nearer the buggy, but stopped suddenly, for there was a gleam in Shepard's eyes that cowed him. The other miner then said: "Never mind him, Pete, let the damned Mormon go."

"I am not a Mormon," said Shepard, "but I will

tell you that a decent Mormon has more manhood than a thousand whelps like you. What do you know of Mormonism, you ignorant fools? If you knew anything at all about it you would hate the creed, and not all the people. But you are too ignorant or stupid to see that many of the Mormons are struggling to do right, and be what such things as you never dreamt of being, that is, honorable men. If you want anything from me, take it quick, for I have no time to waste wrangling with mangy curs."

The miners were so surprised at Shepard's white face and low passionate words, that they stood staring

at him speechless.

Thompson laughed at them and said: "You have struck the wrong man, boys, and unless you are careful you'll get hurt. Take my advice and get away from here."

A little crowd had gathered around, so the miners slunk away without another word. Shepard touched the horse, and as they spun along, said bitterly: "The cursed name of Mormon never seems to leave a man that has lived long in Utah. Go where you will they think you are a Mormon still. I suppose it arises from the fact of so many Mormons denying their faith when working out of Utah."

As they rode along, Shepard asked Thompson about his travels in other lands. He asked if he had been in Africa, Australia, or any of the mining countries. Thompson evaded answering, and became very restless. Then Shepard asked about the men he had met on his travels. Thompson began to describe and tell stories about them, and it seemed as if he would never finish.

A great fear had come over Thompson, for he knew there was some reason for Shepard asking so many questions, for it was not like him to do so. He thought of the locked bedroom door, and of Shepard's answer to the miner when he said: "I have particular reasons of my own." He could not see how Shepard could know anything of his past life. Still he was much troubled, and told stories to prevent Shepard asking questions, and determined to skip at the first opportunity.

But Shepard was not going to be out-generaled, so he asked at the end of one of the stories: "Did you ever meet a lively young chap by the name of Jack

Weston?"

At the question Thompson sprang from the buggy, and was going to fly when Shepard cried, "Don't

run, Jack, or I shall fire."

Thompson glanced around and saw that Shepard had him covered with a pistol. He saw it would be folly to run, so stood quite still and said: "What is the matter with you, Shepard? My name is not Jack, but Bill Thompson? Don't you remember the boys always called me Billy Thompson?"

"Yes, I remember, but your real name is John Weston. Get into the buggy, and listen to what I

have to tell you."

"You are mistaken, Shepard; my name is not

Weston, and I never knew such a man."

Shepard had not a doubt about Thompson's being the lost John Weston, but to be doubly sure he asked: "Did you ever know Steve Thornton?"

Thompson turned deadly pale and shook so dreadfully that Shepard thought he would fall. But by a great effort he controlled his fear and replied: "No,

I never knew him."

Shepard sat for a short time gazing at Thompson, and there came a great pity in his heart. He felt sure he had found Weston, but he must have an acknowledgment of it before he took him to his mother and sister, so he asked with a sweet tenderness in his

voice: "Did you ever know Kate J. and Ella J. Weston?"

At the mention of those loved names the wanderer burst into tears and sobbed like a child. Shepard's eyes were not dry as he asked: "Were not those women your mother and sister?"

Thompson answered: "They were my mother and sister, and they died through sorrow over my

crime."

Shepard put away his pistol; it was not required now for Thompson was conquered. Alighting from the buggy Shepard took the wanderer's hand and said: "I know all of your secret, all of your life from the time you were born until your flight from home, and knowing it all I can take your hand in strongest friendship. We were always friends, let us now be brothers. Can you trust me?"

Thompson pressed Shepard's hand and answered:

" I can."

"Then take your seat again, and I will speak of

your mother and sister."

The tears came afresh to Thompson and he said: "My mother and sister are dead, killed by my mad crime."

"Where did you get that idea?" asked Shepard.

"I saw it in an English paper."

"That was a false notice, Jack. It was written by your mother, as she wished to be lost to all her friends, and she never dreamed of it being seen by you. Your mother and sister are living and are my best friends."

"What?" shrieked Jack, "my mother and sister still living! Not dead, but, but—known to you! Oh, Shepard, don't deceive me! Kill me if you wish, but

don't deceive me.

Thompson, or Jack, as we shall now call him, was greatly excited, and shook like a leaf in the storm.

Shepard answered: "I do not deceive you. Your mother and sister live, and we are going to them."

"O, God!" cried Jack, "what have I done to deserve such joy as this? I, the worthless wanderer, to have a mother and sister, and go about the world with hopeless heart longing for death! Oh, Shepard, my friend! I am a disgrace to them, and not worthy of their name. But if they will forgive me I will devote myself to them, and try to atone for the past by living a life above reproach."

Shepard calmed him, and spoke words of comfort, and said: "We must go now, and as we ride along you can relate to me how you escaped from

Australia."

When they started, Jack said: "I left Australia disguised as a woman, and have been wandering about the world ever since, except for about a year when I was learning to be a blacksmith. Please tell me all you know about my mother, and how you became

acquainted with her."

Shepard told him all, and did not omit his own base wish in wanting Jennie to run off with him. Jack's tears fell like rain as he listened to the recital of his mother's sorrow and search for him. It was some time before he spoke. He was thinking of the strangeness of life, and of Shepard's love for his sister. At last he said: "Do you love my sister so dearly that you would have left your wife and family for her?"

The question brought the tears into Shepard's eyes. and he could not speak, so Jack continued: "We will be friends always, for you are more to me than any man I ever knew, and if it were possible I should be happy to see my sister your wife. I should feel hon-

ored by the connection."

Shepard answered quietly: "We will be brothers and Jennie shall be my sister."

It was near midnight when they reached V——.

Shepard arranged for a room for Jack at one of the hotels and said to the proprietor: "This is my friend, John Stanley. He is a runaway son of Mrs. Stanley, and as she has not seen him for some years, I think it best to inform her of his return before I take him home."

Shepard then drove home and put his horse in the stable, and went to bed. Jennie was surprised to see Shepard walk in to breakfast, but she said, sweetly, "You are back early, and I see from your happy face that you have been successful in the business you

went upon."

"Quite successful," he answered, as he gazed for a moment into her lovely eyes. When breakfast was over he did not go to the mine as usual, but he walked into the kitchen and chatted with the girls. Mrs. Stanley was superintending the breakfast and said: "I am pleased to see you back again, Mr. Shepard. I need not ask you if all went well with you, for you show it. I really never saw you so joyous and happy before."

Shepard exclaimed with much feeling: "I never was so happy before! I never, in all my mornings of joy and hope, felt so well! I shall never have another morning like this one, never have another so

happy!"

He said the last words a little sadly, and then continued cheerfully: "Mrs. Stanley, girls, if you ever think of me when I am gone, remember this is the happiest morning of my life. I cannot tell you more just now, but you will understand it by and by."

Turning to Mrs. Stanley with a smile and a mischievous glance at the girls, he said: "I see you are busy, so I will not take you away to weary you with an account of the mine, but I would like to talk with Jennie a few moments, and she can tell you at your leisure."

"I can spare Jennie for a short time," said Mrs. Stanley.

"Have you struck it big?" cried Nellie.

Shepard laughed and answered: "Well, I think we have, judging from the information John has just given me. He is now waiting in the parlor, so let us

go, Jennie."

She followed him, wondering greatly that he should ask her to go instead of her mother. Her wonder was increased when she reached the parlor and saw John striding about the floor rubbing his hands with glee, and sending great clouds of smoke from his pipe. She paused at the door, for she could hardly face the smoke.

Shepard noticed it and said: "Would you let your

pipe rest a little, John?"

John looked around the room and said: "I beg your pardon, sir; I beg your pardon, miss, for I didn't know I was doing it. Come in, miss, I won't take another pull till I go out. You see, miss, I am excited this morning at having heard good news. It is news that makes my old heart feel young again. It makes me feel all jigs like a dancing master.

John hopped about the floor, and took short pulls at his pipe again. Shepard laughed and said: "Your tobacco is strong."

John stopped suddenly and exclaimed: "Damn the pipe. I am at it again. I'll chuck it out, miss, it shall not trouble you again."

"Keep your pipe," said Jennie, pleasantly, "but

please tell me about the mine."

"Well, miss, one of the workmen was over last night and told me they had struck a two-foot vein of rich ore, and if it holds out it will be a bonanza, sure."

Jennie smiled and said: "Why, John, you could not

be more pleased if you owned the mine."

"No, miss, I could not feel better if I owned all the 17

mines in camp; but it is not the mine that makes us feel so well, is it, Mr. Shepard?"

John looked at Shepard and he answered: "You are right, and though it is a great pleasure to find we have struck ore, it is little compared to the cause of our joy. Please tell Miss Stanley all about it, John."

"I cannot do it, sir, I don't know how to begin.

You will have to tell her."

"Then, you will please bring out the horse and

buggy while I do so."

"With pleasure, sir," said John, and he left the room.

Jennie was still standing, so Shepard took her hand and said: "Jennie, love, I have good news for you and your mother. It will be a surprise for you all, so I wished you to be told first, so you can in your own sweet way inform your mother. Can you guess what it is?"

Jennie looked into his eyes and replied: "No, I cannot guess, for I have no idea what it can be, but I know it must be something pleasant since it makes

you so happy."

She never once thought it was her brother he was going to speak about, for Jack was not in her mind. Shepard pressed her hand and said earnestly: "Do not be startled, dear, at the news I bring you. It is good news, and what you have been searching for, for a long, long time."

Jennie's hand clutched his own with a quick, nervous grasp as she exclaimed, "Have you heard of my

brother?"

"Yes, love, I have heard of him, and I think we can find him."

Jennie cried excitedly: "Heard of my brother? Oh, Mr. Shepard, you are not mistaken? You are sure it is Jack?"

Shepard led her to a seat, and then briefly related

his acquaintance with Bill Thompson, and how it had flashed upon him on the night that he broke the stand, that Thompson was her lost brother. He stated how he had written home, and upon learning that Thompson's letter was lost, he intended to go home to see about it when he received a letter from home along with the lost letter, it having been found in little Jack's pocket.

Shepard then said: "I found Thompson was at T—— in this State, so on pretence of going away on business, I went to T——, and was just in time to stop Thompson from going to Mexico. I have proven to my satisfaction that Thompson is your wandering brother, and he is now at Gray's Hotel waiting to be brought home. Please prepare your mother while I

go over with John for him."

Jennie was greatly affected and arose with tears in her eyes and said: "My dear Mr. Shepard, these will indeed be tidings of great joy to my mother. I cannot find words to fully thank you for what you have done, but," and she placed her hand upon her heart, "you are enshrined here, your image fills its inmost recess, for you are the one man in all the world that I love."

Shepard's eyes were moist as he said: "Do you forgive me for my mad desire to take you from home?"

Jennie threw her arms about his neck and exclaimed fervently: "You dear, foolish man. Do you not know that those who are not offended have nothing to forgive? You have done us no wrong, but have proved yourself good and true, and I love you so dearly that I could break the vow I made never to marry if I could marry you. I would count it the most precious thing in all the world to call you husband."

She kissed him once more with her deep thrilling kiss, and then left him quivering, his brain in a de-

licious whirl.

Shepard went out and the sunny morning seemed more glorious than ever, since Jennie kissed him. He stepped into the buggy and said: "To Gray's, John."

The meeting between Jack Stanley and John was most affecting, for the old servant almost worshiped his young master. After they had talked a little Shepard said: "I am going to the mine now, and you can go home, for the ladies will be anxious to see you. I shall be down to dinner, so good-by until then."

We will pass over the meeting of mother and son, of sister and brother. Such meetings come to the lives of few. When it was over Mrs. Stanley asked for Shepard, and when informed he was gone to the mine she said tenderly: "Dear Shepard, always think-

ing of others and never of himself."

When Shepard returned at noon he was overwhelmed with kindness. To Mrs. Stanley's heartfelt thanks he said: "Please don't, I do not deserve them." But nevertheless, Shepard was a happy man, and he had truly said it was the happiest day of his life, for he felt the sweets of a good deed, and having in a measure atoned for the injury he would have done them.

That evening Mrs. Stanley had a private talk with Shepard and said: "I shall now give up the boarding-house, for I have no longer an object in keeping it, and having struck rich ore, people will think that is the reason I gave it up, and I am willing they should think so. Your informing Gray that Jack had run away from home saves me answering unpleasant questions, and places everything at rest in regard to him. I intend to give a farewell party when I close the house, so send for your wife and family that they may be here to attend it. I will refurnish the house, and make it comfortable for all. You must send for your wife at once. I will have no delay, and if you do not send for your family I will do so. Please place

my son in charge of our mine—under yourself, of course. It is likely he will become restless after the wild life he has led if he has nothing to do in a quiet place like this. Interest him all you can in the mine and your business, and we may cause him to forget the past. In regard to yourself I shall always consider you a son, and will assist you in any undertaking. I shall feel hurt if you do not call upon me if you need assistance at any time, but first of all send for your wife and family."

Shepard promised, and kept his word by writing home next morning. He advised his wife to sell, but if she could not do so, to rent the house. Not being able to sell, Maggie rented and went to V——. She expected to feel strange and homesick in her new home, and was agreeably surprised to find her new home so pleasant. So she said to Shepard at the end of the first week: "It is like coming home to my mother and sister."

The little ones felt at home at once, and when little Jack found that Jennie could make candy he said in his cute way: "Won't you cook me some?" So Jennie cooked and cooked, but could not make too much for little Jack. He became Mrs. Stanley's favorite. and spent most of his time with her. Mrs. Stanley gave her party, and the house was full to overflowing. Jack Stanley was full of life and fun, but not more so than Shepard, who surprised every one. The guiet man laid away his reserve for once, and seemed a light-hearted boy again. Viola was there, but was hardly her old self. She had been a changed woman since her chase after Shepard. She did not wish to dance or sing, but Shepard would not allow her to be still, and as they whirled together in the dizzy valse, the old light returned to her eyes and she was the superbly brilliant beauty again. Mrs. Shepard felt a little pang of jealousy as she watched them glide along, Viola's black flowing tresses sweeping across his face, and she said to herself: "I wish he wouldn't be so boyish to-night and want to dance with everybody, and especially that black-eyed witch. He likes black eyes, I know—and I don't."

She closed her mouth tightly, and then went over to Mrs. Stanley, who was watching the dancers. But when Mrs. Stanley turned her dark eyes upon her, Mrs. Shepard was compelled to admit that she did

like some black eyes.

When Shepard and Jennie glided together in the valse, it struck Mrs. Shepard that they were the happiest couple in the room, but she could not feel jealous of a sweet creature like Jennie. All passed off well, yet Shepard was disappointed at one thing. He wished Jack Stanley and Viola to become dear friends, it was the desire of his heart that they might love each other, but Viola seemed to avoid Jack, and it troubled Shepard greatly. Not that she seemed to dislike him, for she was kind and polite, but never remained long in his company.

The winter passed and the lovely spring came, but Shepard had not been able to interest Viola in Jack. On the other hand Jack had learned to love Viola to distraction and would have given all he had in the world for a smile from her. He became restless and miserable, and Mrs. Stanley and Jennie were troubled about him. They advised him to be brave and conquer his passion. They said if Viola loved him it would be wrong to marry her without informing her of his crime, and if it was revealed to her he could not expect her to love and marry him. They thought it best that he put this love away, for they did not believe it would ever be returned.

Shepard held a different view of it, and resolved upon a bold step. It was no less than to see Viola and speak to her about it. He saw Mrs. Beaumont about it, and she favored Jack, but said: "If we

mention it to her she will hate him."

"Leave it to me," answered Shepard, "and I will see her about it. Could you go shopping some afternoon and leave Viola at home?"

It was arranged, and one lovely afternoon Shepard walked over to Beaumont's determined to talk bravely for his friend.

Viola was surprised to see him, and to his inquiry for Mrs. Beaumont, she said: "My mother is out.

Is it anything I can do for you?"

She offered him a chair, and taking the seat he entered into the subject at once. "Viola," he said, "I came to see your mother about a little matter, but I am pleased to find you alone, for I wish to speak to you about Mr. John Stanley."

She curled her lips and said: "I suppose he sent

you?"

Shepard smiled mischievously and answered: "You

suppose so, but do you think so?"

She glanced at him, but did not answer, and he continued: "Of course he has not sent me, neither does he or any of the folks know I came here. I came of my own wish, thinking I might be able to do somebody good, and know I shall harm none. Do you love Jack Stanley?"

Viola answered sharply: "No, I do not. Do you

think so?"

Shepard laughed at her sharpness and replied: "I do not, but I do think you admire him."

Her eyes flashed upon him as she asked: "What

causes you to think so?"

"I can hardly tell you, Viola. Nothing in your actions has shown it, yet I feel that it is so. Can you truthfully say that you do not admire him?"

She said pettishly, as if provoked that he had dis-

covered a secret: "Don't ask such foolish questions;

talk about something pleasanter."

He looked at her a moment and then said earnestly: "People talk about what is nearest and dearest to their hearts. I am no exception. I wish to see you the wife of Jack Stanley. It would make me happy, and it would be a blessing to both of you."

His words drove her into a fury, and springing to her feet she cried: "You wish it? It would make you happy? And what about me? Have I nothing to say in regard to it? Has my happiness not to be considered? Have I, to please you, to marry a worthless drunkard? A murderer hiding from justice! A man who dare not speak his real name for fear of the gallows!"

Shepard's eyes flashed fire to hear her speak so bitterly of his friend, but he controlled his anger and said quietly: "I do not see why a murderess should be so mad at the suggestion to marry one of her kind."

Viola sprang to his side and said in a hoarse voice:

"What do you mean?"

"I mean to say that a young girl by the name of Viola Lecon shot and killed an officer while in the discharge of his duty."

"Who told you so?"

"That has nothing to do with the subject. I have been informed, and correctly so."

"You lie!"

"No, Viola, I do not lie. It is true my informant was in doubt about you doing the killing, but I say, being fully certain, that you fired the shot that killed one officer."

Viola had drawn a dagger from her bosom, and bending over him she hissed: "And I could kill you!" Shepard leaned back in his chair, and placing his hands behind his head, said calmly: "You can do so if it will give you any satisfaction."

For a moment the dagger quivered above him, then she hurled it from her and turned to leave the room. Shepard sprang to his feet, and taking her by the arm with a strong grasp he led her to a seat, then returning to his own chair he said in a firm voice: "Viola Lecon Beaumont, listen to what I have to say, for this will, perhaps, be the last time we shall be alone together. I find it dangerous for you and I to meet, for though we would give our lives for each other, in a moment of madness we might destroy. I did not come to quarrel, but to talk to you about my friend. and you misunderstand me entirely. I do not wish you to marry him without love. I know the folly of such a course too well to ask it. As I said before, I believe you admire the man, and if you would allow yourself to know him better I believe you would learn to love him. You are trying to hate him because you hate yourself for declaring your love for another. If you had never declared that love I think your heart would have gone to Jack Stanley. Let that night of weakness be forgotten. No one knows, or ever will know anything about it, and no one shall learn anything of your past life from me. The secret was given to me for your good, and it shall not harm you. Of Jack's deed I need to say nothing. If you had been Jennie's brother, or even sister, you would have done the same thing and you know it. Jack is not a drunkard, for he has not taken a drop since he came here. He vows he will never taste it again, and I believe he will keep his vow. If you were Jack's wife he would be safe from all folly. I came here to ask you to treat him more kindly, to go more into his society, and if you learn to love him I doubt not but he will discover it. I would like to have your permission to inform Jack that you know all of his past life, but if you learn to love him that would be no bar to your marriage. I ask this believing that in time it will bring happiness to both of you. I have no selfish motive in the matter, and it is as much for your welfare as anything that I desire it. Can I

give him encouragement, Viola?"

In his earnest pleading Shepard had risen, and he stood before her with anxious face. Viola's black eyes were moist when she arose, and taking his hand, she said: "Forgive me, dear friend, for speaking so bitterly, and, believe me, I would rather never see the light of day than harm you. You may tell Jack he may be my friend, and for your sake I will try to love him."

"Nay, my dear friend," said Shepard, "try to love him for his own sake, and if you cannot do so,

never marry him."

Shepard kissed her and abruptly left the room. He met Mrs. Beaumont on the street, and she insisted that he return with her and partake of tea. Shepard returned with her, and a pleasant little tea he found it. Viola was quiet but had never seemed so sweet before. On his return home he informed Jack of his visit to Viola, and said: "She is willing to accept you for a friend. She is acquainted with your past life, and if she learns to love you she will not refuse your hand in marriage on account of the past. I hope you will win her love."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## SHE HAS COME TO KISS ME.

The summer days were nearly gone, and Jack Stanley was soon to marry Viola. He had won her love and Shepard had gained his wish. Shepard had become rich, for his theory in regard to the mine had been correct, and when they got into the vein they found an immense body of ore. But with wealth, Shepard began to fail. He seemed to have no object in life and ran down rapidly. He was compelled to use a cane to assist him in walking. They were all anxious about him, but Mrs. Stanley most of all. He had taken as close a place in her heart as her own son, and Jack was not more dear to her. She had ca'led in a doctor, and after an examination he told Mrs. Stanley that Shepard was in a decline and nothing could save him.

Shepard kept on his feet until after the marriage of Jack and Viola, then he took to his bed. He had all the care that loving wife, mother and sister could give, but that could not save him. He did not complain, but was the same quiet Shepard, only quieter than ever. He did not suffer any and seemed quite happy. He had a smile for all, but it was brightest for Jennie, and he seemed to rest better when she was near. One evening when his wife was alone with him, Mrs. Stanley and Jennie having retired to obtain a little rest, she was startled from the book she was reading by

Shepard calling her to him. "I thought you were sleeping," she said. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, my dear, I only want to talk to you. I feel strong to-night and I wish to tell you what I want you to do when I am gone. Do not cry, Maggie, for I must go some time, and it is as well now as later. You and the little ones are provided for; with fair management you are safe from want. I have no fear on that account, but I am troubled about another matter. I want you to stay with the Stanleys and not return to Utah. I do not wish you to go back to your Mormon friends. I do not want my children to be raised under Mormon influence. Some of the Mormons are good people in their way, but their way is not American. There are many good men and women amongst the Mormons. You know I always said so. and those are better than their religion, but they are not free. You know they could not be Mormons and be free. Their dearest wish, their choicest plans must be given up if they conflict with the will of the priesthood. If they know they are right and the priesthood are wrong, that makes no difference, for they must obey the priesthood without question. Maggie," and Shepard's voice rose strong and clear, "I do not wish my children to be taught that they have no right to question. Teach them to question all things in a spirit of inquiry and choose what to them seems best. do not want them to be taught that woman, the cream of all that is good, pure and beautiful, depends upon man for her salvation, that she cannot be saved without him. Instead of such cursed doctrine, teach them that man cannot be saved without woman; that the salvation of the race here and hereafter depends upon their equality and mutual love. Maggie, dear, do not go back to that territory where woman's heart is crushed and its love trampled in the dust. But if you must go back to Utah, have nothing to do with Mormonism. There is little freedom in it for man and none at all for woman. But you know it as well as I. You have seen the old man sneak up to the young wife at dusk, taking her a little flour, fearful that his old wife should see it, and you have seen him sneak away again at break of day, his every motion showing he felt himself a criminal in spite of his professions that he was doing the will of God. Do not go back, but sell your home and think of it no more. When the children grow large and inquire about the place of their birth, tell them it was a good and lovely land, but blighted by a cruel creed and cursed by a brutal priesthood. Tell the children that they were born free and that none of Mormonism's foolish rites were ever mumbled over them, for their father was a Gentile, one of the stalwarts, one who demanded equal rights and fair play and would take nothing less. Keep the children free and teach them to be true and good. This is all I ask of you."

Shepard fell back exhausted and Maggie wept over him, and promised to keep the children from Mormonism, that they might not know its trials and heartaches, its curse and misery. He kissed her and said:

"I am satisfied now and ready to go."

A few days after this they all gathered around his bed, the end being near. Shepard was unconscious and breathing heavily. Mrs. Shepard was broken down and helpless, but Mrs. Stanley moistened his lips form time to time. He had bade them good-by that morning and had whispered to Mrs. Stanley: "I shall go with the sun."

And now the sun was very low, it would soon be gone. As it touched the distant hills, Shepard grew restless and murmured incoherently. Then his words became clear and he seemed to be talking to some one of events in his past life. He started up in bed and looking towards the door, said: "What is that you

say? Some ladies wishing to see me? Tell them I am

not well and cannot see them to-day."

Mrs. Stanley was laying him on the pillows when he started again and exclaimed: "What is that you say? Annie wishes to see me for she has been waiting a long time and must see me? Who is Annie? I don't remember her? My old sweetheart, did you say? Oh, I remember now. It is Annie Howard you mean. But you are mistaken, she was not my sweetheart, for it was she that was my bitterheart. Don't let her in for I do not wish to see her. She cannot give me light, for it was she who gave me darkness, misery, and despair. But you can tell her not to grieve and think I am offended with her. I am not, and I wish her well. Tell her so, and tell her I forgave her vears ago. You can let her know that I did not rave and curse, and say that woman was false. I was very quiet then, and I am quiet now, and soon shall be quieter still. Tell her I say good-by and bid her be good and true."

Shepard fell back struggling for breath, but he soon breathed easier and seemed to be dozing. Some one made a slight noise, when he started up again, saying: "What do you want now? Can you not let me rest? It can do you no good to trouble me so. Another lady, is it? Well, I am sure they are very kind. Who is she, and what does she wish? Bessie Dalton, is it? Ah! I remember Bessie. Sweet Bessie of the olden time! And she says 'farewell' and 'rest in peace,' does she? Well, that is kind and good. But Bessie

was always a good girl, always a good girl."

Shepard's head drooped and Mrs. Stanley laid him on the pillows. He was quiet for a long time, when again he became restless, and starting up once more, he whispered: "What is that you say? One who has a right wants to see me? What is her right, and what does she want. Wants to go with me, do you say?

What a foolish thing! I am going on an unknown journey. And I have no path to follow nor guide to lead me. All is darkness and gloom, yet I am not afraid for I shall find the light. I shall pass through the black pall now falling upon me and travel on until I reach the new morn whose glorious sun will drive the mists away. But who is it that is so brave and devoted to take such a journey with me? Speak louder, I do not hear you. Maggie? you don't say it is Maggie Harland, the orphan, the friend of a day, that would brave such a journey with me? No, not her! Well, I thought not, for I hardly knew Maggie Harland. So it is another Maggie, is Tell me her name, for I have forgotten it. I would like to know it now, so I can think of her when I reach the other side. Maggie Shepard, is it? Oh! I am becoming very stupid and am forgetting the world when I forget Maggie Shepard. But I remember her now. Oh, remember her so well! She was my little comforter, and brought me hope and joy, peace and rest. It was she who took my cup of sorrow away and made the world bright again with life and light for me. Ah. Maggie was ever dear, and ever a comfort! And she would go with me into the unknown land to be a comfort still? Bless her! Bless her! But it cannot be, I must go alone. And it is best to do so, for I ever led the way. I shall go ahead and prepare a home for her; oh, and it shall be such a home. There shall be singing birds and scented flowers, laughing brooks and whispering trees. She shall know no more toils nor worry, care nor pain, for all shall be bright and happy for my little comforter. When I prepare my new home for her, I shall wait with longing heart for her coming, and my happiness will not be complete until she is at my side again, for I shall be lonesome without her. Tell her I shall wait at the gate for her coming and I will

lead her through the night and gloom to our beautiful home. Tell her not to weep when I am gone, for I go but to prepare another home, as I have done before, but we will change it no more, for we will for ever dwell together in love and peace. For the little time that we do part, bid my darling be brave, and wise, and happy. I will not say farewell, for we shall meet soon, very soon. Good-by, dear love, good-by."

Shepard smiled as he sank on the pillows and lay very still. They thought he had gone, when he startled them by rising again and calling: "What is it

now? Who is it now?'

He inclined his head for a moment as if listening, then extending his hands he cried in rapture: "It is Jennie! Sweet, pure Jennie! Loved and worshiped Jennie! She has come to kiss me!"

These words were his last. When Mrs. Stanley laid him back on the pillows, all was over. Shepard had gone to his rest.

